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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

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SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON BART.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON,

BART. G. C. H.

KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE

DURING THE REIGN OF HIS MAJESTY

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

INCLUDING HIS

CORRESPONDENCE WITH MANY DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

Dorothea

BY LADY KNIGHTON.

IN TWO VOLS.

VOL. I.

Second Edition.

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PARIS

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI AND C°.,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the Editor was assured by many attached friends of the late Sir William Knighton that a Memoir of his Life would not be unacceptable to the public, still numerous difficulties would have prevented the undertaking, had not his posthumous papers, on examination, furnished such ample materials in the form of journals, notes, and letters, that a history of his Life, with some slight additions, might be collected from his own words; and although advised to place these manuscripts in more experienced and abler hands, the Editor has thought it more desirable to send the work into the world in its present unpretending form, from a belief that its evident authenticity will thus afford greater interest to the reader than a more elaborate Memoir, and that a truer estimate may be formed of the sentiments and character of an individual from his unreserved cor-

respondence, written without the slightest view to publication, than from a biographical narrative of more methodical arrangement.

Of the professional life of Sir William Knighton, his success is the best criterion. As regards his services to his Majesty George the Fourth, there are probably few who will now deny that they were fulfilled to the utmost of his power, in the spirit of devoted attachment and integrity to his royal Master.

To the young and inexperienced, just entering on the arduous duties of life, this Memoir will, it is hoped, be instructive and encouraging; for they may hence learn that great disadvantages and many difficulties may be overcome by steady perseverance and diligent application, and that virtuous and religious principles afford the best security from those evils which too often prevent the attainment of honourable success.

D. K.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of William Knighton.—Death of his Father.—His Mother.—He studies Medicine under his Uncle.—Predilection for Poetry.—Letter on the Death of a child.—Mr. Knighton's acquaintance with Dr. Geach.—Correspondence with the Doctor and other Friends.

WILLIAM KNIGHTON was born in the parish of Beer Ferris, in the county of Devon, in the year 1776. He was the grandson of William Knighton, Esq., of Grenoven, in the parish of Whitchurch, in the same county. His father, William Knighton, was cut off from the family property, having by irregular conduct and an imprudent marriage incurred the displeasure of his father. He died at the early age of twenty-nine, leaving his son and an infant daughter to the care of the young widow, in very limited circumstances. By the will of his grandfather, a sum of five hundred pounds was left for his grandson's education.

His mother, who was a person of excellent principles and strong common sense, formed another alliance, and had a second family; but ample justice was done to the children of the first marriage. William Knighton had the advantage of such instruction as the country afforded, at a respectable school at Newton Bushel, in Devonshire, and at an early age was placed with his uncle, Mr. Bredall, who was established as a surgeon and apothecary at Tavistock, for the purpose of studying medicine. It appears by an old diary, that he endeavoured to keep up the scholastic knowledge he had acquired, and further to improve his mind; as, besides the study of physic and surgery, each of the six days in the week was allotted either to reading Greek, Latin, poetry, or obtaining general information; and Sundays were appropriated to religion, and to a retrospect of what had been done in the preceding week. He seems to have had a strong predilection for poetry; and there are many specimens extant, written at this period, which, though not without merit, are not of sufficient interest to insert in these volumes.

The following extract of a letter addressed to his aunt, when he was quite a youth, on the death of a little cousin about two years of age, marks the peculiar feeling and sensibility of the writer's mind even from an early age.

"My Dear Aunt,—This epistle comes from one who contemplates the pleasing hope that you are comforted, under your affliction for the loss of your dear little babe, with the happy and con-

soling reflection that she is now in a state of bliss and happiness, with Christ and lovely angels in the heavenly kingdom of her Father and Redeemer; which doubtless must be the case. And, as a small testimony of my regard for that dear lovely little infant, I have written the few enclosed lines, which, though simple as to language, as well as bad as to verse, will, I hope, at this youthful period, be overlooked by your generous heart.

"Hard it must certainly be to part with such dear little angels at the age of innocence and harmless simplicity; yet we ought not for one moment to wish to debar the wise and kind dispensation of Providence, which no doubt so kindly protects those harmless little doves from the vice and miseries which in age might befal them; for the life of mortals on earth is subject to daily defilement. Their early removal prevents many a sorrow and distress of mind, many an agony and sharp pain to which by disease the body is subject, and saves many from the languishing weaknesses of old age, and from tasting the dregs of mortality. When, therefore, the wise disposer of events foresees some huge and heavy sorrows ready to fall on them, he lays his hand upon them in the midst of life, and hides them in the grave. This has been the safe landing-place of many a lovely babe from a future day of temptation and overspreading misery. Dear little Mary, whom Providence has been pleased to take from us, was certainly, for such an infant, possessed of quickness and sensibility

superior to any child I have ever seen; and God must undoubtedly have had some great and wise design in performing what he has done. Under such circumstances, then, ought we not to comfort ourselves for so valuable a loss?"

Mr. Bredall's practice was very extensive, which enabled his nephew to acquire a good deal of experience. During the latter period of his residing at Tavistock, he had the appointment of serjeant-major of a volunteer corps, commanded by his uncle, Colonel Bray; but he found the exertion it required, together with the ordinary fatigue attendant on the medical concerns of Mr. Bredall, more than either his constitution would bear or his professional improvement admit of.

In his nineteenth year he left his uncle, (of whose kindness towards him he always spoke with the greatest gratitude,) and repaired to London, with the intention of completing his medical education, by the usual course of attendance at the hospitals and dissecting-rooms. Previously, however, to this period, it appears from letters (which seem to have been preserved with affectionate care) that he had become known to Dr. Geach, at that time the chief surgeon of the Royal Naval Hospital at Plymouth, and who was also in extensive private practice. He was a man of superior learning and discernment, and he early discovered an unusual degree of talent and ability in his youthful acquaintance; for in a letter dated in 1796 are the following extracts:

"Dear Sir—I have long intended to thank you

for your verses, which I cannot but approve of, and which may be considered as an earnest of what is to follow. I thank you for the trouble you have taken in transcribing my observations, and the very good preface you have been so kind as to prefix. I thank you also for your own cases and remarks, which do you great credit."

The correspondence was kept up during Mr. Knighton's stay at Tavistock, and on his removal to London; and, from the doctor's age and high estimation, it was particularly gratifying to so young a man, as well as most advantageous. It tended to excite in him an ardent desire to qualify himself by indefatigable labour for any station in which he might afterwards be placed; which may be observed by further extracts from letters at the time.

TO FRANCIS GEACH, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR,—I felt real happiness on the receipt of your most kind letter, with the admirable lines enclosed. (1) The imagery, the conspicuous

(1) The Amphion frigate, Captain Pellew, was accidentally blown up on the 24th of September, 1796. The captain, the first lieutenant, and fifteen only of the crew were saved, out of two hundred and twenty men. Many women and children were also killed. The limbs and bodies of the unfortunate victims were floating in all directions.

ON SEEING THE DROWNED SAILORS OF THE AMPHION FLOATING.

In imitation of Horace, Lib. I. Ode 15.

SONS of Amphion! by one general sweep
Hurl'd into air, and deluged in the deep;

humanity, sympathy, and advice to those who may chance to witness any of the unfortunate victims, merit the warmest praise. I also have humbly attempted to express my feelings in verse

What boots it now, ye gallant sons of war,
Ye show'd in England's cause a boasted scar!
But death awaits us all. E'en he, who now
Wears a green garland on his warrior-brow,
Must yield to death; and Howe shall be no more
Than Albion's chief and Cæsar were before!
Whoe'er shall haply tread the rocky shore,
Or spread the sail, or ply the nimble oar,
Oh! furl the sail, the nimble oar lay by,
Whene'er thou seest a sailor floating lie;
Lay on his poor remains a pious hand;
Tow gently the sad bloated corpse to land;
Safe in the bosom of a hallow'd grave
Let each his last sad funeral rights receive.
This pious toil demands no long delay;
See dust thrice sprinkled on the breathless clay,
Then go,—and may thy little vessel ride,
Safe o'er the rising surge or rapid tide!
When moon and stars afford no glimmering light,
Veil'd with the gloom of some tempestuous night;
When East, with West contending, terror brings,
Or, South controlling, shakes his dripping wings;
Such moral acts a tempest may assuage,
Or woods receive its unrelenting rage.
Much do our sailors claim, who raise their sails
To catch on eastern shores the spicy gales;
Brave, in the west, the foe, disease, and storm,
Where Death tyrannic rules in every form;
They guard our commerce, and no toils forego
To shield their menaced country from its foe;
Preserve a gracious monarch on his throne,
Who makes Britannia's happiness his own.

on the occasion. I am afraid it cannot be deemed poetry; but I trust to your candour and goodness to excuse all inaccuracies.

"I was on Saturday elected, according to your advice, member of the Physical Society; but mark, my dear sir, what I now write, that neither the vain hypothesis and imaginary theory, nor the folly and fashion of the practice of physic by prejudiced persons in the present age, will ever eradicate the wise and practical advice laid down by you to me, whilst I have life; and furthermore, for all theory, knowledge, and practice of empty sound, I would not give a straw. There is a wide difference in the practice followed by you, founded on experience, and in the principle of assisting nature in her endeavours, rather that of this wild ———— of the age. But it is a melancholy reflection that prejudice and self-conceit should reign in the mind of man to such a degree, even to the destruction of his fellow-creatures."

As the letters written by Mr. Knighton during his residence in London to his friends at Tavistock, are illustrative of his character, the following extracts are taken from them.

"I shall now give you some account of my proceedings. Plunged into bustle and tumult on my arrival at this place, I began at the first instant to wish almost that I was walking in the peaceful streets of Tavistock, instead of in those of London; but, on casting my eyes around, and seeing the various advantages which I might derive from my professional improvement, and in every other

branch of study, these thoughts soon left me, and others more eligible supplied their place, and I now find myself equally at home here as at Tavistock.

"Improvement in my profession is, as you may suppose, the grand object I aim at; and I endeavour to overcome the difficulties which are daily falling in my way with all the perseverance my disposition will allow. With this, I combine the study of classical and universal knowledge, which I conceive to be very useful in the toilsome pursuits of life. I had almost forgotten to say, that a little poetical effusion (if it may be called poetical) slips in now and then to relax the mind, and unclog the fatigued wheels of existence from the continual grinding; for I attend four lectures on anatomy, two on surgery, three on midwifery, two on the practice of physic: I take notes and transcribe from all, which is rather laborious. This is the work of the first course. To this must be added dissections and attendance at the hospitals. So you may suppose that, by the time these things are concluded, in the course of the day and night, little rest can be procured."

TO ANOTHER FRIEND.

"Dear Sir,—Filled with a due sense of the obligation I am under for your gratifying epistle, for which permit me to return my thanks, and more particularly for your care in recommending me to study the ideas and works of these learned men, which will fit me for companionship to all

ranks and degrees, from the highest to that of the clown, it now behoves me to answer your inquiry with respect to my professional improvement.

"The study of anatomy I find truly difficult to be attained; nor had I any idea that it was so before experience taught me in this place. To obtain a thorough knowledge of anatomy requires indefatigable labour and industry; but it lays the basis for success in the practice, and unveils the mystery of the operation, of medicine. It is a noble science in itself, a lesson to man, and to be viewed not with a less degree of curiosity than wonder. The various processes pursued by nature, the wonderful combination of parts, and that noble structure throughout, replete with symmetry and beauty, I was not a little pleased to examine at first in the dead subject. Many curious and peculiar reflections with respect to man took place, as you may suppose; and perhaps the various and complicated thoughts of learned men concerning the machine and its existence were awakened at such a time.

"Here is a field for moralising; and perhaps, were that useful part of *our community*, the clergy, to produce such a scene as this before their audience, it would be the means of establishing the dreadful effects of futurity more than all the pathetic rhetoric they are masters of. But, perhaps, to handle such a subject, they would be as much frightened as their audience, and think that the ghost of the man was always laying hold of the tail of their black gown.

"I dissect a good deal, and shall continue to do so as the only way to get a thorough knowledge of the component parts of the human frame; and unless I have a thorough knowledge, I shall not be content to return into Devonshire. I do not say that this is absolutely necessary for a country surgeon; but it is what I shall aim at. As for their practice of physic, I value it very little; and in my last letter from Dr. Geach, he expressly says, 'Let not that doctrine with respect to physic which has been inculcated in you ever be forgotten.' My answer was, that hypothesis and theory should never overcome those doctrines instilled into me by him and Mr. Bredall, the result of practical experience, long observation, and Nature's methods in curing diseases.

"The operations performed here are executed in the most masterly manner. Cline, whom I attend in anatomy, and Cooper in surgery, are men of the first abilities."

The next letter is advice to a young friend, written whilst studying in London in 1796.

"I shall not apologise for the liberty I take on the subject of this letter, as it is in friendship that I offer these youthful exhortations to my much younger friend, though I am convinced that your merit and sobriety need now no admonition; but at a future period, when plunged into scenes such as I am in, you may by chance think on the epistle of your most sincere friend.

"First, then, let it be your greatest care (which I hope strictly to adhere to myself) and chief

study through life, to make the declining years of your parents sink with pleasure into the grave, by the comfortable reflection that they leave a son behind worthy of the trust and confidence of the care and support of his sisters. That you may be able to perform this, you must diligently apply yourself to those studies which form the man of science, and make a man respectable in society, and esteemed by his friends, by becoming eminent in his profession. Having grounded yourself in this, you will then be armed at all points by fearing your God.

"'Wisdom,' says Seneca, 'is a right understanding, a faculty of discerning good from evil, what is to be chosen and what rejected; it sets a watch over our words and deeds; it informs us of all the duties of life, as piety to our parents, faithfulness to our friends, charity to the miserable, judgment in counsel: it searches nature, gives laws to life, and tells us that it is not enough to know God or His will, unless we obey Him.'

"This I conceive to be the true definition. Let us both with eagerness endeavour to attain it; for we are told in the Proverbs of Solomon that wisdom is of more value than gold. Let us in our youth endeavour to learn, although it be painful; for it is less pain for a man to learn in his youth, than in his age to be ignorant. Sobriety is another grand point, a virtue of which permit me to congratulate you in the possession; for wine and wisdom cannot agree, they being two contraries.

"I had a very affectionate letter last week from Dr. Geach. He is an invaluable man, and of genius and learning not to be equalled in the whole world.

"I was yesterday over Bedlam Hospital: it is a favour to be admitted. I was some time since introduced to the governor, whose name is Rixon. He yesterday called, and very politely offered to take me in his carriage, and invited me to dine; but I have no time to spare for dinners. I saw Margaret Nicholson, who, you know, made an attempt to kill the king. She is a handsome woman, has black eyes, and is of middling stature. She talked very rationally with me for some time, and I sat down in her cell. Speaking of the extreme cold, she said she supposed it was January in London as well as there.—I likewise saw Stone, who, if you recollect, fell in love with the Princess Royal. Although he is perfectly mad, he makes very neat straw mats, some of which I bought as curiosities, and intend taking them, if I live to return, to Devonshire with me."

In a letter to his sister he says, "Return my thanks for my dear mother's blessing, with my affectionate duty. If you have been introduced to Dr. Geach, I think it is a great honour. I had a few days since a most valuable letter from him.

"You will not in this letter find a scrap of poetry, to let you see I can write without; which, from former experience, might be doubted. . . . . Study is the delight and soul of man: it keeps the

mind in active energy, and prevents evil. I do therefore conceive that the close application to study in youth is essentially necessary to the health and welfare of mankind, as well as to one's own happiness, and therefore to be carefully pursued.

"Improve yourself as much as you can: read deliberately, and think on what you read. Let the generality of novels pass by; and the few which the fashion of the age may compel you to read, let reason and judgment preside over. The romantic love-sick tales related to fill up the book make it pleasing to the tender, foolish female. But, stop; —I am not paying due respect to the sex, and could I blot out the expression, I would do so; therefore regard it not, my dear sister."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Knighton's return to Devonshire.—Appointed Assistant-Surgeon to the Royal Navy Hospital.—Correspondence in Rhyme.—Death of Dr. Geach.—Mr. Knighton's Lawsuit against his Uncle.—He settles in Devonport.—His Medical Practice.—Extracts from Letters to Mrs. T.

On Mr. Knighton's return to Devonshire, his excellent friend Dr. Geach took him entirely under his own protection and roof, with the intention, as his own words expressed, "to model you as I like, introduce you into life and business, and make your talents known."

In the beginning of the year 1797, he procured him an appointment as assistant-surgeon to the Royal Naval Hospital, and also obtained a diploma from the University of Aberdeen for an essay on putrid fever by his young friend.

About this period of Mr. Knighton's life, it was his custom to correspond with a very talented young friend in rhyme. The following is extracted from a rough copy of one of these letters, which was probably the last, as the composition required more time and study than could be bestowed after his professional duty commenced with Dr. Geach and the hospital :

"Since me the Muses thus forsake,
An humbler beaten track I take :
Disease in every dreadful form
Bids me the healing art perform.
Oh! how I wish for deeper skill,
For science suited to my will!
An anguish'd mother sends a prayer,
And makes her infant child my care ;
The child, her languid mother nigh,
Calls tearful sorrow from my eye.
To enter still the cave of pain,
Though direful all, I ne'er refrain ;
Where crowded sons together lie,
Frail sons and heirs to misery,—
Where woes descend from race to race,
And heed not either time or place."

The weakness and infirmities of age were fast stealing on his benefactor, and he had the gratification of relieving him from much fatigue; whilst at the same time he had the prospect of laying in a

store of information, from the doctor's learning and experience. Within a few months, however, and before he had time and opportunity to be introduced to many of Dr. Geach's most important and influential friends, he was deprived of him in a moment by sudden death, and was left without patron, guide, or money, and with the additional embarrassment of a suit at law, which he had been obliged to undertake against his uncle Knighton, who, though in great affluence, refused to give up a small estate, which, having been purchased by his grandfather, and not given by will to his son, was the right of the grandson as heir-at-law, and was in the end yielded up to him.

It now became necessary that Dr. Knighton should settle, and at the end of 1797 he purchased a small house in the best part of Devonport, and commenced his professional career, being then at the age of twenty-one. His person was handsome, and he bore a thoughtful cast of countenance, which gave the impression of more advanced maturity; and this impression was most favourable to his immediate and rapid success, for with youth is naturally associated inexperience—and his youth had been one of the objections started against him.

His learned and benevolent predecessor (1) was much beloved and esteemed by his patients, but,

(1) Dr. Geach had by his kindness and humanity the power of strongly attaching to himself the poor sick and wounded sailors in the hospital; and to this feeling he on one occasion probably owed the preservation of his life. He was proceeding alone at a late hour one night to a pa-

from some cause or other, was very unpopular with his medical brethren; and Dr. Knighton, as his protégé and successor, had to undergo some opposition from the least liberal of the profession. But he overcame all the ill-founded reports of disqualification, inexperience, etc. and was soon received by some of the most respectable families in the town and country, by whom, and by the occasional naval, military, and other visitants to the place, his time was completely occupied.

Amongst those friends of his late patron to whom he was at this period most indebted, was the family of P. T., Esq., residing some miles distant from Devonport. Mrs. T., sister to the late Sir Harry T., was a person highly educated, and of superior sense and judgment. Dr. Knighton was early honoured by her confidence and friendship; and his appreciation of her character, and his sense of his obligations to her, are expressed in his correspondence with that lady, with which the editor has been kindly entrusted. The following extracts tend to show that the general advancement of his career was not won without persevering industry, nor without the penalties which talent and success so frequently bring on their possessors. It should be previously mentioned, that in the year 1800 Dr. Knighton married

tient at the outskirts of the town, where a murder and frequent robberies had been committed, when he was stopped by two men, and nearly dragged off his horse. On seeing his face, one of the men exclaimed, "It is Dr. Geach!" and they immediately left him and ran off.

the youngest daughter of the late Captain Hawker, of the Royal Navy.

The following are extracts from letters written to Mrs. T.

"DEAR MADAM,—Compliments are so nearly allied to falsehood, that they seldom appear to advantage upon paper; for who can bear to read fiction unless it tends to some good purpose? The face of sincerity and truth is easily discovered by its superior dignity and mien: the tale that I have already told you with honesty I now tell you again, that I am ever delighted when I hear from you; and this delight has been renewed by your admirable letter of to-day.

"Four hours' sleep strengthens me sufficiently for the labours of another day; and it is thus that I gain that time which others lose. I have had a long and tedious day: I have listened to the stories of between fifty and sixty sick-beds. Some I have found well stored with honesty and candour, some with duplicity and deceit, some with caprice, others with violence and vexation; in fact, I found in all—almost all—Pope's beautiful and comprehensive line,

'*Hate, fear, and grief*,—the family of pain.'

Here are instructive views for the observing mind. I think I seldom pass a day among them but I learn something useful. By a good fire, and with a peaceful mind, then, I shall throw off everything to converse with you for an hour. I wish you lived at the next door. Yes, Mrs. Knighton

can tell you of what use is your superior understanding,—to give instruction to your daughters, and delight to yourself; to add a lasting pleasure to those whose minds are congenial with your own, with whom you are in the bonds of friendship; to improve the understanding of the young whom you regard, and to stimulate to the pursuit of useful knowledge; to bring you comfort in your more serious moments, and pious satisfaction in your last.

"When Dr. Johnson (that wonder of wonders) was suddenly seized in the night with a paralytic affection, and thus deprived of the power of speech, the first thing he did was to compose a prayer in Latin verse; and when he found his understanding and genius perfect, he was satisfied, and waited with pious fortitude for the restoration of that which Providence had thought proper to take away.

"I shall be pleased and thankful to see what Mrs. Greville says to *Indifference*. I have never met with it. In fact, the business of my leisure hours in the last three years of my life has been with volumes of the ancients: from them I have formed my mind; from them my plans for the contemplation of nature has been formed; and what further knowledge I possess in medicine I have derived from persevering in the laconic answer given me by Dr. Geach, when I asked what further I should do with respect to it. 'Scan your patient well; and,' said he, 'when you have done that, take Sydenham's advice to Dr. Blackmore, and

read with great attention Don Quixote.' And I think his advice was almost right.

"What you say of the pieces addressed to Miss O. is just.

> 'Some, to whom heaven in wit has been profuse.'
> Want as much more to turn it to its use;
> *For wit and judgment often are at strife,*
> Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.'

. . . . "There is one part of your letter that deserves my particular attention—nay, it deserves my thanks; and that part I am now come to. It is the advice you so kindly impress on my mind respecting *piety;* and it is impressed in such a way, and with such elegance, that I shall not easily forget it. So that I hope, whenever I may ask myself where my country lies, like Anaxagoras I may answer by pointing with my finger to the heavens."

"DEAR MADAM,—The folio paper you notice was procured that I might have room to communicate my thoughts whenever I wrote to you; the golden edge I thought a decoration you richly deserve; and by the folio size I wish to be understood that it contains the very largest edition of my friendship; and by its breadth, the wide extent of pleasure I feel by being indulged to receive and communicate with one in whose thoughts and conversation I delight. Many a folio sheet, I hope, will pass before it proves '*the* last.'

"Dr. Johnson observes, there is something truly affecting in the idea and expression of "*the last.*" If you do not just recollect what he says

in his final paper of the Idler, turn to it, read it, and suffer the melancholy which he must have felt at the time he wrote it. Whether it was his wife's or his mother's death that put a stop to this valuable periodical paper, I do not now recollect. In the history of his life I am not well versed. Boswell's account I have never read, and Murphy's essay I have almost forgotten.

"To the question of your friend relating to me, '*Do you know his history?*' I answer, Few do, I believe, and scarcely he himself. He is indebted to Providence for what he possesses, and to industry and application for what he may else have obtained. At one time he was in a measure deserted by the world, and a consultation was held whether he and his infant sister should be committed to the care of the parish. Before the sun had shone two years on one, and one year on the other, they were left orphans; and the father that was thus deprived of life had spent in irregularity and intemperance a comfortable independence, and died at the age of twenty-nine. *Reflection* was the inheritance of those he left behind,—probably of more value than gold. My grandfather, whose death immediately followed my father's, died, possessed of much wealth, in misery, because his fancy suggested that he had done nothing for us orphans: but it proved otherwise. To him I am indebted for the fortune I possess, which educated me, and brought me to that which I now attempt to profess. A part of this fortune was attempted to be kept from me by my father's

younger brother; but it has been happily recovered since I have been in this place.

"The stories that have been told of me have been beyond everything wonderful. 'Tis but of little consequence. The mother of Euripides sold greens for her livelihood, and the father of Demosthenes sold knives for the same purpose; but does it lessen the worth of the men? Yet, as Johnson observes, 'there is no pleasure in relating stories of poverty; and when I tell them that my father was an old bookseller, let them be content without further inquiry.' What man, now he is dead, did not rejoice at the honour of his acquaintance? Many would be as proud to handle the pencil of Titian as the sceptre of the emperor he painted.

"And now, perhaps you will say, what necessity was there for all this? To which I reply, Not to satisfy public curiosity, nor to be told again; but you will perceive that as I write you creep into my confidence, and that when I converse or write to you, I appear to be prating about myself. It will be the better way, when you have read this letter, to burn and forget it, with this reflection on me,—that *I* from my childhood have been obliged to think. God bless you!

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

TO MRS. T.

"DEAR MADAM,

"Tell me, is this not a curse?
Say, is their anger or their friendship worse?

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head,
And drop at last, though in unwilling ears
This saving counsel, *Keep your* PEACE *nine years.*'

"As I find you have already had an account how the doctor or doctors intended to disgrace me, a recapitulation of the glorious event would be superfluous. The circumstance, as might be expected, has been of much service to me; and those who intended by this weak and silly conduct to clip my wings, have found that the mischief has fallen on themselves. Oh! how often do I find dear Dr. Geach's sentence verified, '*Everything that is wrong punishes itself!*' From the man who offered me this insult I have received what may be called three apologies, and an invitation to dine. He has told me the estimation in which he holds my professional talents, the great regard he has for me, and the general good opinion he entertains of me. I listened; but I consider a slanderer less hurtful than a flatterer:

' For of all creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.'

His conduct may be passed by; and I hope I shall ever retain the wise maxim, 'Wisdom is first pure, then peaceable.' During the whole of this affair I have remained quiet, and suffered the public to draw their own conclusions. Whatever you may hear, dear madam, let not your friendship say one word in my favour.

"I must decline your kind invitation. I cannot be absent at this time, on account of poor Mrs. J.R. The happiness of a whole family depends upon the welfare of this amiable young lady. (1)

"The life of Petrarch is before me, and he writes thus to his Laura: 'I began this letter with the day, and with the day I will end it. I have prolonged my conversation with you, because it is delightful to me thus to enjoy your presence, notwithstanding the mountains that separate us.' This I would say to you with as much sincerity as it was ever uttered by Petrarch. Thank Mr. T.,

(1) The case of this lady excited general commiseration. Her husband, a captain in the Royal Navy, sailed to cruise in the Channel a few weeks after his marriage, and his ship was supposed to have been upset in a heavy gale which occurred shortly after. Hope against probability was long in preventing the termination of that state of terrible suspense which had nearly proved fatal to the unhappy widow. She gave birth to a son, and withdrawing entirely from society, she devoted herself to him. He proved in every sense all she could have desired: he entered the church, was appointed to a living in Devonshire, and his great happiness was in establishing his beloved mother in his own home. But mysterious are the ways of Providence! Within a short period after, he took leave of her for a day or two to visit a friend, and was found dead on the following morning, from the rupture of a vessel connected with the heart. The bereaved parent has survived him several years; and though the bodily frame is wasted, and the solace of health has been long unfelt, the mind is full of peace and resignation, and the amiable sufferer has been enabled to acknowledge, that in the most trying dispensations of Providence the afflicted Christian may call on the promised Comforter, and will not call in vain.

with my kind regards for his letter. Young David is a prodigy.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

"DEAR MADAM,—At this period of my life, (as my face is not yet sanctioned by years,) much delicacy and difficulty often arises within myself in delivering my opinion to medical men, whose understandings may be matured by age or ignorance. Often to my recollection does it bring this happy epigram of Plato, and as happily translated,

'If length of beard much wisdom doth denote,
Yield, yield, great sire, your wisdom to the goat.'

"That experience in the practice of physic is of service, I believe no one will deny; but if diseases are not watched with the strictest observance to the rules, efforts, and laws of nature, great practice will not much increase knowledge, nor years bring skill. A man may be richer, but not wiser. In this country, (with sorrow be it mentioned,) the old school of physicians, that were guided by reason and influenced by facts, tottered when Huxham died, and vanished when Geach fell. In those, as learning presided over their judgment, nature felt the influence of their skill. There are not many of that denomination, I believe, remaining in London; and in those 'the keepers of the house begin to tremble.'

"Will you tell Mr. T. that I wish much to see him by accident, that I may inquire if he has ever experienced the good effects of salting damaged hay?

"I am attending the President of the Board of Agriculture, who is quite full of it (as most men are full of new things); and I know not, if I were to write an essay on the good effects of salt, if it might not bring me into further repute. We might hand it down from the ancients, with most venerable memory, for Lucretius, from its wonderful use, named it panacea; and the ancient pagans had flour and salt mixed together to be thrown upon their victims; and you know it was a command also given to the children of Israel, never to offer sacrifices without salt. Mr. Pitt seems to have had a wish to preserve it sacred by his taxation on it."

"DEAR MRS. T.—Whenever I hear from you, it is an inexpressible source of happiness; for it often makes me pleased with myself.

"I wish I could see Captain —— again. He is just the man I should have wished to talk to Mrs. K., because he does not praise without observation, nor criticise without leading to improvement. I think him a person with a superior mind, labouring under hypochondriacal affections. He says he shall travel through Italy and Holland, as well as France, to see all the capital collections of pictures. I think that will do him good; because knowledge is certainly one of the means of pleasure, as is confessed by the natural desire which every mind feels of increasing its ideas. Ignorance is mere privation, by which nothing is produced: it is a vacuity, in which the soul sits torpid and motionless for want of attraction; and,

without knowing why, we always rejoice when we learn, and grieve when we forget. I am therefore inclined to conclude, that if nothing counteracts the natural consequence of learning, we grow more happy as our minds take a wider range. . .

"We have nearly lost our dear little boy this week from convulsion fits; but, thank God, he is now better.

"Believe me ever, etc. "W. K."

"DEAR MADAM,—When I once said something on the word *last*, and reflected on its melancholy sound, I then felt what I now feel,—a distress that this correspondence must at some time cease. . . . . When Mr. —— robbed Ambrose Philips of his royal dignity as prince of namby-pamby, which was bestowed on him by Pope, perhaps he forgot the good lines contained in Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress;' and surely his pastoral ballad demands particular notice. 'In the first part,' says Dr. Johnson, 'are two passages, to which if any mind denies its sympathy, it has no acquaintance with love or nature.' I allude to where it begins,

> 'I prized every hour that went by
> Beyond all that had pleased me before;
> But now they are past, and I sigh,
> And I grieve that I prized them no more.'

I quote from memory; but I believe it is correct.

"The violets are carefully enfolded in the letter to which they belong. They came to me quite

withered, and brought to my recollection Prior's beautiful garland,

> 'Such as they are to-day,
> Such we, alas! may be to-morrow.'

"I am a little distressed in mind at the loss of a very ingenious friend, who by accident was on board the Queen Charlotte when she blew up. Melancholy and dreadful catastrophe!

> 'Sons of Amphion! by one general sweep
> Hurl'd into air, and deluged in the deep.'

"To-day is Thursday. This is written and quite ready to deliver to the office; but I shall delay it till to-morrow, that you may not receive it on Friday. To-morrow is a sacred day; and that day three years, poor Dr. Geach and I rose at five o'clock in the morning to visit the sick in the hospital, that we might attend divine worship. When I went to his bedside, he took me by both hands, and said, 'I thank God for the blessings we enjoy, and that we are both alive; and hope, through the merits of our blessed Lord and Saviour, we shall obtain life everlasting.' It was his constant custom on all high festivals, that none of his numerous avocations should prevent his attendance on divine worship. Believe me, whatever the whispers of malice and calumny may say, he was venerable for his piety.

"If you can with propriety, and from yourself, will you ask the following questions of Miss ——: From whence the canonical hours in use in the Roman Church had their beginning? and whether

each canonical hour does not contain three lesser hours, so that in the whole night and day there are eight canonical hours? . . .

"I ask these questions, because by the division of the day into four quarters, or greater hours, the Evangelists are reconciled touching our Saviour's passion. He was crucified at the third hour, Mark xv. 25. St. John intimates his examination before Pilate to have been at the sixth hour. In the first place, we must understand by His crucifying, not his hanging on the cross, which was not till the sixth hour, Luke xxiii. 44; nor his expiration, which was not till the ninth hour, Mark xv. 34; but his examination under Pilate, at which time the people cried out, 'Crucify him, crucify him;' and the third and sixth hour will be easily reconciled: for, these two hours immediately following each other, what was done on the third might truly be said to be done on the sixth. This shows, however, that the hours of the Jews were of two sorts,—the lesser containing twelve hours in the day, the other four. But there appears to have been, notwithstanding what you tell me, but three hours of prayer,—the third, sixth, and ninth; the third instituted by Abraham, the sixth by Isaac, and the ninth by Jacob. The third hour, the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles; about the sixth, Peter went up to the house-top to pray; at the ninth, Peter and John went into the temple.

"Providence has given, no doubt, almost to all some peculiar talent, whereby they may become

useful to mankind. All in general feel that peculiar influence. Mr. Hammick (if I may be allowed the expression) was born with the knife in his hand; and I hope it will be deemed neither vanity nor presumption to say, that I have ever felt a peculiar talent for the study of physic. In the practice of it I always feel at home. The common routine adapted to common complaints never cost me an hour's trouble; but the investigation of the ancient physicians (without which excellence dare not be aimed at) has cost me many a night's toil, and will cost me still many more. All this you may readily believe, when *you* know, and *you only*, that I was but twenty when Dr. Geach died. When he was alive, his assistance in distress could always be had; when he was no more, the Stoic maxim, which you have before heard me apply on a different occasion, I was obliged to have recourse to, 'that what I wanted, I was forced to borrow from myself.'

"It is somewhat strange, that though in many arts and sciences, improvement has advanced in a step of regular progression from the first moment of their invention; in others, it has kept no pace with time, and we look back to ancient excellence with wonder not unmixed with awe. Medicine seems to be one of these ill-fated arts whose improvement bears no proportion to its antiquity. This is lamentably true, although anatomy has been better illustrated, the materia medica enlarged, and chemistry better understood."

"My dear Mrs. T.—Since the commencement

of my sincere friendship for you, I have in no instance felt your kindness more than by the inclosure of your letter to Sir Harry. After reading it I can say nothing of your mind nor your resignation; they surpass all praise. Lipsius, the great master of the Stoic philosophy, in his admirable treatise on steadiness of mind, endeavours to fortify the breast against too much sensibility of misfortune by relating the evils and calamities which have at all times fallen upon all ages of the world; and I think the voice of the multitude seems to justify the procedure: 'for one of the first comforts,' says Dr. Johnson, 'which one neighbour administers to another is a relation, of the like infelicity, combined with circumstances of greater bitterness.'

> 'How oft in vain the son of Theseus said,
> The stormy sorrows be with patience laid.
> Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone:
> Weigh others' woes, and learn to bear thy own.'

"I am but just returned from the grave wherein have been deposited this morning the remains of poor Captain Twisden, of the Revolutionnaire frigate.

"Mrs. Twisden was confined about five weeks since, and with difficulty came here about ten days since to see her husband, who was in tolerable health and good spirits. On Thursday week, she took leave of him (alas! never to meet again on this earth). The next day, Captain Twisden went to sea; on Saturday about twelve o'clock, he dropt down and died; on Sunday, he was brought

in here, and, as I have just told you, to-day his funeral rites were performed.

"Thus, when we look abroad and behold the multitudes that groan under miseries as heavy, or heavier than those we ourselves have experienced, we shrink back to our own state, and, instead of repining that so much must be felt, learn to rejoice that we have not more to feel.

"The good opinion, the anxiety, the everything I had formed about *your dear boy*, arose from a thousand circumstances and little traits, that strongly marked in my mind something superior in his way of proceeding, and something desirable in his heart; but all is now past.(1) I trust God will support you and Mr. T. under this bitterness of grief.

"God bless you!

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

"DEAR MRS. T.—How little do we know what we shall do on the morrow! That morrow on which I promised to write to you in my last letter, my dearest little boy was taken ill, and this night he closed his eyes for ever. The affliction of his poor parents is very great. I can at present write nor say more; but pray believe me

"Your affectionate friend, "W. K.

"Jan. 29, 1802."

"DEAR MRS. T.—You ought to have received

(1) This lady's son, a midshipman, a very fine boy, went to sea in the Courageux, fell overboard, and could not be saved.

my thanks for your many kind letters before now; but my spirits have been so oppressed, that I have not had sufficient power of myself to do that which I wished, and what I ought to have done. Frequently have I told you that I never received one of your letters but with indescribable gratification. Believe me, to the full extent did I feel this when I received your first letter after the death of my dearest dear little boy.

"The most afflicting miseries that attend mankind are in general, I think, produced by death; yet we form schemes and projects as if we could command that life which Almighty power can alone give or take. The duties of my profession ought, I confess, to teach me consolation in my present affliction, when every day's experience shows me the uncertainty of human life, and how little is attached to human skill and human wisdom. Perhaps scarcely half the babes that see the light survive their first, second, or third year: and if we weigh well this instance of Providence, I think the eye of mercy is visible; for what can be greater goodness than to bless the innocent, and to secure still more happiness to the happy?

"Yet, notwithstanding all this, death and separation are terrible indeed to the fond parent and friend. The cultivation of religion, however, can somewhat soften these afflictions. Zeno rejoiced that a shipwreck had thrown him on the Athenian coast, as he owed to the loss of his fortune the acquisition which he made of religion, virtue, wisdom, and immortality. Resignation to the will

of God is true magnanimity. When afflictions fail to have their due effect, the case is desperate, They may be considered as the last remedy of a benevolent Providence. The beautiful lines of an ancient poet (but which lose some of their beauty by the translation) are,

> 'Parent of good! master of the world!
> Wherein thy providence directs, behold
> My steps with cheerful resignation turn.
> Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear
> Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?'

"As we both are now suffering alike, my dear friend, I hope I have not tired you by this strain of writing. My kind regards to Mr. T. Mrs. K. desires to be most kindly remembered to you.

"Believe me, etc. "W. K."

CHAPTER III.

Dr. Knighton's removal to London.—Letter from Dr. Hawker.—Difficulties in establishing a Medical Practice.—Letter to Mrs. T.—Unexpected embarrassment.—Removal to Edinburgh.—Letter from the late Mr. Northcote.

It will be seen by some of the foregoing extracts that the difficulties were various which Dr. Knighton had to contend with; but all were subdued by firmness and the most scrupulous correctness of conduct. In 1803 he determined to remove to London. To this he was partly induced by the great fatigue of country practice, and by a wish for a more extensive sphere of occupation;

but what perhaps chiefly influenced him was a desire of change of scene, after the death of his little boy. On this occasion a letter found amongst Sir William's papers may probably be read with interest. It was from a late eminent and learned divine. Though there may have been some diversity of opinion respecting his doctrinal views, it may be said that he was a sincere and pious Christian.

"My dear Sir,—Be assured that I never heard till yesterday that death had made a breach in your family; otherwise I should have assumed the freedom of a friend, and paid you somewhat more than the ceremonious visit of condolence.

"It struck me just now that that part of my Pilgrim where the paper is put in might say somewhat, under grace, to soothe dear Mrs. Knighton's mind and yours under this bereaving providence. It is said that music sounds sweetest upon the waters; and sure I am, by experience, that the melody of the gospel is most pleasingly felt when the soul is on the billows of affliction, and the natural harp is hung upon the willows.

"I beg you to accept the accompanying copy of my little work, in token of my esteem. And very earnestly desiring the God of all grace to make this call of His to minister to His glory, and yours and Mrs. Knighton's welfare,

"I remain, dear sir, in the humblest of words, your servant in Christ,

"Robert Hawker."

"Lord's Day, noon, July 24, 1802."

It was a serious risk to quit an established practice for one merely prospective; more particularly as Dr. Knighton was known only to a limited number of persons in town. His difficulties proved, indeed, to be greater than he had anticipated; though he had every reason to be grateful for the exertion and patronage of those who had encouraged his removal from Devonshire.

The annexed letter to his friend Mrs. T. gives a curious but true account of his first arrival.

"My dear Mrs. T.—I must crave your forgiveness for intentionally deceiving you. It is the first time, and in all probability will be the last: but when I said I should see you speedily at Goodamoor, I knew I should not; for indeed I could not take leave of you. Friendship (the brightest virtue) has kindled in my breast a regard so sincere and affectionate, that I chose to take leave of Goodamoor by looking steadily towards it as I passed, rather than by a nearer approach. In doing this, I had time sufficient to contemplate the numberless instances of yours and Mr. T.'s kindness, friendship and goodness towards me. If the heart could explain its feelings, it would say sufficient. Farewell, Devonshire; but not, I hope, to your friendship. I trust I may hear its sound in many and *frequent* sheets. Pray let it be so.

"Well, my dear Mrs. T., here I am, bent for what purpose I know not. This I am certain of, that if I am to cut a conspicuous figure in this world of worlds, it cannot be more so than on my arrival at Blake's Hotel in Jermyn-street. I think

I looked like Fag the actor, or the Vicar of Wakefield's Moses; for having only one coat (and that not very new), I had the misfortune to divide part of the sleeve from the body, and in that trim I made my entrée. The people hesitated to receive me; but at last my voice got the better of my figure, and I desired the waiter not to be frightened. The man stared, for he looked like a nobleman compared to me. He inquired of the servant if I did not belong to the navy; for they had had many arrivals lately of gentlemen in that line with very similar costumes. The servant had sense enough to say I was a gentleman living on my fortune; which perhaps just now is true enough. I have, however, metamorphosed my head and my dress, and I do assure you 'I am now a very, *very* respectable-looking figure.'"

An unexpected embarrassment arose from the Royal College of Physicians, which Dr. Knighton thus related in a letter to his wife, then on a visit to her mother in Devonshire.

"I must now mention a circumstance of no small anxiety in the incidents of our life; namely, that of the college: for, having pushed everything as far as I can, and taken the most serious advice of my own judgment and reflection on the subject, I have resolved forthwith to go to Edinburgh, there to remain and take my doctor's degree according to the statutes of the Royal College of Physicians. Some temporary loss we may sustain; but I am aware we shall in the end be well repaid. Oppression (and it is agreed on all hands that this

is most oppressive) generally rouses the breast of the virtuous and industrious with indignation, and determined zeal to overcome all difficulties. This, I confess, I now feel in a stronger degree than ever; and nothing but the cessation of life shall ever make me relinquish the object I have in view. I am in pursuit, I know, of fame and fortune, and virtue and industry must obtain them.

"The world may laugh at the folly of ambition; but it appears to me that the purposes for which we were sent upon this planet are to prepare for that place of purity and immortal bliss which will be enjoyed by the pure hereafter; and what remains to be done after this is to fill up the vacuity of time in the most useful manner to ourselves and society.

"In doing this, all that counteracts indolence and depraivty must be meritorious. If I acquire fame, something that renders me famous must be useful to mankind: if I acquire riches, they will be pleasant, if not necessary, to those that follow me. It has been said that riches can keep out but one evil, namely, poverty; but it has been well observed by a sensible woman, 'What good can they not let in?'

"I know that everything that is valuable must have its price. To that I submit, as every virtuous mind must wish to do, to gain that which of all things is most desirable,—pre-eminence in that profession which one has chosen to undertake. Dr. —— told me in his carriage to-day that he had no doubt whatever of my success, and that

this journey would operate strongly to my advantage. What a store of knowledge shall I add!

"Industry and determined application must succeed. There is always a gap in the hedge that a man may step into: for some men are indolent from having a small competency, some are entirely so from inclination or constitution; others may be industrious, but success is counteracted by grossness of manner, or some low vice. So, you see, vacancies will always occur, and the man who brings himself contrary to all this must and will gain his object. When Erskine began to study the law, he was thirty, and surrounded by poverty; but that made him successful, for necessity always begets power. Sir Joshua Reynolds began late; and the present Dr. D., who is now at the head of his profession and worth ninety thousand pounds, had no practice whatever until he had passed the age of forty. Records without number might be told. Thus, then, my dearest D. you see the road that lies before us, and what we have to do. We must go on without dismay, and never look behind until we have gained the summit.

"I can attach no blame to myself whatever respecting the want of foresight, as the college never carried this oppressive law into execution until my arrival in London, nor until after my application; nor, farther, did they even intimate in the annual publication of their licentiates, that men possessed of degrees that had not resided should be prevented the benefit of their examina-

tion, and the licence that follows. The same degree that I practise under is held by Sir Walter Farquhar, Dr. Denman, Drs. Clarke, Croft, Batty, Halifax, Babington, and many others.

" Sir Francis Milman did all he could to serve me. I saw his letter to the President; he called me 'a worthy deserving man, a man of talent, and his particular friend.' This was kind, flattering, and pleasing; but all would not do. However, I am very happy, and in good spirits about it; and if you meet it with the same firmness that I do, it is not worth a thought more. We can live cheaply and comfortably, and return to town with new zeal and vigour; and I can then demand what I have before solicited."

The resolution once formed, no time was lost by Dr. Knighton in the execution of it. A house which had been purchased and furnished in Argyle-street was disposed of, and Dr. and Mrs. Knighton repaired to Edinburgh, where his studies were pursued with the most unremitting zeal; volumes of notes and remarks were made from the various lectures of the professors; and thus was the theoretical knowledge of that science completed, which had before been practically learnt by the bedside of the sick and suffering.

During Dr. Knighton's residence in Edinburgh he received much attention from some of the principal persons there; and he had also the gratification of obtaining warm expressions of friendship and approval in the correspondence of his friends in England. A letter from the late Mr.

James Northcote may probably be read with interest, as it relates principally to the extraordinary excitement which was caused in its day by the young Roscius, master Betty.

"My dear Friend,—To write, or not to write? has been the question: whether it was best to put you to the expense of a letter to Scotland, in which I should not be able to give you matters either interesting or useful, as you are now removed into another world as it were, and cannot be much concerned in what is passing here; or, on the contrary, not to write would give you an idea that I had forgotten you and all your kindnesses to me, and nothing can be farther from the reality than such a return: but I hope, if ever that should be in your head, that you will recollect that I have a mortal aversion to write letters, though nobody loves better to receive them; and if I could with any face desire it, I would beg you to let me know about you very often, for I am more interested about you than your modesty makes you think. I have a thousand and a thousand times since you have been gone found myself in great want of your good advice, your most friendly assistance and most pleasant society; and I do assure you that I look forward with much impatience to the time when you and dear Mrs. Knighton may return to London, which will be no small addition to the happiness of my life.

"I hope Mrs. Knighton does not neglect her studies, and that she meets with opportunities for both study and improvement. I shall expect to

see some grand Scotch subjects from her on her return to London. As to your own progress, I have no doubt but your merits will meet their reward.

" As to news, I do not know what to give you that would be such. Of public affairs you know as much as myself; and of domestic, perhaps you know all that I can tell you.

" You know there has been a sad fire at Plymouth, which burnt down the two next houses adjoining to my brother's, and that his house has been nearly demolished, in order to save the whole street; that all his books and fine philosophical instruments have been most terribly broken and lost, and that he cannot live in his house again for some months. But, thank God, his health and spirits are in a good state.

" The whole attention here has been of late entirely taken up by the young Roscius: he and Buonaparte now divide the world, though in our region he has by far the largest part. He has now fifty pounds a night; but when this short engagement is expired, he is to have a hundred pounds a night, and one or two benefits. He at present gets between four and five thousand a-year. This is, I believe, the first instance that ever happened in the world since the Creation, of a child so much under age getting such an income by any ability.

" I think he is very excellent; his gracefulness is unparalleled; and the violence of the desire to see him either on or off the stage is like a madness

in the people. I have, by means of Mr. Parker, had him to sit for a full-length portrait, which is now finished. I much wish you and Mrs. Knighton could see it, as it is thought the best picture I have done, and a strong likeness; but I found him a most impatient, restless sitter. It is to be engraved by Heath in the line manner; the plate to be the sole property of the father of the boy. He is to give Heath eight hundred pounds for doing it, who will be more than a twelvemonth working on it. He says he shall make it the finest plate that has ever been done in England, as he thinks the picture is better calculated for a print than any picture he ever saw.

"I hope you will not hurt your health by too close an application to your studies. From seven in the morning till five in the evening is much too long; and then to have nothing but oatmeal to live on, which is the only food to be got, they say, in Scotland.

"Perhaps you might like I should describe the picture which I have done of the young Roscius. It is a full-length figure, dressed in a black Vandyke dress, such as he has in acting the character of Hamlet: he is in the action of going up steps to a kind of altar, on which is placed the bust of Shakspeare; at the bottom of the steps is a tripod, with the smoke of incense burning; at the other side are the implements of tragedy, viz. dagger, cup, etc. I have seen a good deal of the young Roscius; have dined in his company several times; went to the Tower with him and Sir

George and Lady Beaumont, where we spent the whole day in seeing sights ; and it was curious to see what a mob of people gathered when he was known : and at the time he goes to the playhouse, a much greater mob is seen than ever there was to see the king pass.

"I do not recollect any more to say, but that I desire my best compliments and love to Mrs. Knighton, and that my sister joins in the same, and that it will always be a very high gratification to us both if you would favour us with a letter now and then, when it does not intrude too much on your and Mrs. Knighton's time.

"I think I have now made out a very long letter upon nothing. I wish I could have continued it so as to give you more amusement ; but it will only serve to show my love, and that I think of you all, though absent ; and if I do not write often, pray do not take it ill.

"If you and Mrs. Knighton see Raeburn the painter, let me have your opinion of his works. I believe he knows a little of me ; I dined once with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. I should like to know if there are many fine portraits in Holyrood House, or in any of the palaces of the nobility ; and if there is anything striking in the attitudes or designs, I wish Mrs. Knighton would just mark it in her pocket-book with a black-lead pencil.

"Please to tell Michel the engraver that I wish much to see a proof of the plate of Abercromby, as I have never seen anything of it. We are,

thank God, in good health; and so is Duke (the dog). We pray for you all, and remain, my dear friend,

"Most truly and affectionately yours,

"JAMES NORTHCOTE.

"Argyll-street, July 28, 1805."

CHAPTER IV.

Letters from Dr. Knighton to Mrs. T.—Letter to another Friend.—Return to London.—Dr. Knighton rapidly established in practice.—Letter to the late Sir Michael Seymour.—Increased practice.

DR. KNIGHTON'S sudden removal from London to Edinburgh naturally excited much anxiety on the part of his friends: this, however, was greatly allayed by the firmness with which he met so unexpected a necessity. In a letter from Edinburgh to his friend Mrs. T., Dr. Knighton says,

"Perhaps you were surprised at my leaving London. I confess at the time it was not a little distressing to my feelings to be obliged to do so; but I am most thoroughly satisfied that I have done right, as it will give me an opportunity of demanding that which I alone seem to have been refused. I most cheerfully persevere, therefore, against what I have no doubt will be advantageous severities; and if every affort of human industry, combined with all that an honest and laudable ambition can inspire, will lead to success and high eminence in my profession, I have little doubt but

that I shall obtain it; and I shall then have a further opportunity of acknowledging to you and Mr. T. my great obligations, as two of my first, best, and most sincere friends.

"I hope to return to town with tenfold advantages. Few people, I believe, who are determined to carry any particular point fail in its accomplishment; and mine I shall never give up but with my life.

"The cold at this season is here very severe indeed, which makes it not a little unpleasant; but Sir Harry would have reminded me with great propriety, that nothing should be considered unpleasant at this blessed season."

The confident anticipations of success entertained in the foregoing letter by Dr. Knighton, were destined to be realized, as will appear in the following extract from a letter to Mrs. T., dated "London."

"Your letters are always delightful to me, and never fail to give me infinite pleasure. Whilst you can write them, (and I trust God will grant that power to a great length of years,) I hope that you will not suffer this delight to cease, nor the friendship with which you have honoured me. How often have I thought of that happy fall which induced you so kindly to inquire after me, and by which, I believe, I was first encouraged to invite you to that correspondence, from which I have derived so much happiness, and I can with truth and much honesty say, refinement and instruction to my mind!

"With respect to great learning in the study of physic, I hold it to be the most invaluable friend a man can have; not in the cure of diseases, because many an eminent physician, eminent really in science, has been formed without it; as for instance, the accurate Dr. Hunter, who, Sir Francis Milman told me, could scarcely write a common prescription. The aid it gives, then, is a firmness and self-consequence to the mind in difficulties, which nothing can shake, lessen, or overturn. I need not tell you how little depends on learning in recommending you to the fashionable world as a physician; and I have often thought it was a fine answer of Diogenes, who, being asked in mockery why philosophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philosophers, replied, 'Because the one knew what they had need of, and the other did not.'

"Sir Richard Steel has in one of his papers the following excellent observations: 'It would certainly be difficult to prove that a man of business, or a profession, ought not to be what we call a gentleman; but yet few of them are so. Upon this account they have little conversation with those who might do them much service, but upon such occasions only as application is made to them in their particular calling; and for anything they can do or say in such matters they have their reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an obligation: whereas he that adds his being agreeable to his being serviceable is constantly in a capacity of obliging others. The

character of a beau is, I think, what the men that pretend to learning please themselves in ridiculing: and yet, if we compare these persons as we see them in public, we shall find that the lettered coxcombs without good breeding give more just cause for raillery than the unlettered coxcombs with it; as our behavour falls within the judgment of more persons than our conversation, and our failure in it is therefore more visible. In short, I am convinced, whether a man intends a life of business or pleasure, it is impossible to pursue either in an elegant manner without the help of good breeding. It is our behaviour and address upon all occasions that prejudice people in our favour to our disadvantage; and the more substantial parts, as our learning and industry, cannot possibly appear but to few. It is not justifiable, then, to spend so much time in that of which so very few are judges, and utterly neglect that which falls within the censure of so many.'

"But, however, do not think from this that I am become a gay coxcomb; because I really hope I am every day improving in learning, as I never studied harder, with more satisfaction, or more determined industry. With respect to my practice, my progress surpasses what I expected, and kind fortune seems to have laid fast hold of me.—But stop,—I feel no security, as something new may arise, the least expected perhaps, and turn the scale: so that I may have reason to say, in these lines of Roscommon's, which he has so prettily translated from Horace,

'When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low?'

"A day or two since, I was sent for to the Earl of M. E.'s, to see the governess; and, on my entrance, an old lady came up and said, 'Dr. Knighton, the Countess Dowager of M. E. is very happy to see you.' Dr. K. gave one of his best bows. After going through the case, I was about to take my departure, when the Countess took me into another room, and desired to know what confidential man was left at Plymouth; how much she should lament my absence when she went to the Mount; and concluded by calling poor Geach 'the oracle of oracles.' This gave me, of course, an opportunity of pronouncing a eulogy on the living oracle, for so I called Mr. Hammick. The old lady seemed pleased, and I took my leave until Saturday.

"I think I said, a few days ago, that I should give you a general answer to many observations which your affectionate friendship towards me induced you to make; but I shall forego the promise, and merely say that the word 'despondency' is by no means applicable to the disposition of mind which generally bears the term in the English language. You tell me, my good friend, very seriously, that you feel actual surprise when you consider what I have done, considering my years. My answer is that, according to the common pursuits of young men in general, it may be so; but I myself am not the least surprised, when I reflect on the sleepless nights and weary days, and

he scanty pittance of necessity, which induced it. You will inquire if others are not placed in a similar situation. It may be so; and the same will always attend the pursuit, if no gross vice or constitutional infirmity arises to counteract it. My greatest blessing in early life was my wholesome share of good common sense, which enabled me on the spur of the moment to act with propriety, which always came unasked, and was therefore always more valuable. When the mind sinks, then,—or I should rather say, feels the weight of the continual struggle with the contending world for a small share of its blessings,—it is no wonder, when it recurs to the rugged road behind, and looks at the weary length of the distant prospect before, that it should ask itself, 'Have you not attempted too much?' Where is the heart to be found, that possesses virtue, sensibility, or talent, that in answering the question during the arduous pursuit, (on which, thank God, only his earthly existence depends,) can give it without the sigh of deep oppression?

"If, my dear friend, you think the word 'despondency' right to be applied to me, I beg you will let its meaning be drawn from the feelings which I have just given you. I do not wait for you to remind me, my good friend, of that beautiful image comprehended under our blessed Saviour's miracle of the storm. It is indeed quite impossible to conceive that, without the influence of holiness, the mind can struggle on against the storms of human existence; for, even with the assistance

and influence of others, it requires some bright spot of splendid virtue, which no tempest can destroy, no cloud darken, or it would be difficult to enter into the terrible gulf."

PART OF A LETTER TO ANOTHER FRIEND.

"I resided in Devonshire nearly six years after my return from London. The first nine months of that time were spent with Dr. Geach, and were consequently dedicated not to mercenary gain, but to improvement in my profession. After his death, some months passed away before I was much noticed by the public; but at last some successful cases occurring, gave me that sanction which produced a fatiguing and considerable practice. The period of time which this comprehended may probably be little more than four years and a half; and, notwithstanding the tumult which was made by inferior and trifling people in the profession, few young men can look back with greater satisfaction.

"To begin life early is often a misfortune, more especially where the mind is called upon to exercise the judgment, which, for the most part, can be only acquired by time. But it is no trifling gratification to me, (now that I am more capable of judging,) when I retrace with what success I followed the exercise of my profession, and how much a rigid application of the mind can supersede the necessity of time. As my thoughts had ever been turned to the attainments of medical knowledge, it was natural I should look to that place

where, when they were acquired, they alone could be well estimated: I mean London."

In 1806, after completing the requisite period of residence in Edinburgh, Dr. Knighton returned to London, passed through the ordeal of the Royal College of Physicians, and took the house previously occupied by Dr. Halifax, in Hanover-square, which was fitted up and furnished with that attention to economy which the uncertainty of professional success and the apprehension in an honest mind of incurring debts, without the means of liquidating them, naturally excited.

The anxieties and difficulties of the first outset in a profession in which are so many able competitors are very great; but the kind patronage and influence of a limited number of persons of rank and consequence, to whom Dr. Knighton's ability had become known during his residence in Devonshire, tended essentially to his success; and after a little time he rapidly got into practice, contrary to the expectations of his relations and connexions in the country, by whom he was strongly urged to return. The following letter to his brother-in-law, the late Sir Michael Seymour, completely relieved their doubts.

"My dearest Friend,—You have heard before this, from my letter to dear Dorothea, of the determination I have made to persevere in my professional pursuits in this town. The more I consider the subject, the more confident I feel in the hopes that I am pursuing the right path. Indeed, long before my arrival, I felt that I ought

not for a moment to hesitate which road I was to follow; but the kindness of the people in general had in some degree got the better of these feelings, which I hope I shall ever possess,—a determination to enjoy the highest reputation the line of practice I am engaged in will allow; and if labour, application, and perseverance, are requisites that lead to it, I am decided that these shall entitle me to it.

"In viewing the situation in which I should be placed if I returned to Devonshire, I am well aware it is what most men would be content with. I should have a good house, good meat and drink, and as good clothes as my neighbours, and probably, after a series of years, might with great economy save a small competency; but the price I should pay for this is not equivalent to the value.

"The time would come when I should not be able to move with that velocity which I do at present. Novelty soon ceases, and the place can maintain but one medical favourite; and how long he may be well thought of is very uncertain. Ability or superiority of mind is not in the calculation. A volunteer idler, a borough freeman, are all courted by their different votaries; and the distinction of skill and application, if considered at all, is the effect of accident. Happily, perhaps, for the world, the greater part are involved in ignorance; and such is their levity, that they seem content to remain so. In this town, if it should please God to give me health and the common chance which application produces, I

can have nothing to fear. Wherever I look, the prospect is fair. Every day brings me some new connections; and I feel confidence as to the result of my labours.

"I have had so far to wade through a sea of difficulties; but, the occurrences of this year conquered, I hope I shall have paid the price for future success. As what is to come, therefore, will be valuable, the purchase cannot be considered dear. A well-earned reputation, wealth to do good, to bestow and to enjoy, ease in the decline of life, and the reflection that the short stay here has not been idly spent, cannot but rouse the feelings of the most indolent mind, and detain even the most unkind in doubt respecting their censure. This is what I hold out to myself; whether it be delusion or not, must be left to time; but I am not to be dismayed by the prodigal and thoughtless; and it is a chance, if they do succeed, whether it may be equally said in my prosperity, 'I thought it would come to this.'

"After this declaration, my dear friend, I turn my back on Devonshire. The idea of ever returning, let the event be what it may, is now at an end. William would never have conquered this island if he had not burnt his ships.

"From the immensity of this metropolis your character is kept up by a repetition of fame, and one circle hands you over to another; so that the first may be lost without injury, and the second is often more valuable than the first. No petty incidents of life are inquired into: a man is paid

his price for his labours, and the obligation considered mutual. You are less exposed to the tricks of the trader and the fire of the brandy-merchant."

The result of the determination expressed in the above letter fulfilled the hopes of the writer: his practice continued to increase. He was soon obliged to add a carriage to his establishment, and had no longer any apprehension of an inability to meet the increased expenditure.

CHAPTER V.

Dr. Knighton chosen as Medical Attendant by the Marquis Wellesley on his Embassy to Spain.—Journal.—Anecdotes of Pitt and Fox.—Embark on board the Donegal.—Capture of three Galliots.—Pitt's Speech on the Slave Trade.—Bay of Biscay.—Cape Finisterre.—Rock of Lisbon.—Cape St. Vincent.—Arrival in the Bay of Cadiz.—Letters to Mrs. Knighton.

In the year 1809, Dr. Knighton had the honour of being chosen as medical attendant by that distinguished nobleman and statesman, the Marquis Wellesley, to accompany him on his embassy to Spain; and his lordship's liberality enabled him to risk the inconvenience which might be the consequence of this interruption to his professional career. Fortunately this absence proved of shorter duration than had been anticipated; and a fragment of a journal, with some extracts from Dr. Knighton's letters to his wife, will best

describe his feelings, and the circumstances attending his situation with the embassy.

" July 22nd 1809.—On this day, about five, I left my house in Hanover Square to proceed to Portsmouth, there to embark with Lord Wellesley for Spain.

" From London I was accompanied by Mr. Sydenham, a man of interesting manners, a benevolent heart, and a good understanding : to this he had added considerably by different attainments. His education, however, had been irregular, and the necessities of life had obliged him early to practise industry. He possessed most justly Lord Wellesley's entire confidence; and, on the other hand, his affection was completely with his lordship.

" The first night we slept at Godalming, and the next morning proceeded to Petersfield.

" July 23rd, Sunday.—The day was excessively hot, and the journey afforded much instructive and interesting conversation. Sydenham informed me that —— had told him, that Mr. Pitt and Fox had both examined the records of Scripture with scrupulous care, with a view of satisfying their minds as to a future state; that the result on Mr. Pitt's mind was perfect conviction, but the effect on Mr. Fox's he could not find out. In private, Mr. Pitt's wit was as conspicuous and brilliant as in public. The power of arrangement was the leading point of his mind; and by this arrangement it was that he became possessed of acquirement. On no subject did he seem wanting.

A canal company waited on him: he heard them all, and in answering them, he so entirely satisfied them on every point, that the persons were astonished in discovering that his information quite equalled their own, though they had long been devoted to the exclusive investigation of the subject. Mr. Pitt's habits with respect to his speeches consisted in making his arrangements in his mind before he went to the House, and supposing every possible point that could be urged by his adversaries. This was his habit of study in his bed, before he arose in the morning.

"At Petersfield I was obliged to wait Lord Wellesley's arrival, and Sydenham went on. About two his lordship arrived. We dined. I observed that this place was celebrated by having given birth to Gibbon the historian. It is a borough town, and formerly belonged to his family. Lord Wellesley gave no decided opinion of Gibbon's works as an historian; but I could discover he thought him too loose to be admired.

"We proceeded to Portsmouth, where we found the whole of our suite, consisting of Major Armstrong, Captain Camac, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Bathurst, Mr. Gally Knight. The scene was so new to me, that my spirits were quite oppressed.

"Monday, July 24th.—The morning was very fine; the bells rang a merry peal; the port-admiral and officers paid their respects to his excellency. At twelve we embarked, being accompanied to the boat by Sir Roger Curtis and others. About a quarter before one we reached the Donegal,

which, as soon as we were on board, fired the usual salute. We weighed anchor at half-past one; at four, Sydenham took his leave, and I was without any acquaintance except Lord Wellesley, who was all kindness to me. The wind was fair, and in the morning about eight we were off Plymouth.

"Tuesday, July 25th.—I passed an uncomfortable night, but was not sick. I saw Lord Wellesley twice this day. In the evening we passed the Cornish coast, and at night the Land's End, the ship running seven and eight knots an hour after dusk. This day I wrote to my dearest Dorothea.

"Wednesday, 26th.—I passed a miserable night: it blew fresh, my cot broke: I awoke with a violent headache. The motion of the ship was painfully disagreeable.

"This day we made prizes of three galiots, and I had an opportunity of writing three or four lines to Dorothea. I was struck with the countenance of one of the masters of the captured vessels. I am certain he had an interest in the cargo. I never witnessed a face more expressive of distress. He acknowledged himself a Prussian; but I am sure he understood English well, though he pretended not. They hoisted Danish colours, and their course was from Bordeaux to ———, laden with wine.

"I was obliged to go to my cot at six, unable to dine; but an hour's sleep acted like a charm, and I awoke comparatively well. In the evening

I was amused by a concert in the ward-room, and I passed the night in great comfort.

"July 27th.—This morning, thanks be to God, I awoke in perfect health: the day was fine, with a fair breeze. Soon after breakfast I saw Lord Wellesley, who was not quite well, and prescribed for him.

"At the dinner on this day, Lord Wellesley spoke of the brilliancy of Mr. Pitt's speech on the slave-trade. He said he had never heard anything equal to it; that his adversaries with uplifted hands acknowledged its power; that Fox during the progress of it could not help exclaiming in terms of admiration. His lordship mentioned the ridicule of Lord Carhampton against the project of emancipating slavery, which he did very successfully, although Mr. Pitt would not allow himself to laugh at his jokes. On the rest of the House the speech was irresistible.

"In the evening we fell in with the Amazon frigate, Captain Parker: the effect beautiful; last from Corunna, but brought no particular news.

"Whilst I was with Lord Wellesley in his cabin this morning, we observed the beauty of the water: it was tinged with green, purple, white, and a variety of colours. This was in the ship's wake, and was no doubt the effect of light.

"We were this day on the skirts of the Bay of Biscay: in the evening, about eight, forty-five leagues from Corunna, and one hundred and forty from Cape Finisterre.

"July 28th, Friday.—This morning his lordship was much indisposed, and recommended by me not to dine at the mess. At five this day we were in the latitude of Cape Finisterre. The wind was aft, which gave the ship much motion; but I felt quite well.

"July 29th.—Lord Wellesley was better this morning.

"July 30th, Sunday.—This day commenced by divine service. The ceremony was awfully impressive.

"I had the opportunity this morning of investigating the ship throughout, and was much delighted with the cleanliness, order, and regularity which pervaded every part. This morning at eight, land was seen, which proved to be the rock of Lisbon. The weather still continued. Yesterday our distance from land was eighty miles: to-day birds and several porpoises have been seen. In the evening, the Portuguese shore, bold and rocky, with an immense ridge of hills, began to appear; the effect was grand in the extreme. At three o'clock Cape St. Vincent was in sight, on the top of which is a monastery containing about two thousand persons.

"It was ten at night before we weathered the Cape. Cape St. Vincent is a promontory, but beyond it a tract of land runs out into the sea; and as we came abreast of this, the moon made her appearance, and the effect was wonderfully grand. The separation from my wife and child gave me very painful sensations. The band was playing a

melancholy air, and the effect on my mind was indescribable.

"Monday, July 31st.—This morning I had the comfort of finding Lord Wellesley quite well. At eleven, fishing-boats appeared on the Portuguese coast; the weather was mild, and the influence of the climate was already evident. Orders were issued for the different officers this day to appear in uniform; and in the course of the afternoon, the Donegal arrived in the Bay of Cadiz, and on the 1st of August his excellency landed. The royal standard was borne by his lordship's barge; a royal salute was fired from all the ships in the bay, and this was answered from the garrison.

"A vast number of spectators were assembled to witness Lord Wellesley's approach from the ship to the shore; and on stepping from the barge to the carriage, a French flag was so placed, that on first touching Spanish ground the French flag was trampled on. The populace drew him in his carriage to the hotel prepared for his reception. On alighting, his excellency addressed the people, —expressed the pleasure he felt at the respect and attention shown towards the most gracious sovereign whom he had the honour to represent, and also for these marks of kindness shown to his own person. He begged to return his most grateful thanks, assuring them also that the august sovereign whom he had the honour to represent felt as earnestly as the most zealous of them. At the conclusion of this speech he offered to the mob a handful of gold; when instantly one amongst

them refused it, and addressed his companions in a most energetic and patriotic harangue, which was received with the loudest bursts of applause and acclamation."

No more of the journal having been found, the account of the proceedings of the embassy is continued from Dr. Knighton's letters. The editor was disposed to suppress more of the affectionate expressions contained in this correspondence, but has yielded to the judgment of others, that the feelings so natural to the heart of the writer under this separation from his home were such as most persons could understand and sympathise in.

"Kiss my little darling. I have now been at sea twenty-four hours, am quite free from sea-sickness, and am this morning, thanks be to Almighty God, in perfect health. I am writing this in my cabin, which is indeed very comfortable; and all the officers are very attentive to me, particularly the first lieutenant, and the captain is all I could wish. Lord Wellesley's kindness is very gratifying; and I trust in God the voyage altogether will produce all we could wish. You may rely, my dearest, that I will take all possible care of myself, for your sake and my dear little Dora's. Take care of the easterly winds with the darling. I hope she talks about me, and that the picture will prevent her from forgetting me.

"I trust, as I said in my first letter, if it pleases God to spare us, we shall soon have the means of enjoying our own cottage and a little bit of land. The happiness is too great to think of; but I trust

God will permit it. Captain Brenton is a very good young man, and allows no sailor to swear. The ship is a very fine one, and there is a very good band on board. We dine at five, have coffee at half-past six, tea at eight, and breakfast at half-past eight in the morning.

"I must conclude by desiring you to receive my sincerest love and affection, and my blessing and the utmost of parental affection to dear little Do.

"Give me your daily prayers for our preservation,—that is, if it should seem fitting to the Almighty.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

"Cadiz, Aug. 2, 1809.

"If I was certain at this moment that you and my dear Dora were well, I should be tolerably happy; but until I hear from you, my mind will not be at ease.

"I will now proceed to tell you of myself and this country, since I wrote you six lines from the Bay of Biscay. After a pleasant voyage, then, of seven days, we arrived on Monday night off Cadiz. On our approach, the city and distant hills appeared more beautiful than I can describe; the evening was fine, and the sun about to set. We lay to that night for a pilot, and the next morning, about eight, came to anchor a mile from the shore. Soon after, Admiral Purvis and all the officers of the fleet came on board the Donegal to pay their respects to his Excellency.

"About half-past ten, Lord Wellesley landed

under the royal standard. Cadiz contains about sixty-five thousand inhabitants. It is in vain to attempt to depict the scene which now took place: no language can describe it. All the English and Spanish ships saluted. This was followed by the garrison; and I am certain that not less than five-and-thirty thousand persons lined the shore for two or three miles.

"Four carriages were provided; his Excellency in the first, and the suite followed. Mr. Duff, a very fine old man, upwards of eighty, was at the water's edge to receive Lord Wellesley. We then moved up to the hotel provided for us, all the carriages drawn by the populace; and, what is worthy to be told, Lord Wellesley offered those who drew his carriage a handful of gold, which they refused, exclaiming, 'Our gratitude to England induces this.' Would an English mob have done this?

"On our arrival at the hotel, a guard of honour received us; and every avenue was lined with sentinels in the house, which resembles an old castle. We then proceeded to the governor, a very fine-looking old man, who is in a bad state of health, to whom I am to go at his particular request this morning. On returning to the hotel, we received the compliments of the garrison. At three, we dined with the consul, and partook of a very splendid entertainment; but, to show you how much I attend to your injunctions, although there was every delicacy on the table, I simply ate of fish and boiled chicken.

"In the evening, a play and opera were given on our arrival, and the Bolera was danced. The whole city was illuminated at night. The theatre is not quite so large as that of the late Covent Garden, but neat and pretty. The women are not allowed to sit in the pit, and no men in the galleries. The governor's box was prepared for us; and on our entrance we were greeted with huzzas, and "God save the King." This was followed by several patriotic songs.

"It is now right to tell you, that the splendour of our arrival was heightened by intelligence, received three hours previously to our landing, that Sir Arthur Wellesley had defeated the French armies under Sebastiani and Victor. The detailed accounts had not yet been received; but our loss was said to be nearly four thousand in killed and wounded. The French have been completely defeated, and almost all their cannon taken from them.

"What stay we shall make, it is not possible to conjecture at present. To-morrow or the next day we begin our journey to Seville; but the difficulty of moving in this country you cannot at all understand without witnessing it. I do not feel the heat as yet. The comfort of my portable bed is incalculable: whilst others are infested with vermin, I am quite free.

"We have one of the best houses; but there is no describing the dirt and inconvenience. Our garret is princely, compared to the bed-room in which I am writing; and yet it is impossible not to

like the beauty of this place, and the interesting novelty constantly before one. I have, however, as yet, seen hardly anything. I have not been into any of the convents or churches; but my journal will tell you all, I trust in God, by a comfortable fireside in Old England. I should be quite happy at this moment if you and dearest little Do. were with me. Pray remind her of me; and do you both take care of your health for my sake, as I do for yours.

"In my next despatch, I shall, I trust, be enabled to state the probable length of our stay, and consequently that will decide your journey to Devonshire. However, do not wait for that; if you feel disposed to go, pray do so. I have no objection to any plan that will make you most comfortable during my absence. All I beg is, that you will take care of little Dora and yourself.

"Lord Wellesley is very kind to me. There are only three persons able to sleep in this house, and I am one of them.

"God bless you. "W. K."

CHAPTER VI.

Resumption of Dr. Knighton's Journal in Spain.—Roman Catholic Procession —Leave Cadiz for Seville.—The Cavalcade.—La Isla.—Port St. Mary.—Despatches from Sir Arthur Wellesley.—Uncle and Cousin of Ferdinand the Seventh.—Journey to Xeres.—Beauty of the Country. Unwholesome Water.—Mr. Gordon, his Wife, and Daughter.—Antrouva.—Seville.—The Cathedral.—Major Armstrong.—General Whittingham.—The Heroine of Saragossa.—Murillo's Pictures.—Dr. Knighton's anxiety to return Home.

FROM time to time, Dr. Knighton continued to send accounts to his family of his progress in Spain. The following is the resumption of his correspondence.

"Cadiz, Aug. 4th, 1809.

"As my whole thoughts are directed towards you and my ever-dearest Do., I shall avail myself of all the opportunities I have to write, and scribble all I do and feel during my absence. The date of this letter will apprise you of the anniversary it brings with it. How happy I should be if you and my little darling were now with me! Pray give her many kisses for me; I hope she will not forget me. Pray God preserve you both!

"I am writing this about six in the evening. Lord Wellesley is gone to bed very unwell, from the fatigue of the last few days. His lordship and I dined alone."

"Seville, August 12th.

"MY DEAREST,—I was unable to proceed ac-

cording to my intention of writing from day to day, in consequence of the baggage, with pen, ink, and paper, being sent off many days previously to our quitting Cadiz; but I have put in this bit to show you my intention.

"August 14th.—I write till the last moment; the despatch is detained an hour or two longer. This morning one of the grand Roman Catholic processions has taken place, in honour of the Virgin Mary, who in the form of waxwork was carried around the cathedral, dressed in a beautiful robe, and sitting in a most superb chair, accompanied by the archbishop and the whole host of priests. Thousands of people bowed down to this image as it passed, and the organ and full choir received it on its re-entrance into the church."

"Seville, August 13th.

"We arrived at this place on Friday, after a three day's journey from Cadiz, and I thank God I am at this moment in perfect health. I shall have an opportunity of writing again in about ten days by the Donegal, when I trust I shall be enabled to give you some certain ideas with respect to our movements. At present everything is in confusion; and such is the state of affairs, that, lest this letter should miscarry, I dare not say another word.

"The whole of the embassy are now in health. I go on very quietly, and keep as much to myself as I can. I am very cautious in all I say, all I eat, and all I drink.

"With Cadiz I am delighted; but Cadiz appears to me in no respect Spain. I must, however, refer you to my journal when I return for an account of it, and proceed to give you a detail of our journey as fast as I can. We left Cadiz, then, on the 8th, at five in the morning: our suite consisted of four carriages, two caravans, and two baggage-carts. These vehicles were drawn by mules, amounting in all to thirty-four; twenty-eight servants, and six muleteers: so you may suppose what a cavalcade we made, and how great was the difficulty of providing accommodations through the different towns we had to pass.

"The distance from Cadiz to Seville is about ninety miles; but the dreadful heat of the weather makes it equal to three hundred in England. Our first stage was to Port St. Mary; but in the intermediate distance is a little town called La Isla. It is very pretty, and much resembles a picture you may have seen of an Indian town.

"I travelled with Lord Wellesley in his carriage the first day. On our arrival at La Isla, we stopped a few minutes to refresh the mules; and this time I spent with Lord Wellesley in visiting the convent and chapel. From the upper part we saw Cape Trafalgar, the place of Nelson's battle, and also the rock of Gibraltar. The monks inhabiting this convent were of the Carthusian order. They treated us with great civility, and gave us some bread and Paxarete wine. In the chapel I saw one good picture only, and that was a Magdalen by Murillo.

"From this place we proceeded to Port St. Mary. Here we were met by the populace, who took the mules from the carriage, and drew us into the town. We dined at a miserable little inn, where we received despatches from Sir Arthur Wellesley, giving a detailed account of the late sanguinary battle, the particulars of which must have reached England before this.

"After we had dined, we proceeded to the palace, to which the uncle of Ferdinand the Seventh and his female cousin had fled from Madrid. The uncle is a bishop, a heavy stupid man: he was dressed in his robes to receive us. The princess appeared a lively person, though with a face quite worn with grief. This amiable woman was compelled to marry the infamous Godoy, the Prince of Peace, through whose means the present calamities of Spain have principally arisen. This visit lasted about ten minutes, and we proceeded on our journey to Xeres.

"In our way through this place we passed for the first time through pine and olive plantations, and I also saw a garden of oranges and lemons growing luxuriantly; but the barrenness of the country in general is dreadful. The heat is intolerable, and the weary traveller seeks in vain for shelter from the sun, accommodation at an inn, or even for water to ally his thirst; for although wells are dug on the road, it is dangerous to drink,—first, from the heat; and next, from the peculiar qualities of the water: but it often happens at this season that the wells are dry.

At Xeres, Lord Wellesley and myself were lodged at a Mr. Gordon's, a person of Scotch extraction, but now a Spaniard. He spoke English well, but his wife not a word. His daughter, a beautiful woman about nineteen, spoke English, having been educated at a convent near York. She had one little boy about two months old. Her husband, a colonel in the Spanish service, was with the army, and had been lately engaged. Poor soul! her anxiety had disordered her infant, and I just arrived in time to lessen this part of her distress of mind by my advice; so we were soon great friends. I showed her yours and dear little Do.'s pictures, with which she was much delighted.

"After passing a better night than usual with these hospitable people, we proceeded to ———. Here we arrived in the heat of the day, much fatigued with our journey. Nothing can convey to your mind the miserable beggary of this poor little town; but such as our dinner was, we had it accompanied by a marchioness and her lord, the village doctor, and a priest of course. Here I warned the party against the use of the water, which I discovered in a moment was bad.

"In the evening we continued our journey to Antrouva; and in four hours after we left this place, all who had drunk of the water were seized with violent pains in the stomach and bowels. Lord Wellesley himself was very ill; but in four-and-twenty hours they all recovered, and are now well. We arrived at Antrouva at night, which was passed most miserably. No one but Lord

Wellesley had a bed; all the rest were obliged to sit up. The next morning, we proceeded for Seville, where we arrived about twelve o'clock.

"On our entrance to this town, a salute was fired from the batteries; the populace again took the mules from the carriage; and bonfires, as demonstrations of joy, were kindled before our palace in the evening; and at twelve at night we were serenaded. I neither like the place nor the inhabitants of Seville. Of the latter I must say no more; but of the place, nothing can exceed the heat, the dust, and the total want of comfort. It was crammed full of unfortunate people from all parts of Spain, and, indeed, of the world.

"The original number of its inhabitants is about sixty thousand; but it now exceeds one hundred and thirty thousand, and about six thousand foreigners. The streets are so narrow in many instances as not to admit of a carriage; and even where they do, you are obliged to step in at a door whilst it passes.

"The cathedral is most magnificent, and I am certain no description can convey to your mind the sublimity of this building. It contains five large aisles, and some of the choicest pictures of Murillo. There is one of St. Anthony, that exceeds all that can be fancied of painting.

"How I wish you with me! But I hope and trust we shall soon meet never to part again. I have felt this separation so much, that nothing shall tempt me to consent to it a second time. . . I trust in God nothing will happen to detain Lord

W.; but at present all is uncertain. I think, however, by the Donegal I shall be able to say when our return may be possible.

"Pray remember me to every one. I have been, as you will perceive, obliged to write this in a great hurry; and this house is in such confusion, and so entirely without furniture or comfort, that I have been obliged to write on my knee, and in bustle and tumult, just as opportunity has offered within the last day.

"God bless you," etc.

"Seville, August 23.

"I have yet another opportunity to write to you previously to the sailing of the Donegal, which may probably exceed another fortnight. I am still silent on the subject of Lord Wellesley's plans; but my present hope is, that his stay will not extend to any length. I thank God I still continue in good health; and I trust the Almighty will preserve you and my darling child in the same manner. Kiss her, and remind her of me continually, that I may not be forgotten.

"I cannot tell you how I long for a line from England. I forget how many times I have written,—but several times, and by every opportunity. When you write, acknowledge all the letters you receive. My next by the Donegal, please God, will be sent by a most amiable and excellent young nobleman, Lord Jocelyn, son of the Earl of Roden. He has been out three years, and is now on his return. I first met with him at Cadiz; he afterwards returned to Seville, and we were in

the same house together. By-the-bye, I forgot to mention that I have not yet slept at Lord Wellesley's, as the upper rooms are so hot; but in a day or two I believe I must do so. I have been at a Mr. Wiseman's, an Irish gentleman, a very kind, good-hearted man. He wishes me to remain with him whilst we stay; but I do not think it right, although I should be very glad to do it.

"The heat, instead of lessening, gets, I think, worse and worse; and no care and attention will prevent the misery of the musquitoes. I am not at liberty to say anything respecting this unhappy country; but the word I use will convey to you the feelings of my mind on the subject. Poor Major Armstrong is very ill, under the influence of fever, arising from extreme fatigue in going to the army, in order to communicate Lord Wellesley's thoughts to Sir Arthur. The English army is at this moment about one hundred and eighty miles from us; the French, about two hundred. The late action of Talavera was most sanguinary. The French lost not fewer than twelve thousand men, and our loss was very considerable.

"I have a very amiable, sensible, gentlemanly man here, Brigadier-general Whittingham, who has a very singular wound. Whilst he was in the act of speaking, a musket shot entered his mouth without touching either of his lips, and passed out by his ear. The only consequence was the fracture of the lower jaw, and he is getting well. I have been consulted by several persons. The day before yesterday I saw Augustina, the heroine

of Saragossa, a young woman of about two-and-twenty, rather pretty, and of a very interesting appearance. She wears on her arm several badges of honour. The courage of this young woman really surpasses all belief.

"I believe since I last wrote to you I have visited the Caridad, which is a charity for old and infirm men. In the chapel of this building are Murillo's best and most celebrated pictures; but the subjects and a thousand other things, I must delay telling until we meet happily in England, which God grant may be soon, and in health and peace. Your pictures are a great comfort to me. . . . .

"When you see Miss T., will you tell her that I almost despair of being able to effect anything respecting the Carmelite nun? All communication is cut off with Segovia; and, indeed, at this moment any intercourse with the different provinces is almost entirely impracticable. These difficulties have accumulated tenfold within the last three weeks.

"August 27th.—The only thing I could wish you here for, as regards Spain, would be to see the cathedral and pictures, which are indeed well worth the attention. The more I see of the cathedral, the more magnificent it appears; and the pictures of Murillo are indeed a wonderful effort of genius. Lord Wellesley continues his kindness in a very satisfactory manner; and if I fulfil speedily and safely the duties attached to the mission, it will, I hope, be a very interesting year of my life.

"August 28th.—I hope when I next write, which may perhaps be in a fortnight, I shall be enabled to state some certain account as to the time of our return, which I trust in God may be soon, as I am very anxious that our separation should be at an end. I am looking with earnest and daily hope for a letter from you. It seems an age since we parted; but I trust all will contribute to give us the facility of retiring sooner to some peaceful and happy cottage with our darling little Dora, to live in virtuous retirement.

"The present exercise of my mind is fatiguing, but, I have no doubt, will be useful. I am not at liberty to say one word respecting Spain. Lord Wellesley's orders are so strong and binding, that I do not write to Sydenham by this packet, because I should only be at liberty to speak of the oppressive heat and unfavourable temperature of this climate, which would be neither new nor interesting. When I return, I shall have a great deal to tell you. What odd coincidences happen; The General Whittingham I mentioned in a former letter is well acquainted with your brother James: they sailed in the same ship to Buenos Ayres. He speaks very highly of him."

CHAPTER VII.

Continuation of the Journal.—Lord Wellesley's kindness.—Manner of spending the day.—Statue of St. Jerome.—The British Army.—Festival of St. Francis.—Extreme Heat.—Cause of the Delay of the Mission.—Misrepresentations of the public Prints.—News from Home.—Approaching Departure from Spain.—Lord Wellesley's kindness.

"Seville, September 2.

"I SUSPECT that this letter will reach you with another packet of older date by way of Lisbon. I have also written by the Porcupine, in which Lord Jocelyn sails. He will convey to you a hurried letter, and tell you personally that I am well.

"It was this day six weeks that I left you: the time seems very long and very distant. I wish I could tell you when I may hope to return; but at this moment it is impossible, and perhaps conjecture would only lead to disappointment. Whether it be long or whether it be short, (I think it will be the latter,) I hope everything will tend for the best. At any rate, my most ardent endeavours have been exercised to render you and my darling Dora a little more independent; and feeling conscious of this, it takes off the load of anticipated ills.

'He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day.'

"It will give you great satisfaction to hear from me that Lord Wellesley's kindness and confidence increase every day; and I have reason to be much gratified by his attention. I am also well

satisfied with my habits of life, which are good and virtuous. I have an opportunity of continuing my French, which I hope and believe will now be attainable. Major Armstrong is recovering from a severe illness.

"I will give you the history of my day. I rise at five, and ride. You will be surprised to hear I am becoming a good horseman. I am almost tempted to bring a little Spanish pony to England for my dearest Do. At eight I return, the influence of the sun then becoming powerful. I lie down till half-past nine, when I dress, and breakfast at ten. Immediately after this Lord W. always sees me. At twelve I am at leisure to go to my avocations of reading, writing, or digesting thoughts given me by Lord W. At four we dine; two or three glasses of claret with my dinner, one afterwards, and *vin de Grave* and water with my food. At six, coffee. I frequently accompany Lord Wellesley at eight to the cathedral to hear vespers: the music is grand and solaces the heart; the light of the lamps, the stillness of the service, all conspire to influence the mind. There I think of yourself and my darling child, and hope and pray that you may both be preserved to me. I am always in bed by ten: and this is the uniform tenor of my day, with the exception of some attempts to pick up a picture, or any other curiosity.

"General Whittingham (1) and myself are be-

(1) This gentleman visited Sir W. Knighton constantly during the period of his last illness.

come great friends. It is on his little horse that I daily ride. This morning we went to the convent of St. Jerome, about four miles from this. It contains one of the finest pieces of sculpture I have ever beheld. It is the statue of St. Jerome kneeling, and holding a crucifix in his hand, in the cell of a hermit. I had no idea of sculpture till I saw this. It is said to be the finest specimen in Spain; but I believe Spain does not abound in this species of art.

"We have had here, within these few days, the Marquis of Tweedale and Colonel Stopford, and before them Lord Burghersh.

"The British army at this moment is one hundred and twenty miles from us, and we hear from it frequently; but beyond this I dare not say one word to you, although Spain at this instant is a very interesting picture, if all the accounts we receive be true.

"How happy to look forward to meeting and a cottage! I never felt so much desire for domestic retirement."

"Seville, September 9.

"Your letters by the packet, and by the vessel expressly despatched, came to hand this week; and it was no small delight and happiness to me when I found you and my ever darling Dora were well up to the 14th of August.

"The Donegal still remains, and is a matter of surprise to us all; but on no political subject do I dare to communicate, although I might say much of an interesting nature.

"Yesterday was the festival of St. Francis; it was observed in the different churches with grand magnificence. I think a man who sang in the Franciscan convent was finer in voice than anything I ever heard in all my life.

"September 17th.—Two days since I despatched three packets by a messenger. These different letters had accumulated from the delays and alterations in the intentions of sending to England. The heat of this place continues extreme, nor will it subside for three weeks to come, by which time I hope to have done with it; for I am indeed most anxious to return to you, although I am as comfortable as, being separated from you, I have a right to expect.

"General Whittingham rides with me every morning at five, which contributes to keep up my health. Tell my little Dora I must contrive to bring her a pretty thing, though it is very difficult to tell what, for this place affords nothing but heat and dust. I believe I must get her a gold chain, which may be procured here tolerably cheap with caution; for nothing can equal the knavery and imposition of the trades-people.

Mr. Frere still continues here, and so does the Donegal; nor have we any idea when that ship will quit us. It would be very pleasant to keep her for ourselves; which is just possible."

"Seville, October 8.

"Your letters under the dates of the 12th, 19th, and 20th of September, marked No. 10, reached me yesterday by Sylvester, the messenger, who

left London on the evening of the 21st. I was sincerely rejoiced to find you were well, and happily returned from your pleasant excursion, which I am very glad you have undertaken, and I very much prefer it to the long journey into Devonshire.

"Our delay is in consequence of the unhappy differences that have arisen in the cabinet at home. We are, of course, apprised of the duel between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, as it must have happened the very day the messenger was despatched in the evening.

"Previously to the arrival of our last despatch, we had received the newspapers, and with them the periodical code of blasphemy and falsehood. It is not easy to convey to you the sensation produced in one's mind on reading the mis-statements, the gross abuse, and direct lies, etc., contained in the public prints on the affairs of Spain. I was at the trouble of looking attentively to the paragraphs and letters said to be received from this country relative to its situation; and I believe, without one exception, from the beginning to the end, they are quite incorrect, and in some instances entirely false. The toast which his Excellency is stated to have given at the public dinner was given by the Pope's nuncio, (a very fine old man,) who was present; and, with this single exception, every other toast was delivered by four gentlemen, who were deputed so to do, as stewards, by the body of merchants who gave this public entertainment. The speech which his Excellency made is mis-stated from the beginning to the end.

It is painful and cruel in the extreme to see the public character of Lord Wellesley and his brother traduced by wretches whose every principle is obnoxious to virtue. The skill and exquisite talent of every kind which Lord Wellington has displayed in the care and conduct of his army, placed as they have been, exceed all praise; and nothing but the basest ingratitude could prevent every British heart from acknowledging it.

"With respect to his Excellency, every day raises his ability and extraordinary talents in my estimation. It is impossible to serve under his direction without loving him.

"The Donegal is still at Cadiz, and I believe it is settled that we shall return in her, which will be pleasant; but whether by way of Cadiz or Lisbon is uncertain. If by the latter, it will be that Lord Wellesley and Lord Wellington may have a meeting; and in that case, we shall pass through the south-west part of Spain, in order to avoid the French army, and get to the English head-quarters. Whether this journey will be undertaken I know not; but I think it will not add to our delay or detention.

"October 27th.—To my great surprise and joy, Mr. Sydenham arrived here late last night, by whom I received your two kind letters, the last dated the 4th of October, and I was truly rejoiced to find by your written, and his oral, testimony that you and my beloved Dora were well: indeed, he tells me that you appear in better health than

when I left you, and that little Do. is a sweet child, and growing more like me.

"We are still in the midst of heat, but it is lessening. Yesterday, previously to Mr. Sydenham's arrival, we were all busily employed in packing, and were to have left to-morrow morning. We shall now, probably, be detained two or three days longer; but this, I am certain, may be reckoned on as the utmost; and after which, if it pleases God, a fortnight will take us in safety to the shores of Old England.

"What adds very much to our comfort is, that we return in the Donegal, where we shall enjoy all that a ship can ever have; and above all, Sydenham will be a valuable acquisition.

"Nothing can exceed Lord Wellesley's kindness; and Sydenham says he expressed his entire approbation of me with warmth and affection. I have had an arduous, anxious, and delicate situation; but I hope I have well fulfilled the different things entrusted to me.

"Tell my little Dora that she shall have a gold chain and a pretty canary bird. Wherever I land, which I dare say will be Falmouth, I shall proceed directly with all expedition to London, without stopping a moment anywhere.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Knighton's return from Spain.—Created a Baronet, and appointed Physician to the Prince Regent.—Appointed Auditor to the Duchy of Cornwall.—Letters of George the Fourth relative to his Journey in Ireland.

In October 1809, the Marquis Wellesley returned from his embassy to Spain. Dr. Knighton now resumed his professional duties, and soon repaired the inconvenience occasioned by his temporary absence, which had fortunately proved of shorter duration than had been anticipated. His medical practice was soon satisfactorily established. Dr. Knighton was introduced and recommended by his noble patron to the Prince of Wales, was eventually appointed one of his Royal Highness's physicians, and in 1812 made a baronet. At this period he had attained extensive employment, and was in the receipt of a considerable income.

In the year, 1817, the death of the lamented Princess Charlotte took place. No event ever occasioned more general sympathy. The extract which follows, from a letter of Mr. Southey, well expresses the feeling then existing.

"The death of the Princess Charlotte has been felt in a manner very honourable to the national character. Individuals, as far as my observation goes, feel concerning it as they would upon a similar case occurring in private life, and within the circle of their own acquaintance.

"The manner in which I have heard Prince

Leopold spoken of on the occasion impressed me a good deal: he was called 'poor *man*' and 'poor *fellow*.' His affliction has brought him down to our level, and rank was forgotten in the sympathy of humanity.

"I do not like to write anything upon the mournful occasion in the common-place form of threnodial verses, which would be read only to be criticised and forgotten, and, under the appearance of respect, are in reality the most disrespectful of all things. But I would fain so treat the subject as to combine with it something which might aim at present utility, and possess some permanent value, as far as I am capable of giving it. I hope I see the way of doing this; but I compose slowly, and not without some previous meditation.

"Many causes have led me to look far forward and widely around me: and if I could teach others to see things as they appear distinctly to myself, it would be doing the State some service. Great changes in the very constitution of society are going on—almost as great as the human system undergoes when all its physical powers are developed, and the time is as critical. In proportion as this is properly understood, government will be strengthened or endangered—perhaps overthrown: and in that word 'government' the best interests of the human race are at this time included. If I can assist in strengthening it, I shall not be an unprofitable servant: and I am a very disinterested one, for I look for no reward."

In 1818 the Prince Regent appointed Sir William

to the auditorship of the Duchy of Cornwall. On this occasion he received the following letter from the Marquis Wellesley.

"Richmond, January 7, 1818.

"My dear Sir William,—I sincerely congratulate you on the mark of gracious justice which the Prince Regent has conferred upon you. This act is certainly the offspring of his own mind, untainted by malignant or interested advice; and is of that spirit of generosity and goodness which blesses him that gives and him that takes. You may be assured that I always feel warmly interested in your prosperity and honour, and that my happiness in the progress of both will ever be augmented in proportion as your advancement shall tend to increase the lustre of the Prince Regent's personal character.

"Believe me, dear Sir William, with the most sincere sentiments of friendship,

"Yours affectionately and faithfully.

"Wellesley."

It was thought on this occasion that Sir William would relinquish the practice of his profession, but a part of it only was given up. It is satisfactory to his family to find amongst his papers testimonies like the following, from the then member for Somersetshire, expressive of the estimation in which he stood in his medical life.

"I never had the least notion that you were about to relinquish your profession on account of the auditorship. You have given yourself what

no man in England could give you, a station at the head of a learned profession, with the suitable emoluments; and had you changed this for a mere place about court, I should have thought you cracked. I am glad, however, to see that the Regent can give situations to the preservers of mankind as well as to the destroyers, for the military carry away most of the good things now; but I hope this may be the means of elevating the character of your useful profession through you, and opening new honours.

"I am, etc. "W. D."

It required great consideration to abandon a position in which Sir William was so rapidly acquiring an independence for his family; and it is difficult for any other than the party interested to judge of the expediency of such a step. The continued fatigue and anxiety, night and day, and year after year,—the complete interruption of domestic comfort, and the gratification (so natural to the human heart) arising from the unbounded favour, kindness, and liberality of his sovereign —overcame all scruples, and in 1822 Sir William became the devoted servant of his Majesty. It may be seen from the annexed letter, written in 1820, that George IV. even at that period derived great comfort in having recourse to his judgment when under any difficulty or embarrassment.

FROM THE KING.

"My dear Knighton,—Let me entreat of you,

if you possibly can, to call upon me to-morrow morning, if your health will in any way admit of it, *at latest by eleven o'clock.* I am so overburthened, that I must *absolutely* see you.

"Always most affectionat ely yours, "G. R.'

"C. H.

"Friday night, or rather Saturday morning,
"May 12-13, 1820.

"P. S.—B——— tells me that he has obeyed my orders in writing to you to the same effect; but I cannot, notwithstanding, resist writing this short line myself."

Sir William's secession from his medical avocations had been gradual, in consequence of his frequent absence from town with the Regent. It was naturally a matter of concern to many by whom he had been considered as a friend, as well as a professional attendant; but he left a most able successor in his friend Dr. Gooch.

There is nothing remarkable to mention until the year 1821, and only a few letters have been preserved, which show the strong parental feeling of love for his children, which ceased only with his existence. The following is to his daughter.

"New Year's Day.

"I wish you many happy returns of this day. I have sent you a little Testament to commemorate my approbation of your conduct during the last year; and I hope and believe, my beloved child, that you will not fail to give me the same consolation every succeeding year whilst I live. I wish you to read a chapter in this little book every day

of your life before breakfast, and by degrees to get all the leading points by heart. As it is a book derived from God, so it is the *only thing* to be relied upon, and to give you happiness in pain, sickness, or sorrow.

"God bless you, my beloved Dora!

"Believe me ever your attached and affectionate papa, "W. K."

During the dangerous illness under which the Prince Regent was suffering at the time of the death of his father George the Third, the watchful attention of Sir William was justly appreciated by his royal master, and it tended to lessen the anxiety of his medical friends during the intervals in which they were necessarily obliged to be absent from their patient. Sir William was in attendance in the night when the intelligence from Windsor was brought of the termination of the King's life. The fatal tidings were received by the Prince with a burst of grief that was very affecting.

It was generally known that, from various causes, the pecuniary affairs of George the Fourth were previously to his accession in an embarrassed state; and, of course, continual circumstances occurred in which such a mind as Sir William's (which was always remarkable for firmness and judgment) could not fail to be acceptable, and, as it appeared, necessary to his royal master. Any unusual absence, in consequence of illness or other accidental causes, seldom failed to bring a command for his presence, such as is anxiously

expressed in the subjoined letter. It respects the death of the Infant Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the late King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide.

"My dear Friend,—For God's sake come down to me to-morrow morning. The melancholy tidings of the almost sudden death of my poor little niece have just reached me, and have overset me beyond all I can express to you. Poor William's letter, which is all affection, and especially towards you, refers me to you for all the particulars; therefore pray come to me with as little delay as possible. I have not time to add a word more about myself. You will be a great consolation to me.

"Ever your most affectionate friend, "G. R.

"Brighton, March 4th, 1821."

About this time, Sir William received the following characteristic letter from Mr. Southey, which will be read with pleasure by those who take an interest in literary questions.

"Keswick, March 30, 1821.

"My dear Sir,—I am greatly obliged to you for presenting my 'Vision of Judgment' to the King, and for communicating to me the very gratifying manner in which his Majesty has been pleased to mention it. In writing upon public occasions, it has been, and will be, my earnest desire to produce something which may inculcate and enforce right opinions, with the hope that it

may prove of some immediate utility, and be not unworthy of being read hereafter. His Majesty's approbation is the best proof which could be obtained that this desire will not be disappointed.

"The opinions which have as yet reached me concerning the metre of the poem are exactly what private trials had taught me to expect. Women are at first perplexed at the appearance of the verse; but upon reading it aloud, they presently perceive the rhythm, and then they like it. My friend Charles Wynn, avowing that his prejudice against it is inveterate, acknowledges that he dislikes it less than he expected. Young poets admire it with enthusiasm, and endeavour to persuade me that it is a finer measure than blank verse. Their elders, whom I call my peers, appreciate fairly its merits and defects; and, giving a decided verdict in its favour, pronounce it a legitimate and powerful metre, and think that our literature is enriched by its introduction.

"Twenty years ago I planned a poem upon the Deluge, with the intention of writing it in this measure, meaning to show in what manner the wickedness of mankind was produced in the Old World by the two opposite extremes of political evil,—such a tyranny on the one hand as Bonaparte afterwards went far towards establishing, and such a spirit of Jacobinism on the other as is at this day at work here at home, as well as over the whole Continent. The design has long been

laid aside; but the course of events has tended to show that it was not ill conceived in this respect.

"Believe me, my dear sir, with many thanks,

"Your's faithfully,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"To Sir Wm. Knighton, etc."

The following letters from George the Fourth, relative to his Majesty's visit to Ireland, will also probably be read with interest; and, as they express his Majesty's feelings towards the subject of this memoir, they may not be considered irrelevant.

"Off Holyhead, August 10, 1821.

"DEAREST FRIEND,—As I know you like brevity in writing, I shall endeavour to be as concise as possible, and shall try to convey to you all the matter possible in the smallest compass.

"I must first thank you for your kind letters, the last of which I have now just received. You need not be under any apprehension that every regard to decorum and decency will not be strictly observed.

"I have now been at anchor in this harbour ever since Monday night at half-past eleven, when we received the first intimation of the Queen's indisposition.

"On Tuesday at noon, as I had heard nothing from my friend Lord Sidmouth, who had passed over to the other coast some hours before, we took up our anchorage here. We had reason to know he had heard the report before he left

Holyhead ; and it was determined, as the best medium-line that could be adopted until I could hear from him, that I should proceed for twelve hours to Lord Anglesea's.

"Accordingly I wrote to Lords Sidmouth and Bloomfield, to acquaint them with the communication I had received respecting the Queen, to account for the delay in my not proceeding to Ireland, and desiring Lord Sidmouth's advice as to what I had best do, and that he would make all the arrangements which might be necessary under existing circumstances.

"I returned from Plasnewydd to my yacht here about four o'clock on the next day (Wednesday), and found Lord Sidmouth just disembarked and ready to receive me. He stayed about two hours with me on board, and then again took his passage in the steam-boat, having arranged with me, that if the accounts from London of the Queen the next day should represent her to be in an improved state, that then we should set sail as quickly as possible, and land at Dunleary, and make my public entrée at Dublin on that day (Friday) ; although he had already taken measures for a private entry if matters should be worse, as it was utterly impossible for me under any circumstances not to proceed now to Ireland, where public notice would be given that I should observe the strictest privacy for some days, until we were acquainted either with the Queen's recovery or her demise, and till after the body should be interred.

"Lord Londonderry fortunately arrived the next morning after Lord Sidmouth left me,—that is to say, yesterday, Thursday, before seven o'clock in the morning,—and has remained with me, and will continue to do so till I have set my foot on the Irish shore. He approved of all the arrangements I had made with Lord Sidmouth as the best possible, and with every view I had taken of the whole circumstance; and it is now determined that either in the course of the day, or as soon as possible as the wind and weather will permit, (but which at present does not appear very encouraging,) we are to set sail, either in the yacht alone or by steam, to Ireland; to make Howth (about five miles from Dublin), and to proceed without any sort of show or display to the Phœnix Park, without entering or passing through Dublin at all. My arrival there will then be publicly announced, and that the strictest privacy for a few days will be observed, as far as proper decency and decorum may require; and that after that the day will be announced when I shall make my public entrée, and when all public ceremonies and rejoicings will commence.

"Continue, I conjure you, from time to time, and constantly if you can, to let me hear from you, be it only that 'all is well;" for even this is a security and comfort to me that you cannot imagine: it is utterly impossible for me to tell you how uncomfortable and how miserable I always feel when I have you not immediately at my elbow. You may, then, judge what I do now at this mo-

ment feel, and what I have gone through without you near me, during all these recent perplexities and difficulties. You are too well acquainted with the warmth of my feelings towards you to render it necessary for me to add a syllable more upon that head, dear and best of friends, except that I am always

"Most affectionately yours, "G. R."

"DEAREST FRIEND,—I am sure that you will be quite surprised, after the long letter which I hope you received safe from me by this evening's post, dated from hence the day before yesterday, at receiving another from me, and also from the same place, but which, I hope, will be the last; for I have now determined, by whatever inconvenience it may be attended, upon proceeding directly by land for London, and we finally start at five o'clock to-morrow morning, and hope to be with you before four o'clock on Saturday at Carlton House.

"There is no time for a florid description. We sailed again yesterday morning between four and five o'clock, with a most promising breeze in our favour, to make the Land's End. About two or three in the evening the wind shifted immediately in our teeth; a violent hurricane and tempest suddenly arose; the most dreadful possible of nights and of scenes ensued, the sea breaking everywhere over the ship. We lost the tiller, and the vessel was for some minutes down on her beam-ends; and nothing, I believe, but

the undaunted presence of mind, perseverance, experience, and courage of Paget preserved us from a watery grave. The oldest and most experienced of our sailors were petrified and paralysed: you may judge somewhat, then, of what was the state of most of the passengers; every one almost flew up in their shirts upon deck in terrors that are not to be described.

"Most affectionately yours, "G. R."

"Royal George Yacht,
"Milford Haven, September 10, 1821.

"My dear Friend, — So many unexpected circumstances have taken place since I wrote to you, that I scarce know where I am to take up matters to put you *au fait* of everything in all quarters. It is rather a difficult task to undertake, particularly as I know you are not partial to long letters. I will, however, endeavour to do my best, and be as concise as possible.

"My last letter told you I was to embark (as I did) that day at Dunleary. We made since that two efforts to stand out on our homeward voyage, but were driven back by change of wind. However, on Friday last we stood out suddenly upon a change of wind in our favour, and persevered; but we encountered a most formidable tempest for nearly forty-eight hours, such as has been hardly known by the most veteran sailor, and, with the blessing of God, arrived safe in this port about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of yesterday. Not to be prolix, but in order to give you some little idea of our state, most of our fleet were separated, except

the Royal Sovereign yacht, the Liffey frigate, and ourselves. The Grecian sloop of war, reckoned one of the best schooners in the service, sprung her mast, and was obliged entirely to part company from us in distress, and to make for the very first anchorage she could, where it is hoped she is long before this in safety, though as yet no intelligence of her has been received.

"Most even of our crew and company were deadly sick, but the very worst of all was my poor self; and I am now for the first time, since we are again at anchor in smooth water, risen from my bed, and not without considerable exertion and inconvenience to myself. I have suffered so much solely for the purpose of writing to you; for I too gratefully feel the warmth of your affectionate heart towards me at all times, not only not to neglect you, but to prove to you that you are always present to my mind; and I felt quite sure, that if any part of our history of the last week should reach you, that the short note which F—— wrote you yesterday would not in the least answer the purpose of quieting your affectionate anxieties and cares about me. When F—— wrote, it was in the utmost haste, to save the post, which leaves here before three in the afternoon, that you might know something decidedly of us, and we had then thoughts of pursuing our return overland, as he acquainted you; but upon thorough consideration, we found this scheme next impracticable, what from the very mountainous and bad state of the roads through this part of South Wales, the

scarcity of horses, the dreadful length of the stages, and, after all, the formidable length of the journey itself to London, being above two hundred and seventy-two miles, and this, too, unattended with any sort of comfort or accommodation on the road, at any rate until we reached Gloucester. Upon the best calculation, therefore, we could not have reached our destination at earliest till Thursday night. We have therefore determined, all matters considered, to summon up resignation and patience to our aid, to wait the first steady and favourable wind, and which is now very promising, that will carry us round the Land's End in about eight hours; after which we shall make Portsmouth at the very latest twelve hours afterwards, let the wind be then almost whatever it may.

"In addition to this, I must also say that it was quite out of the question my being able, for two or three days at least, to encounter so tedious a journey by land; I am so completely shattered and torn to pieces by the effects and sickness of an eight-and-forty hours' tempest. Up to this moment, then, you are acquainted with everything upon which it is in my power to give you any information by letter. The veriest minutiæ of the details of what has passed since we met, you shall have from me when we meet.

"Now, then, God bless you!

"Ever yours, etc. "G. R."

CHAPTER IX.

Sir William Knighton's Account of the King's Journey to Hanover.—Brussels.—Namur.—The King's reception at Dusseldorf.—Osnabruck.—Hanover.—The King's public entry into the City.—Bulletin of his Health.—Return.—Gottingen.—Cologne.

No further account than that given in the foregoing chapter has been found of the King's visit to and return from Ireland, nor is there any journal of his Majesty's journey to Hanover ; but as he was accompanied on this occasion by Sir William Knighton, his letters to his family will in some measure supply the deficiency.

"September 25, 1821. Calais.

"Here we are safe at Calais, thank God, all well,—a rough passage towards the close. Our reception at the embarkation this morning at Ramsgate was magnificent, and the same at this place. I am working hard,—much writing and little rest. But nothing can equal the affection and the kindness of the King towards me. You know what I determine to do, I do well : this, I hope, will be the case in this instance.

"The King has been at the theatre to-night. The music was very agreeable, and I was much amused and gratified. I believe you would hardly know me in my new costume ; the whole of it is so comical, that I can scarcely believe my own history. It is more like a romance than anything else.

"To-morrow night we propose to sleep at

Lisle, and the next to reach Brussels, from which place I hope to write to you again. You must not expect long letters; but when I return, I hope to have the happiness of telling you everything. The dear King leaves me not a moment. You cannot understand it, unless you were present.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K.

"Dessin's, Calais, Tuesday, after midnight."

"Wednesday morning, six o'clock.

"I have just been with the King, and am putting everything in motion for our departure, which is no joke. Adieu."

"Brussels, Friday, September 28, 1821.

"We reached this place in safety at half-past six last night. The Duke of Wellington, Lords Londonderry and Clancarty, were in waiting to receive us. In about half an hour after our arrival, the King of the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange, and Prince Frederick paid their respects to his Majesty. We were all introduced. We then sat down to dinner, amounting to twenty-eight persons. I had one of my bad headaches; but I am now quite well. The truth is, I have so much to do, I am almost worked to death. Sir B. precedes us.

"My king, God bless him! never gives me a moment. The pen is never out of my hand by day, and it is his wish that I sleep in his dressing-room at night; so that he has access to me at all hours. You will not, therefore, be surprised that you do not get long letters from me. It will be

impossible for me to give you any details of my journey until I return, when I hope to tell you everything. It is, I confess, very interesting.

"Saturday night.—The messenger sets off early to-morrow morning. Yesterday was a very fatiguing day. We were at court, and dined with the King and Queen and all the royal family. It was very amusing: sixty persons of the first distinction were invited to meet us. After dinner we went to the private theatre of the palace of Lacken. This edifice is most splendid: it is four miles from Brussels. The opera was very amusing, and the music delightful. I enclose you the play-bill as a curiosity.

"Brussels is a beautiful town, and so is Lisle. At this latter place seven thousand troops lined the streets. I went into the town with his Majesty in an open carriage. We leave this early to-morrow morning for the field of Waterloo, and then proceed on our journey. Previously to our setting off, we shall have divine service in the throne-room of the palace we occupy, at eight in the morning. You see I am attentive to everything. We shall sleep at Namur to-morrow night, on Monday night at Aix-la-Chapelle, and on Tuesday night at Dusseldorf: four days after that, we hope to reach Hanover.

"You will scarcely believe that, although I have been here two days, I have never been able to stir outside the doors, except yesterday, to go and dine at court. This is unavoidable, there is so much to do. Kiss my beloved darlings again

and again. The bundle at Blendworth Cottage, amidst all my grandeur, are my only comforts.

"God bless you. "W. K."

"Namur, Monday, Oct 1, eleven at night.

"First, let me thank you for your dear letter, which reached me on my way hither. This has been a busy and an interesting day. Early this morning we quitted Brussels for this place. We reached the little village of Waterloo about twelve o'clock, accompanied by Prince Frederick of Holland, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Clancarty, and a number of persons of minor distinction. The King went into the little church of the village, examined all the tablets of inscription upon the walls, then visited the willow tree under which was buried the shattered limb of Lord Anglesey, and seemed greatly impressed with all around him. The day was very unfavourable—it rained torrents; but, notwithstanding this, the King went to the plain of Waterloo, accompanied by the Duke, and examined every part of the various positions occupied by the army in that dreadful battle.

"When I saw the verdure of this plain in full and luxuriant vegetation, I could not help dwelling on many of the extraordinary thoughts which Lord Byron has advanced in his poem, when speaking of this tremendous engagement. The blades of grass on which we tread might be a part of some warrior's frame who had died on this plain,—some friend, perhaps, whom we had known and admired.

"Tell dearest W. I bought some relics for him, and was on the spot where Buonaparte stood the greatest part of the day. About one o'clock we left the field; and at Sambrief the Duke and all the other grandees took leave of the King, and we proceeded on our journey.

"We reached this place about six. I stole away to the cathedral whilst his Majesty retired to adjust himself; for the carriages had not come up. It was almost dark; a few glimmering lamps served me to observe its beauties. Some dozen females in various corners were at their devotions, and the stillness of the place had on my mind a most inspiring effect. I thought of you and my little darlings; and although separated by so great a distance, my feelings carried me swiftly back to the dear cottage at Blendworth. I have much to do, much to contend with; but I hope to do it well.

"We left Namur for Aix-la-Chapelle on Tuesday the 2nd. I should mention that nothing can exceed the beauty of the road and scenery from Namur to Liege. We accompany the Meuse for forty miles, and on each side are woods and hanging rocks. I should like to pass my days amidst this scenery. We reached Aix-la-Chapelle about six. Early in the morning I visited the baths, the hall where the congress was held, and the cathedral, in which I saw the tomb of Charlemagne. The reliques are curious, inasmuch as they have remained in the same place for a thousand years."

"Dusseldorf, Wednesday, Oct. 3.

"To-day we reached this place, all well. The roads we passed have been tremendous. At Dusseldorf you cross the Rhine, and this is done by means of a flying bridge. It is in fact a bridge thrown over two boats, and a line of boats sway it from one side of the bank to the other. The carriage and horses drive up at once, and everything remains passive. It amused us all very much.

"Thursday, 4th.—To-day we halted for a day's rest. We are now in the Prussian dominions. The king reviewed the troops this morning. To-morrow we continue our journey over what they call the Desert, which seems to be a trackless space of sand. This operation will take us twelve hours. On Monday we hope to reach Hanover.

"About seven last evening, the whole garrison marched out by torch-light to serenade the King on his arrival. The effect was beautiful: I never heard such bands. The style in which they played 'God save the King' was enough to electrify one.

"I get but little sleep. I am, however, thanks be to the Almighty, quite well. You may judge what I have to do. Sir B. is at Hanover, or nearly so, by this time. Our suite consists of nearly forty horses, besides the escort; and all this moves without the slightest confusion. I have now two large Prussian grenadiers at my bedroom door. It would make you laugh.

"I despatch this at four in the morning, at

which time we start. God grant this may find you all well.

"Heaven bless you! "W. K."

"Palace of Osnabruck,
"Saturday, Oct. 6, twelve at night.

"We met at Munster a courier on his way to England with despatches from St. Petersburgh. The King ordered him to follow us hither, and to-morrow I shall despatch him for England.

"We are now in the King's own dominions. The country through which we have passed this day has been beautiful in the extreme; but the roads are so bad, that nothing can equal the fatigue of travelling. We are obliged to change our horses every five miles, notwithstanding we have eight horses attached to each carriage.

"The Hanoverians are a happy, delightful people. Through every village we passed to-day, the most beautiful triumphal arches, composed of evergreens and flowers were erected to do honour to their King, some happy device affixed to the centre. The arch seems to be a sacred emblem with the Hanoverians, for we generally found the pastor in his robes standing, and the whole parish on either side, the women carrying their Bibles under their arms. This in the country was always the case; on the approach to populous towns, less so. These people have a simplicity in all they do which delights one.

"I travel always with the King. We are lodged in a palace belonging to his Majesty: it is magnificent, but old. Tell dearest D. the room

in which I am now writing is such as are found in ancient tales of romance, where you might expect a ghost to start up every moment. George the First died here.

"It is a beautiful night, and the moon shines on the Westphalian mountains, at the foot of which is the palace where George the First was born: this we passed to-day. Eight thousand people with torches came into the yard of the palace to-night to serenade the King. The effect was striking and beautiful. They sang a national hymn: it brought tears from my eyes, it was so affecting. We are made very much of. I am improving in my French fast, as I hear nothing else spoken.

"To-morrow we have ninety miles to travel over very bad roads; and the day following completes, I trust in God, our journey. The city has been most beautifully illuminated to-night: the people seem almost mad with joy. It is no wonder: sixty-three years have elapsed since they have seen their King. I saw many an old person weep as we passed.

"There is a great simplicity in the character of this nation. Crime is very little known among them; and when it does exist, is marked by no particular severity of punishment, which is always almost limited to the hard labour of the fortress or the public roads. When his present Majesty ascended the throne, he found that the instrument of torture formed a part of the law of this country; it was almost his first act to abolish it."

"Palace at Hanover, Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1821.

"We arrived here yesterday about five o'clock, and are lodged in one of the most magnificent palaces you ever beheld. It is beautifully fitted up; and the garden-walks and water-spouts make it look like enchantment. This Hanover has been much underrated by the English; and the King here lives really like a king. The palace is full of servants; and the whole thing is in a state of grandeur that I never before witnessed. I shall, however, *entre nous*, be most heartily glad when our stay is over; and I really hope it will not be protracted beyond a fortnight from this time.

"I found, on my arrival here, your two letters dated the 28th and 29th. I never felt anything like the happiness of hearing from you and my dear children. God be thanked that you are all well! Tell my darlings that I shall write to them by the next messenger. At present there is not time, for Lord Londonderry is impatient to send off the messenger.

"The palace of Osnabruck was so quiet and retired, and the people of the place so attentive and affectionate to the dear King, that we left it with reluctance.

"I must tell you an anecdote which will interest you. Early in the morning, a poor woman with a countenance apparently much worn with sorrow, on her knees presented a petition to the King's Hanoverian chamberlain, which was rejected. I saw this from the saloon, from which

I was looking down on the many thousand persons assembled in the court-yard, and I observed the expression of despair which followed. I hastened down, fearing to lose sight of her, got her petition, and presented it to the King.

"It craved his mercy for her husband, who was doomed to five years' hard labour in a fortress. She was the mother of eight little children, and, it need not be added, in great poverty and want. The crime was of a nature to be pardoned, and this was done by the King with his pen instantly; for here his authority is absolute. We had the poor woman in the saloon,—and you may imagine the rest.

"Nothing can equal the sincere feeling displayed by this happy people: it is, I must confess, a great contrast, compared to England. We passed through a line yesterday of ten thousand troops. It was a fine sight; and the whole population came out to greet their King. So long a period having elapsed since the Hanoverians have seen their King, you may judge of the effect this visit has on them. The thing that has most forcibly struck me is their extreme simplicity. The whole streets through which we passed when we quitted Osnabruck yesterday, were strewed with flowers and evergreens; and every village had triumphal arches erected, with appropriate inscriptions, all bearing evident marks of real religion. This is the basis of everything, and, of course, of their happiness.

"The weather has been remarkably favourable

during the whole journey; but we must not expect it long to continue so. The palace in which we reside is a mile from Hanover. I have not as yet been able to go into the town ; but I hope to do so to-morrow. I have been so occupied this morning that I have not once quitted the house. Take care of your health and that of the dear children, etc. "W. K."

"October 12.

"I have rather unexpectedly the happiness of writing you a few hurried lines to-day by a messenger, who is just arrived from Vienna, and is to proceed directly to England. I still continue, thanks be to God, quite well. The King still holds his determination to leave this on Monday week. I shall continue to write to you by every opportunity, until I again have the happiness of seeing you.

"The weather is beginning to get cold, and in another fortnight the winter in this part of the world will commence in earnest. I have just given orders for a great coat, which the King has directed the whole of his suite to wear.

"Yesterday was our first levee ; and last night, which is the custom in this country, the drawing-room. It was over by eleven. The ladies were very elegantly dressed, and many of them remarkably handsome. The Duchess of Cambridge is a very fine woman.

"The day before yesterday the King made his grand entry into Hanover on horseback. The sight was magnificent, the feelings of the people

perfect. The illuminations at night were splendid, and in good taste.

I am just called to the King. I shall try and fill this sheet. If not, ten thousand kisses to my beloved children.

"Five o'clock.—We expect the Princess Elizabeth of England every minute. I have had so much to do, that I am fairly tired before the night begins; and the fuss of full dress is tremendous. I seem to be doomed never to have a moment to myself. In two or three days we shall start a messenger of our own, when I hope I shall have the comfort of writing quietly. Tell my beloved Dora that I have got a list of German books, which I mean to buy at Frankfort, by which place we shall return. We are to go by a different route back. This is necessary, for the other line of march would be impracticable.

"Friday, nine o'clock, 12th October.—The messenger has been delayed beyond the hour intended for his despatch, and I steal away from a crowded drawing-room to give you the last moment, because I know it will afford you pleasure.

"The hour of dining in this country is five o'clock, and therefore one has the opportunity of getting up at a more convenient time. The Princess Elizabeth arrived just at the hour of dinner; and to-night there is to be a military serenade. The meaning of this is, that the whole garrison march out by torch-light with their band, and play the most appropriate and delightful music. I suppose in half an hour there will be before the

palace ten thousand torches: I cannot describe to you the effect—the appearance is quite extraordinary.

"This palace is beautiful. The room in which I sleep is more magnificently and richly furnished than anything you can fancy. It looks out on the gardens; and these are laid out in the old style, such as you may read of in fairy tales. There are six fountains constantly playing, one as high as a hundred and twenty feet. In truth, it is a complete specimen of hydraulics.

"I am endeavouring to get some music for my dear D.; but it is very difficult. Tell dear W. that I at present intend to bring him a gun; but whether I shall be able to fulfil my intention I know not

"Yours, etc., "W. K."

"Palace at Herenhausen, Oct. 14, 1821.

"Here I am, full of anxiety and wretchedness. The King has got a most severe and uncomfortable fit of the gout. This attack commenced two days since. I still entertain hopes that I shall be so far able to get it under, that we may begin our journey on Thursday week. This will be two days later than I expected; but still I hope this by the route we intend to take. I have had an anxious time of it, I can assure you; but I do not regret it.

"Your letter, which was brought me at midnight by the messenger, was very acceptable. I continue very well in the midst of all my fatigue, and find my common sense very useful to me.

Tell my three darlings I have not time to write to them, but I never forget them a moment. This illness has, of course, given me enough to do. I have written the following bulletin for the Lords Justices in England this morning.

"'BULLETIN.

"The King, some days since, in getting on horseback, slightly sprained his knee. The part has now become affected with a severe fit of the gout.

"Under these circumstances, his Majesty will be deprived of any further bodily exertion during his stay in Hanover; but it is at present my confident hope and expectation that his Majesty will be enabled to undertake his journey to England at the time proposed. "'W. KNIGHTON.

"'Palace at Herenhausen, Oct. 17, 1821.'"

"Sunday, 21st October.

"I write you one line to say that the dearest King is much better. We leave this on Thursday morning, I trust in God, to begin our journey to England. What time it may take us is uncertain; but I shall have an opportunity of writing to you occasionally, as couriers will be constantly despatched.

"Remain quietly at the cottage: I shall see you as soon as possible after my arrival. The King has this day conferred on me the second order of the Guelph. How comical it all is! I cannot help smiling. I wish my poor dear mother was alive. Alas! we cannot have everything.

"This Hanover is a very delightful place. I have lived in such a confusion of exertion, that my head is almost every now and then ready to crack.

"God bless you, dearest! I never cease thinking of you and my darling dears.

"Ever, etc. "W. K."

"Palace of Herenhausen,
"Wednesday, October 24, 1821.

"Our journey has been unavoidably postponed, and we do not now enter upon it until Monday next, the 29th instant. This delay of a few days, although tormenting, one must not mind. I send you a card of our progress homewards, which will enable you in imagination to keep pace with our movements.

"As the beloved King is now recovering his strength so fast, we shall be enabled by these few days' delay to lessen one day on the card; so we shall sleep at Aix-la-Chapelle, and the next night at Bruxelles.

"Tell my beloved Do. and William, that although I have not had time to write to them, they will find I have not forgotten either of them. Kiss my darling little twaddle, Mary Frances, and tell her she is not forgotten either.

"The weather with us continues fine. This palace for a summer residence is quite enchanting. The fountains, the old-fashioned gardens, and the whole together, put you in mind of stories of olden time.—By the way, I hope to get some valuable flower-seeds for you.

"I thank God, the dear King's recovery has been progressive and satisfactory. Nothing could have answered better.

"Believe me, etc. "W. K."

"Wetzlar, Thursday, November 1.

"Thus far are we arrived in safety on our journey homewards. The dear King bears his fatigue well, and we are all in very good plight. I cannot describe to you the enthusiasm and the attention at every step we move : in fact, the whole of Germany feel that he has been the power, under Providence, that has relieved them from the oppression of their late rulers, the French.

"A tournament was prepared for us at Gottingen : it was beautiful. Prince (something) led : I never saw anything more perfect than the management of the horses in the dance.

"We did not leave Hanover until twelve : all classes seemed very sorry at our departure. From thence to Rothenkirchen the country is beautiful. Every town and village was crowded. The sacred emblem of the arch, with flowers and branches of trees, with happy devices, prevailed everywhere; the peasantry all well dressed.

"As we approached this place, Rothenkirchen, the fog in the valley bore the most remarkable appearance : we all at first thought it was water. Four miles we proceeded by torch-light. Here the Duke and Duchess of C., Duke of C., Prince Frederick of Hesse, the Landgrave and Landgra-

vine, Lords Londonderry and Clanwilliam, a few others, and ourselves, making twenty-two, dined together.

" The scene after dinner was remarkable. Some hundreds of miners from the mountains came to serenade their king. They are a particular race, of Saxon origin, and for centuries they have preserved their customs, language, and manners. Their countenance is interesting. I saw five or six in a room. They have a resigned, silent melancholy, arising, I believe, from their being so much under ground. The are very religious. They sang, with a band of music, two of the most beautiful hymns I ever heard. These miners had walked thirty miles for the purpos e of paying their devotion to their sovereign.

" We reached Gottingen at twelve. After the tournament and the breakfast we proceeded to the University: then came the address; and the whole affair was done so impressively, that the King burst into tears, and the feeling of sympathy was very general. The University conferred on me the degree of doctor of medicine. The Duke of Cambridge led me up with great kindness; and it was presented to me by Professor Blumenbach, a person very celebrated, and whose name I remember to have heard thirty years ago. He is a man of singular appearance. The enthusiasm of this Gottingen was very delightful. Here we took leave of the Duchess of Cambridge.

" Minden.

" We arrived at this place about five o'clock.

Of all the beautiful scenery I have ever seen, this is the most strikingly so. The river passes at the foot of the mountains, with which the whole town is surrounded. We were received by the entire population, and the hymn which I enclose was sung in the most enchanting manner.

"Cologne.

"Here we are so far safe and well, thanks be to God! Our journey hitherto has been very prosperous; the weather continues remarkably fine. Before we left the north of Germany it was very cold; but as we entered the Prussian territories it became delightful. Our journey to-day along the Rhine from Coblentz to this place has been beautiful. To-morrow we hope to reach Liege; but we must be up with the lark, and at the time I am writing it is twelve o'clock. "W. K."

CHAPTER X.

Sir William appointed Keeper of the Privy Purse.—His Letter to the King, and His Majesty's Answer.—The King's Journey to Scotland.—His Reception.—Sir Walter Scott.—Letters from two Pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.—The King's authority to Sir William to regulate the Privy Purse expenses.

His Majesty's return to England was satisfactorily accomplished, without further inconvenience to his health. In 1822, Sir William was appointed the keeper of the King's privy purse. It may not be an inappropriate observation to make at this

period, that the position and independence from which he was called tended essentially to enable Sir William to perform the arduous duties of the situation with the unshrinking firmness which its embarrassments required; and amongst the copies of his letters to the King, the following is a specimen of this respectful determination.

"Sir,—I yesterday received from Lord F. C. a message that it was your Majesty's desire to see me at the Lodge this morning.

"My first duty and impression was, of course, to obey your Majesty's most gracious commands; but circumstances have arisen, connected with your Majesty's interests, which oblige me to remain in town, and to forego that pleasure which is always so acceptable to my feelings, namely, that of throwing myself at your Majesty's feet.

"I am so surrounded with cares on your Majesty's account, so separated from every kind of support but what I derive from my own intellectual efforts, that when I say happiness and myself are strangers, I do not mention it in the language of complaint, but only to hope that when I venture to oppose any of your Majesty's commands, your Majesty will believe it always arises from those feelings of devotion and honesty which are the true characteristics of my nature towards your Majesty.

"I am aware it often happens, humble as I am, that it alone falls on me to raise the voice of opposition towards some of your Majesty's schemes. This, I fear, must gradually tend to separate

your Majesty's mind, as far as agreeableness of feeling is concerned, from me: nevertheless, I do hope that your Majesty will believe I am on every occasion influenced with the purest affection and most unsullied attachment towards your Majesty's person.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your Majesty's most dutiful subject,

"and attached servant,

"10th June, 1822." "W. K."

It is probable that his Majesty might occasionally feel a temporary displeasure at the necessary firmness which Sir William Knighton's object of putting the King's affairs into a satisfactory state obliged him to adopt; but his Majesty's good sense was sure, on reflection, to approve Sir William's plans, and produce that expression of feeling, so truly honourable and noble in so high and exalted a character. Of this, the subjoined letter is an instance; it was the result of an interview in which the servant had humbly presumed to start some objections to the will of his royal master.

FROM THE KING.

"You may easily imagine, warm and sincere as my affections are towards you, I have had but little rest since we separated last night. The feeling that I may possibly and unfortunately, in a hurried moment, when my mind and my heart were torn in fifty different ways from fifty differ-

ent causes, have let an unjust or a hasty expression escape me to any one, but most especially to you, whom I so truly love, and who are so invaluable to me as my friend, is to me a sensation much too painful to be endured: therefore let me implore you to come to me, be it but for a moment, the very first thing you do this morning; for I shall hate myself until I have the opportunity of expressing personally to you those pure and genuine feelings of affection, which will never cease to live in my heart so long as that heart itself continues to beat. I am much too unhappy to say more, but that I am ever your affectionate friend,

"G. R."

"C. H.

"Wednesday morning, eight o'clock, July 11, 1822."

About the 10th of August 1822, his Majesty set off for his visit to Scotland, the private details of which are limited, having been only partially preserved by family letters.

"Dalkeith Palace, August 16, 1822.

"Here I am in Dalkeith Palace, a place most beautifully and romantically situated, well wooded, and quite delightful. Tell dearest D. that I am again in a haunted room, for I heard strange sounds all the night through.

"Yesterday was the day of our arrival. The weather continued wet, stormy, and uncomfortable during the whole night at Leith Roads: the yacht at anchor had an uncomfortable motion. I saw, for the first time, Walter Scott, who came on board immediately on our coming to anchor.

Fac-Simile of a Letter from his late Majesty George IV to Sir William Knighton

You may easily imagine, warm as those is all my affections are towards you, I have had but little rest, since we separated last night. The fact, that I may, in a hurried moment, utter any mind & Heart [illegible] from fifty different causes, an enjoyment fifty different ways, have left a hasty expression to any one (but more especially to you, who I so truly love, & who are so invaluable to me in mind) is to me, a sensation too painful to be endured; therefore, let me implore of you, to come to me, be it but for

abonement, the very first thing. You do this manner, for I shall take no[illegible] until I have the opportunity of ex=
=pressing personally to You, the
sincere feelings of affection
for You, which will never cease to
live in my Heart, so long as that
Heart, [illegible] beats. I
am much too unhappy to say any
but that I am ever,

Your most affte Friend

C. H.

R.N. R.S.D. 1st.
July 11th. 1822.

Paris. A. & W. Galignani & Co. 1838

He has no trace in his countenance of such superior genius and softness of mind as the beauty of his writings displays; but the moment he speaks, you discover a correctness of understanding and a display of intellect, marked by the utmost accuracy of thought. Speaking of the incessant rain, he said in his Scotch phraseology, 'All I can say is, I am perfectly ashamed of it.' The King then desired him to take a glass of cherry brandy, which he graciously handed to him himself. Walter Scott, when he had drunk it, craved a great favour from his Majesty, that he might be permitted to put the glass in his pocket to keep it as a relic, to his feelings above all value.

"The King's landing yesterday was most impressive and magnificent. The debarkation began at twelve o'clock. By all accounts, more than a million of people had collected together on the occasion. But the newspapers are so full of the details that I shall not stop to notice them. You may imagine every body in their best attire, apparently, at least, happy, and testifying it by shouts and acclamations, and various loyal and national devices. In all directions were written in large letters 'George the Fourth, we are truly happy to welcome you.'

"On my arrival, when I reflected on what I was when I last left Edinburgh, the tear passed into my eye,—the tear, I hope, of gratitude.

"I have written to you several times this week, but I have not heard from you. I hope in a day or two I may do so."

"Dalkeith Palace.

"To-day, Sunday, is a day of peace. To-morrow the dear King receives five addresses on the throne; on Tuesday, the drawing-room; on Wednesday, rest; on Thursday, the public dinner at the Lord Provost's; on Friday, the ball; on Saturday, the procession to the Castle of Edinburgh; and on Sunday, divine worship publicly at the kirk. These are the proposed arrangements for the week.

"I saw Sir Michael Seymour quite well yesterday for a moment. We shall not be likely to meet often, I am such a close prisoner here, and this place is six miles from Edinburgh. The river Esk runs below in a beautiful dell; and such is the quantity of game, that I counted a dozen hares feeding at the same time on the lawn.

"There are two or three fine Sir Joshuas, and some other pictures, here. In the room I am in, General Monk signed the treaty which restored Charles the Second to this kingdom. His picture hangs just by my bed, which is put up in a magnificent room, that I may be near the King. Love, etc. "W. K."

On the eve of departure from Scotland, Sir William received the following letter from Sir Walter Scott.

"My dear Sir,—I have thought anxiously on what you said last night; and if you wish such information as I can give respecting Scotland, I will have great pleasure in writing you a letter or two,

(for it will draw to some length,) in which I will endeavour, as candidly and impartially as is in my power, to show you how this country now stands in its various political relations. It is scarcely necessary to add, that such a communication must be strictly confidential, and used only for your own private regulation.

"I would be glad to know your particular address, and your wishes on this matter, by a line dropped in the post-office, addressed to me, Abbotsford, Melrose.

"This is a vile day; but it is right Scotland should weep when parting with her good King.

"Always, dear sir, very much yours,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Thursday morning."

His Majesty's visit was in every respect most gratifying to his own feelings, as well as to those of his subjects in so important a part of his dominions.

The various excellent charitable institutions of the country were remembered by his bounty. The following letter from Mr. Abercrombie is an acknowledgment of one of the King's acts of munificence.

"Edinburgh, 19, York Place, 24th Aug. 1822.

"SIR,—When I had the honour of receiving his Majesty's munificent donation to the Society for Relief of the Destitute Sick, I acknowledged it in a note written under such circumstances of domestic anxiety, that I am afraid it was scarcely legible.

"I am now requested by the directors of that

society to solicit permission to lay before you the accompanying reports, calculated to show the nature of this charity, to which his Majesty has been graciously pleased to extend his liberal patronage, and which has for its object the relief of the industrious when disabled by sickness.

"This society consists of a numerous body of respectable citizens, and I rejoice in being the medium of conveying to you their grateful sense of his Majesty's beneficence. They warmly participate in the feelings of joy and devoted attachment which his Majesty's presence has excited in the breast of every Scotchman; and they fervently unite their prayers to almighty God that his Majesty may receive in rich abundance the choicest blessings of Heaven.

"Allow me, sir, to express to yourself my sincere feelings of respect; and I have the honour to be,

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"JOHN ABERCROMBIE."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart."

Amongst the poor little pupils of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Many letters expressive of their feelings were addressed to Sir William Knighton; and the two which follow are interesting proofs of the utility of such an establishment, and the rapid intelligence acquired by the peculiar mode of instruction therein adopted.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

"SIR,—I look forward with much pleasure to

see his most gracious Majesty's procession some time this week. We are all going to sit on the scaffold to see his Royal Majesty. You will see the Deaf and Dumb painted on our scaffold, near the church, in Canongate. The people received him with joy, and he is welcome to Scotland. I am of opinion that his Majesty thinks Edinburgh a pretty town. I was very sorry to understand that he is to leave this city very soon: we are all very sorry for it. I can assure his Majesty that I am very loyal to him, and all my schoolfellows are very loyal too. I have read that many kings have lived in Holyrood House. Many years ago there were wars in Scotland, but there are none now. The reign of our present king is a peaceful one. I hope it will please the Lord God to keep him alive. I am thankful to Mr. Kinniburgh for teaching me to know many things: it is a great blessing indeed. I have been nearly four years at school; my age is about thirteen. I was born at Langlehead.

"I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

"ELIZABETH BOWES."

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

"SIR,—I was sorry because I did not see you when you came to call upon us to-day. I was at the park, trying to have a sight of our gracious and beloved King. I did not see him, though I was looking with much eagerness to find his face in the coach, and I am now disappointed. We all expect to have a better sight of him on the day of

the grand procession: we shall be overwhelmed with joy. Give our respects to his most gracious Majesty. All his subjects are on the tiptoe of expectation to see him. Many persons have come from different parts of Scotland to see their King. I wish his Majesty could have spent a few weeks in Old Reekie; but I am very sorry he is to go off so soon. When his Majesty is in London, our hearts will all be covered with joy to recollect his royal visit to Scotland. When the King passes to the Canongate near our scaffold, we wish we could cry 'God save the King!' but we cannot,—we are all speechless and dumb.

"I remain yours, etc.

"JAMES BAIN."

An extract from a letter dated September 10th, 1822, marks the period of Sir William's quitting the medical profession.

"I have every hope and expectation to be enabled to dine with you on Thursday next, at seven o'clock. I am very anxious to see you. To-morrow is the last day that I shall get into my carriage to practise as a physician. To me this brings with it very serious reflections. What a a history mine has been! I shall fell very nervous in taking leave of the public; but I write no prescriptions for money after to-morrow.

"Kiss my dear children, etc. etc.

"W. K."

It was found necessary by Sir William at this period to put a stop to much unforeseen expendi-

ture, which oftentimes became inconvenient to the privy purse; and the following document was drawn up by the King, which assisted essentially the requisite object of defraying outstanding debts previously to the accumulation of fresh ones. It is gratifying to observe the readiness of his Majesty to second the endeavours of his servant on this desirable point.

"I hereby authorise and direct Sir William Knighton, Bart., keeper of my privy purse, to give notice to our several tradesmen, that they are not to receive orders, or to furnish any articles of furniture, etc. etc. etc., or to incur any expense whatsoever from their different trades where such expense is to be provided for by my said privy purse, without receiving a specific order in writing for that purpose from the said Sir William Knighton, Bart.; and I do also give my authority to the said Sir William Knighton, Bart., and order and direct him, during our will and pleasure, to undertake the entire management of my private affairs, with a view to the observance of the most strict and rigid economy, that we may have the opportunity of relieving ourselves from certain embarrassments which it is not necessary to mention further in detail. We do therefore rely with confidence on the said Sir William Knighton for the strict performance and fulfilment of all our wishes on this head.

"GEORGE R.

"Royal Lodge, October 26, 1822."

CHAPTER XI.

Sir William Knighton's Journey to Paris.—Letters from the Duke of Clarence, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Walter Scott, the Bishop of St. David's, George Colman, the Duke of York, etc.

In the following year some uneasiness was excited as to the state of his Majesty's health; and rules of conduct were drawn up by his Majesty's physicians, which it was desirable should be strictly enforced. Under these circumstances, it is scarcely necessary to remark, that the constant and watchful attention of one qualified by medical experience to judge, and by respectful firmness to urge, the inconvenience likely to result from any deviation from what had been advised, was very important, and Sir William's services and attention were fully appreciated by his Majesty. He had perfect confidence in the integrity and attachment of his servant; and no subject ever served a monarch with greater faithfulness and devotion. He was most zealous in every circumstance that could contribute to his Majesty's welfare or peace of mind, and was ready on all occasions to set off on confidential missions of interest to his royal master, however distant or however fatiguing, and often travelled many nights together without other rest than such as the carriage afforded.

In the month of August this year (1823) there is a fragment of one of these journeys.

"We left London at half-past three in the

morning in the Navy Board steam-vessel Comet, and reached Woolwich at twenty minutes past five.

" The weather was most tempestuous, very heavy rain, with high wind. We proposed to pass to Rotterdam; but at night it blew a gale, and we were obliged to put back and run for Ramsgate; —the weather dreadful throughout the night.

" The Duke of Cumberland and Prince George were on board. On the 15th, we started from Ramsgate at eleven o'clock, and ran for Calais, which we reached at three. The sea was very high; but, thanks be to God, all was safe. We took leave of the Duke, Prince George, Mr. Jelf, and Colonel Poten: they went to Dessin's, and we to Rignole's. We travelled all night, and arrived at Gand about ten in the morning of the 16th. It took us seventeen hours, with a postilion *en avant*. The town of Gand, or Ghent, is very interesting; it seems of great antiquity. Louis the Eighteenth retired hither on Buonaparte's occupation of France during the Hundred Days.

" 17th.—We proceeded to Antwerp. We were delighted with our journey on this route: every house looked comfortable and clean, the people humble and happy. We crossed the Scheldt about twelve o'clock, and arrived at Antwerp in about a quarter of an hour. It happened to be their jubilee. The place looked delightful. This fête had not taken place for fifty years. Every house contributed a fir-tree, so that the town looked like a grove. We visited the cathedral, and there had an opportunity of seeing Ru-

bens' magnificent picture, the Descent from the Cross. In the evening, it was impossible to imagine a more imposing sight. There were at least five thousand persons in the cathedral. The music, the organ, were most enchanting to the senses.

"On the 18th we proceeded to Mechlin; and on the 20th we arrived at Paris, and took up our residence at the Grand Hôtel Boulogne. On Thursday I saw Lord Stuart de Rothsay, and proceeded on my business," etc.

No further account has been found of this journey; but some letters written by eminent and distinguished characters about this period will probably be read with interest.

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy-house, Nov. 4, 1823,
"late at night.

"DEAR SIR,—This evening brought me yours of yesterday, communicating to me the welcome news of the King's gracious munificence to my son Adolphus, for which I am most sincerely thankful to my brother. The manner is to me most particularly gratifying, and will, I trust and believe, make a lasting and proper impression on my son, who is a deserving young man, and has a heart capable of feeling the honour and kindness done him by his Sovereign. I am to request you will deliver the enclosed letter of thanks to the King; and ever believe me,

"Dear sir, yours sincerely, "WILLIAM."

"Bushy-house, Nov. 5, 1823, late at night.

"DEAR SIR,—I candidly aver, after having had only last night your letter respecting the King's gracious intentions towards my son Adolphus, I could not have expected so soon, from under the immediate hand of my brother, to have been favoured with the acceptable news of his Majesty's kind permission for my daughter to occupy the apartments of my unfortunate friend Lady ***** ******** I have, of course, written my thanks to the King, and enclose the letter, which I am to request you will deliver to his Majesty, with my warmest and sincerest thanks.

"I must now turn to you, and express how deeply and gratefully I feel for the trouble and ability you have shown in effecting this measure I had really so much at heart. You are yourself the father of a family, and know the anxiety of a parent. You must therefore be a judge of the satisfaction I enjoy at seeing my daughter, who is likely to have an increased family, so happily settled as to mansion.

"I may say with truth and confidence, this mark of favour will not be thrown away on either undeserving or ungrateful objects of his Majesty's gracious favour.

"Once more I must return you my sincere and hearty thanks for the kind interest you have taken in this business, so near to my heart, for the sake of a beloved daughter; and ever believe me,

"Dear sir, yours most truly and unalterably,

"WILLIAM."

"Russell Square, Nov. the 11th, 1823.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I hasten to acknowledge the honour of your letter, conveying to me the King's gracious commands to paint a half-length portrait of his Majesty, for the purpose of its being presented to Cardinal Gonsalvi at Rome. I beg you to throw me, with every sentiment of duty and reverence, at his Majesty's feet, for this additional distinction which the King confers on my pencil, and of the grateful happiness for the subject and destination of the task which his feeling beneficence has assigned me.

"I have the honour to be, with great respect and perfect esteem,

"Yours, etc. "THOS. LAWRENCE."

FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I wrote you some time since; but I dare say my letter is sticking fast in the snow, or lost altogether; for such a storm has not been known since the memory of man, and several mail-bags have burst open as they transported them on horseback, and many letters have miscarried.

"Mine was of very little consequence, as it only contained the humble desire of the celebrated Captain Scoresby, whose Northern discoveries are likely to be so beneficial to navigation, to dedicate his account of his voyage on the western coast of West Greenland to the King. His surveys of the coast make a great and most material alteration in the charts hitherto in existence. But I enclose his

own letter, of which I formerly sent a copy, and which gives a much more distinct account of the nature of his discoveries than I can pretend to offer.

"I see Mr. Scoresby often at the meetings of the Royal Society and elsewhere. He is a modest, gentlemanlike young man, and the work is executed in the best possible style. Perhaps you will have the goodness to take his Majesty's pleasure in this little matter, and let me know.

"We are keeping ourselves as warm here as cold weather will permit, to which our recollections of his Majesty's happy visit contributes not a little. There was a commemoration-assembly on Thursday; to-day there is a commemoration-dinner of the Archer Guard; and next Saturday, a similar festivity of the Celtic Guards: so that the countenance which his Majesty so generously granted us continues to enliven us after his departure, as the sun after his departure leaves his beams in the horizon.

"I shall be a steward at one of these dinners, and president at that of the breechless gentlemen; which is rather hard service. But the weather fits it well; for certainly our navigators have of late visited the North Pole so often, that the ice and snow are come in mere civility to return the visit.

"I am always, dear Sir William, very much your faithful and obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"When you favour me with a line, I would be

particularly obliged if you would mention how his Majesty is."

The following is the letter from Mr. Scoresby, enclosed by Sir Walter Scott.

"Edinburgh, 20th January, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,—On a voyage to the northern whale-fishery, performed last summer, I was enabled to make very considerable researches and discoveries upon the eastern coast, or unknown coast of Greenland. An account of this voyage, under the title annexed, is now in the press, which I am desirous of having the honour of dedicating, by permission, to his Majesty. Perhaps you would have the goodness to put me in the way of inquiring his Majesty's pleasure on the subject.

"As the coast on which my investigations have been made has become one of the most important of whale-fishing stations, the surveys thereon must be of great consequence to our whalers, especially as the situation of the land was found to be altogether different from that previously attributed to it, and the longitudes so wide of the truth as to expose navigators visiting it to the most serious risk. In addition to these geographical researches or surveys, (extending to six degrees of latitude and eight hundred miles of coast, including indentations), the work embraces various hydrographical, astronomical, and nautical subjects, which, it is presumed, will render it useful, not only to our whale-fishers, but also to our royal and merchant navy in general."

"As the determination of the geography of the earth has always been considered of national importance, I am led to hope that my labours in this department of science may not be considered unworthy of his Majesty's acceptance.

"With every feeling of respect and regard, I remain, dear sir, your obedient humble servant,

"WILLIAM SCORESBY, jun."

"Sir Walter Scott, Bart."

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

"I thank you for your agreeable letter. I am delighted that you are well, and equally so that you *think*. You are quite right in supposing, that to encounter difficulties in this life, from whatever cause, is always good. If it be in the attainment of useful knowledge, it strengthens the mind; and the application necessary for this object shuts the mind against the evil passions of our nature, and fortifies us against ourselves. Bodily fatigue and sometimes bodily suffering are equally useful.

"Tell dearest mamma I am better, and I hope in a few days to get rid of my present embarrassment of health. It has been a slight threatening of my last severe illness; but the knowledge of the past, which is always a useful knowledge, has taught me how to manage, and, moreover, I have trusted to my own judgment. How true it is that life in youth is prospective,—in age, or advancing years, retrospective! In the one case, we live on the future; in the other, on the past.

"The plagiarism of writers is much more than always meets the eye. The plain truth is, that there is scarcely anything new (as Solomon says) under the sun! Old thoughts are expressed in a new construction of words.

"I remember, more than thirty years ago, being with my early friend Doctor Geach, in his parlour, when he showed me an old picture that he had, which was curiously painted as an allegory of our first parents. I instantly exclaimed, 'Why, Pope, sir, must have seen that picture!'—'How so?' said he.—'Why, because he has these two lines,

> "Eve's tempter thus, the Rabbi have confess'd,
> A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest."

Thus was the picture painted two hundred years before Pope wrote the two lines; and no doubt he borrowed the thought from the picture.

"You must know, my beloved Dora, I was sixteen before I knew that there was such a man as the poet Pope. A volume was lent me by an old Welsh schoolmaster: well, such was my avidity of feeling in reading it, that I carried off the whole impression in my memory. This took place on the banks of the river Tavy, which used to be my walk at six in the morning, extending along the banks until I came to Crowndale, now a farmhouse, in which the famous Sir Francis Drake was born. At that time my project was to traverse the wilds of America. With this view, I put aside a suit of clothes I was to have had, for the purpose of purchasing a book then in

vogue, called Winterbottom's History of America. This Winterbottom was an itinerant Methodist preacher, and a very clever man. I could give you some amusing history of myself, were I to sit down and write. I am afraid I have tired you, my dearest. Kiss the two dears, etc.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

The following are from the late Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Burgess, while Bishop of St. David's, the great patron and promoter of everything connected with literature.

"Oxford, Dec. 16, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in being able to inform you that I have this morning seen the fac-simile copies of the Herculaneum MSS., which were unrolled and copied under the direction of Mr. Hayter, and presented to the University of Oxford by his present Majesty, about twelve or thirteen years ago.

"The delay which has taken place will have one considerable advantage,—that these literary curiosities will be better published now in lithography than they could have been at that time in copperplate, not only at infinitely less expense, but more correctly. A committee has been appointed for the publication, which will commence early in the summer.

"I return to London to-morrow; and am, dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

"J. ST. DAVID'S."

"12, Upper Montague-street, Dec. 19, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,—I cannot too strongly express my own personal thanks to you for your very obliging attention to my suggestion. Your letter, under the sign-manual of his Majesty, was read yesterday to the council of the Royal Society of Literature, and was received with the most grateful, loyal, and affectionate feeling towards his Majesty. There are three acts of his Majesty's life,—the literary mission to Portici for expediting the unrolling of the Herculaneum manuscripts,, the endowment of the Royal Society of Literature, and the present of the Royal Library to the British nation, —which must immortalize his Majesty's name as the patron of literature. The room at the British Museum now building, three hundred feet long, will be a magnificent monument to the King's memory.

"I am, dear sir,

"Your most obliged and faithful servant,

"J. ST. DAVID'S."

The King's generous contribution to the building of St. David's College, though it could not be placed in the list of great public acts in the preceding pages, will never be forgotten in the principality of Wales.

The following letters, received in 1824, are inserted in the order of their dates.

"29th Feb. 1824, 5, Melina Place, Westminster Road.

"MR. COLMAN presents his compliments to Sir

William Knighton, and is much gratified by Sir William having expressed a wish to see his short remarks on 'Alasco,' a copy of which he has now the pleasure to enclose.

"Although the ferment of the times has greatly subsided, still plays which are built upon conspiracies, and attempts to revolutionize a state, stand upon ticklish ground; and the proposed performance of such plays is to be contemplated with more jealousy, when they pourtray the disaffected as gallant heroes and hapless lovers. Thus drawn, *ad captandum vulgus*, their showy qualities and tender distresses of the heart throw a dazzle and an interest round their sedition,—while they preach up the doctrine that government is tyranny, that revolt is virtue, and that rebels are the righteous.

"Alasco, in the tragedy of the same name, is a character of the above description, and Walsingham is set up against him as a contrast. Whenever these two gentlemen meet, there is an effusion of clap-trap sentiments between them, in the alternate support of loyalty and radicalism; and they *prône* in a *pro* and *con* dialogue, vying with each other, speech for speech, by turns, like a couple of contending swains in an eclogue. In respect to their good and evil influence over an audience, they are the Messieurs Bane and Antidote of the tragedy; and from a tragedy that needs so much counter-poison, for the chance only of neutralizing its arsenic, the deducement to be made as to its dangerous tendency is very obvious.

"It is my opinion that the objections against acting this play may be removed by the erasures which I have made,—in which, should the managers think proper to acquiesce, I will, (on their altering the MS. and again placing it in my hands) submit the play to the Lord Chamberlain for his licence. "GEORGE COLMAN.

"February 1824.

"The foregoing summary remarks were written by me, as Examiner of Plays; and I communicated them to Mr. Charles Kemble, one of the managers of Covent Garden Theatre, when the tragedy of 'Alasco' was under my official consideration. "G. C."

"St. James's, April 30, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,—His Majesty having so graciously pleased to listen to my suggestion respecting the alteration for the Hanoverian Office at the Palace, I venture once more to trouble you on the point of the building intended for that purpose. To the accommodation of the Duchess this additional slip at the back of our present apartments would be most to be wished and desired, and never can make a complete Hanoverian office without our kitchen, which the King has so kindly allowed us to keep. Under this perfect conviction, I venture to apply for this slip of building, which was intended for the Hanoverian office. I am confident his Majesty is fully aware of the inconvenience and unfitness of our present apartments here. They were arranged for me in 1809, when I was a ba-

chelor, and without an idea at that time of my ever being married; since which (now fifteen years) nothing has been done to them; and you well know the dirt and unfitness for the Duchess of our present abode. Under these circumstances, I earnestly request, for the sake of the amiable and excellent Duchess, you will, when the King is quite recovered, represent the wretched state and dirt of our apartments, and the infinite advantage this slip would produce to the convenience and comfort of the Duchess.

"No news is good news. I am therefore to hope and trust his Majesty is advancing as we must wish him. God bless the King and yourself: and ever believe me,

"Dear sir, yours unalterably,

"WILLIAM.

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart."

"Stable Yard, Oct. 16, 1824.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—It was only by accident that I learnt the other day your return from the Continent, and have waited till the last moment in the hopes of seeing you; but being now under the necessity of leaving town to-morrow morning for three weeks, I must trouble you with a letter upon two or three points which have occurred, and will not well admit of further delay.

"The first is a memorial from the widow of the late Mr. Firth, now Madame de Mallet. The memorial contains nothing more than a humble recommendation of her children to his Majesty's gracious benevolence, her object being to procure

some sort of provision or employment for them, not military.

"The second is an application from Lady Anderson, which must take its own chance.

"The third is a memorial from Pistrucci, the engraver of arms and medals at the Mint, whose merits are, I know, not unknown to his Majesty, and whose case appears to be particularly hard.

"I will not trespass any farther upon you for the present, and will therefore only add how sincerely

"I am ever, Dear Sir William, yours,

"FREDERICK."

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, Oct. 18, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been frequently on the point of taking up my pen to call to your mind the propriety of the King's subscribing to the Scottish Corporation; and now I enter on the point, as the secretary has just written to me on the subject of the approaching 30th of November.

"His Majesty, I know, subscribes annually to the St. Patrick meeting, and, I believe, to the Welsh charity. I submit to your discriminating mind the propriety and popularity of the Sovereign extending equally his munificence to his Scottish subjects.

"The Corporation was established by Charles the Second, and re-incorporated by the late King. Its object is exactly opposite to the Cale-

donian Asylum; for the Corporation returns the poor Scotch to their native country, and the other establishment encourages them to remain in London. Add to which, the King is justly and particularly popular from his visit to Scotland, and now more especially, the Scottish attainders being in a course of reversal.

"I am fully aware of the various calls on the gracious bounty of the King; and I write to you with the greater confidence, because I see with pleasure, and hear with equal satisfaction, how well the privy purse is carried on under your able management (1). I do not press the Scottish Corporation, but merely hint, in the event of other charities being discontinued, the benefit that must accrue to his Majesty in considering with equal favour his Scottish as his Welsh and Irish subjects.

"Ever believe me, dear sir,

"Yours sincerely, "WILLIAM."

FROM GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

"2d Dec, 1824, Melina Place, Westminster Road.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I was told yesterday, at Carlton House, where I called in hopes of the pleasure of seeing you, that you were in the coun-

(1) By the "able management" of King George the Fourth's affairs, here so handsomely acknowledged by the brother of the sovereign, not only was the King extricated from great pecuniary difficulties, but was enabled considerably to extend his royal beneficence in aid of charities both of a public and private nature.

try, and that the time of your return to town was uncertain. I therefore direct this and the accompanying packet to Hanover Square, wishing it may reach you soon, as it will be seen by Kelly's letter inclosed, that expedition is desirable, on account of treating with the bookseller, which treaty I will endeavour to postpone till you are kind enough to let me hear from you. I saw Kelly immediately after I left you, and told him that my own impulse induced me to caution him on the business in question. He appears to me loyal even to enthusiasm; and, in common with all those of right feeling, who have the honour and happiness to experience the kind-hearted condescension of our gracious master, most dutifully and gratefully attached. He told me that he would, at my desire, send me copies of everything he proposed publishing relative to the King, and would abide by my opinion as to alterations, omissions, etc. etc. In consequence, I have received from him the papers which I now forward to you, and will thank you for your sentiments upon them at your earliest convenience.

" Kelly is extremely anxious for permission to dedicate his book to the King; and, as Irishmen are always making blunders, he speculates upon obtaining his wish through so poor a channel as myself. I have promised him to use any little interest I may possess among the higher powers to get this wish, or rather humble petition, submitted to his Majesty, and if Sir William Knighton desire to know the person whom I would solicit on

this subject, I say unto him, as Nathan said unto David, 'Thou art the man,'—always provided, however, that such solicitation be not improper.

"Believe me, dear Sir William,

"With sincere esteem, most faithfully yours,

"G. COLMAN."

"To Sir Wm. Knighton, Bart., Hanover-square."

"P.S. As none of the contents of the diary mentioned in Kelly's letter are to be published, (except one article about a child called 'Julia,' which is in the paper now forwarded,) I do not transmit the said diary; indeed I am pledged to return it on this day."

In July 28th, 1824, a letter dated from Paris mentions that Sir William was on a journey of sixteen hundred miles, but that he hoped to be back in about three weeks. The next is from Bordeaux.

"August 4, 1824.

"Thus far have we proceeded, and I believe are occupying the same hotel as that in which you were some years since. The weather is very hot: to-morrow I shall find it particularly so, as the roads we are approaching for two hundred miles are, for the most part, nothing but deep sand, so that the people of the country are obliged to walk on stilts. Of course, in such a country the inhabitants are few. This is a long journey, and I have been a good deal fatigued.

"Pray kiss my dear children, and say that I think of them very often. Tell dearest Mary Frances that I have a pretty cross for her, which I bought at Poitiers, a very old town."

"St. Jean de Luz, at the foot of the Pyrenees,
August 9, 1824.

"As I know you will be anxious to hear, I write to tell you, thank God, I am quite well. I am now in a little village, tolerably comfortably lodged in the house of the maire of the district. It is impossible to describe to you the wonderful magnificence of this scenery; but it seems that, in reaching this spot, you are come to the confines of the world. You seem hedged in on all sides by an impenetrable barrier. From my bed-room, where I now write, the mountains before me are every here and there covered with snow, whilst the temperature below is several degrees hotter than in the hottest day in England. By this route the road for carriages here ends, and you cross the frontier to get into Spain upon mules, which proceed along the side of the Pyrenees until you get to the other side.

"Tell my beloved William I bought a few minerals for him this morning, which I got about six miles up the side of the Pyrenees. If I get these specimens safely to England, he will value them, for they have cost me much trouble.

"I hope to finish my business on Spanish ground, and then back to Barreges, which is close to this, in a few days. I then proceed to Montpellier, and thence to Paris. Tell my three little darlings I think of them often. I have wished for you more than once; the scenery is so grand that your pencil might be well employed. These mountaineers are most pitiable in their appearance.

Indeed it is difficult here to get a sufficiency of food; comfort is out of the question, it is all wretchedness.

"Tarbes is the last place of any consequence, and that is more than fifty miles from this; hence the difficulty of getting supplies. The filthiness of the people is beyond belief."

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

"Tarbes, 10th September.

"I will write you a line in place of dearest mamma, as it may not be so attractive to the police (by whom most letters are opened) to *Miss* as to *Lady*. As I have never written to you from abroad, a letter from me in aftertimes, when I am dead and gone, may be very dear to you. Much of the happiness of life is connected with the remembrance of those we dearly love; and everything that brings back to us those tender affections tends to cultivate the harmony and delightful feelings of our nature.

"I must first tell you that I am quite well. I trust in God that you are all in health, and that dearest mamma has recovered from her cold, which in the gloomy moments of my journey has fussed and made me uncomfortable.

"I arrived here last night. I left Windsor yesterday evening week, got to Paris on Saturday evening last, and was detained by two of the foreign ambassadors and the banker here, until the morning of Sunday; I then travelled three nights and days successively. Here I am surrounded by the Pyrenees, which are partially covered with snow, whilst below we are under

a burning sun. Nothing can, however, be more magnificently grand. These mountains you must some day see with me.

"I am in a comfortable house. The Duke of Wellington breakfasted in it the morning after some one of his battles. By the way, his Grace was the last person I took leave of on quitting Windsor, who is indeed most kind to me on all occasions.

"I wrote to dearest mamma from Paris, by the messenger who took my letter to the King. I move from this to-morrow, but whither I know not; but I shall certainly leave this for the mountains about one in the morning.

"The moon here is very brilliant; but the lightning for the last two nights has been tremendous. However, it is, I believe, now all over.

"It will be some days before I put this letter into the post; and when I again write upon this paper, I shall, I hope, be on the Mediterranean coast. For to-day, God bless you, my beloved. Love and best affections to all."

"Toulouse, Sept. 14.

"I find that I must send to England to-morrow: this will be opened with the other packet. I am quite well, and getting on satisfactorily so far. Tell dearest mamma I hope to write to her when I cross the Alps. From the Pyrenees to the Alps is tremendous work. My travelling books will be amusing to you some day—all in good time. Tell dearest Willy I have picked up a valuable work on antiquarian concerns for him.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

"Toulon, Sept. 21, 1824.

"One line, to tell you I am quite well, and I trust in God that you and my dear children are the same. I arrived here late last night, and am proceeding; but I hope and believe that a very few days will put an end to my journey in this direction, and then I shall get on, I trust, as fast as possible for Paris. The harbour of this port is beautiful, and so indeed is the scenery around. One wants, however, those common comforts, which by the traveller, as you know, are seldom attainable. The heat is excessive through the day, but the nights are cold. I am very cautious of my health, and in consequence I bear my fatigue well.

"I shall say no more. This letter in a minute or two will be read by the police. God bless you! Kiss my darlings. Give my love to my beloved Willy when you write, and say I hope we shall spend a pleasant Christmas together.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

CHAPTER XII.

Sir William Knighton's Journey to the Continent.—His description of France in 1824.—Letters to his Family.

Some remarks on France, which appear to have been written during the journey described in the foregoing chapter, seem very descriptive of the country at that period, 1824. They are as follows.

"In passing from Calais to Paris, I was much struck with the miserable appearance of the towns and villages through which I passed. The dilapidated state of the houses seemed everywhere to mark poverty, and a carelessness as to the sufficient provision even for the day. I find it difficult to reconcile this state of things with the appearance, as it seemed to me, of constant industry; for in many parts where the same wretchedness characterized the villages and the inhabitants, I observed the women were every moment employed in knitting. But I ought to make an exception to this rule, and this exception was nowhere to be found but where the English resided. In those towns you saw the peaceful, clean tranquillity, so apparent to a stranger when passing through the greatest towns and smallest villages of England. I may mention the French towns of Abbeville, Tours, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Toulouse, etc., etc. These particular places, from circumstances of the inhabitants, may no doubt have always worn the more agreeable appearance of comfort and cleanliness, and hence the English may have been tempted to reside in them; nevertheless, I have no question but that the English have materially contributed to their superiority.

"In looking at Paris, the first thing that will strike a contemplative mind is the external appearance of morality and propriety of conduct. There is no flagrant breach of any of the necessary laws by which the mind is prevented, by

habit as it were, from becoming dissipated through the medium of the eyes and ears. Everything appears light, airy, good-humoured, and gay. That politeness which formerly so much distinguished the French nation has vanished; but there is the civility of agreeable manners, combined, however, with a rough equality of speech, evidently the effects of that detestable Revolution, which has put away from the present French race for a time even the power of thinking with good-nature: and without good-nature there can be no urbanity of manners, and no real politeness.

"The decreased observance of religious ordinances, the want of every kind of devotion to the Almighty, which at least for a time was promoted and encouraged by Buonaparte, has taken away much of the respect and the proper acknowledgment due to the different gradations of society. None of these external decencies are observed by the lower classes to the higher; and even in their ordinary avocations they work for their employers not as superiors, but as equals. The lower classes scarcely address each other without an oath; and the postillions apply to their horses, on the slightest occasions, the most blasphemous expressions. All this arises from want of religion altogether, or the imperfection of that which is professed by the country.

"Admonitions from the priests, in the form of sermons, are, I believe, seldom given, and the communication of the owners of domains with their tenantry is very limited; hence there is no

example, no emulation, consequently no knowledge of better things.

"If the religion of the country was as well managed as the police, the effect would soon be strikingly felt. Crime in the form of theft is rare. You may leave your baggage in the streets,—no one will interfere; and your money at the hotel is as safe on the toilette of your bed-room as if locked in your escritoire. All this arises from the organization of the police, under the name of gendarmerie. This body protects the inhabitants of France from every species of crime, because it is known that nothing can be done without an immediate discovery; there is no escape; and it is the prevention of crime, and not the punishment, that is the guardian of society. All immorality is therefore private; there is no public vice to be observed, caused either by wine or women. Whatever exists, and which is enormous in point of extent and iniquity, is hidden.

"It is perfectly intelligible to me how the road should be so easy to an able and powerful general to make himself master of the French nation. If I name Paris, Bordeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, perhaps Tours and Nismes, I have named almost all that may be called France. Let a leader like Buonaparte possess the confidence of the army and these three or four places, and the thing is done. There are, as in England, no yeomanry, no gentry, no scattered local interests, to become a barrier to such attempts of adventuring ambition and profligate power.

"In speaking of Buonaparte, I observe that all those qualities which endear one to the heart of man, in him were wanting. This is discovered in passing over every part of France. No attention has been paid to the wants and comforts of France, as I have already stated; not a house has been repaired or added to in any of the towns and villages. Everything, from year to year, has gradually sunk into decay; and where improvement has been visible, it has been only to gratify and feed the passion of vanity and the barbarities of war. It is true, Napoleon was thinking of consolidating his power; and this he could only do by feeding the hopes and ambition of the army, which he constantly kept employed. Half the officers and men, looking to what had happened to a few, built, no doubt, in their own imaginations, on dukedoms and palaces for their retirement.

" Buonaparte seemed to have known human nature well, and particularly the French character. He had a great power of calculating on future events. He heard the opinions of all, and then acted for himself. When he had decided, hesitation was at an end. He was prompt in the execution of all his projects, great or small, and never trusted any inquiry to the judgment of another when he had the opportunity of using his own. This in general answered. Upon a great scale, it will always be found to succeed; but there are moments when deliberation is necessary, and becomes a virtue.

" If Buonaparte had been more deliberate and

less prompt, the Duc d'Enghien would not have been shot, and Buonaparte would have saved himself from incalculable mischief. It is well known that he always regretted the death of that prince. But whatever error Buonaparte committed, he never for a moment acknowledged it. This may be wise in a man who is obliged to command any particular mass of men: whether it be a kingdom or a large establishment, words as well as conduct must be absolute in these situations. Little minds cannot understand this. When 'Cæsar says, Do this, it is performed.' The opportunity Buonaparte would have had to prove himself a great man was lost by his premature downfall. Few men possess the gift of being great alike in prosperity and in trouble. Those are indeed gifted beings who expand in adversity. It often requires the workings of extraordinary events to exhibit men in their true character. Napoleon had done everything in his power to rivet the affection of those who were in his service: he bound them to him by the two most powerful ties,—interest and self-love.

"The attachment to a government is always in proportion to the advantages it offers.

"If he could have forced England to his own peace, which was the object of his last and final war with Russia, he would then have displayed (had he possessed them) all those high qualities of true genius which throw so much lustre over the character of greatness in time of peace. I think we should have seen all those qualities in Buona-

parte. His want of humility causes the only doubt I have : without that bright beam, there can be no transcendent genius. In his conversations with O'Meara, there is always present an overbearing spirit.

" Humility might probably have formed a part of his original character;—without it, it was impossible he could have shone forth so early without being knocked down by the pretensions of others. When a man's mind undergoes a change in this respect, by good fortune, success, or the prosperity of intellect, I have observed it takes place almost suddenly, perhaps between the ages of thirty-nine and forty. I have been obliged (to speak of little things) to watch this in myself.

" Marseilles is a large mercantile city, full of resident inhabitants, and frequented at present by persons of every nation in Europe. The basin for smaller vessels is most commodious, and the quays clean, airy, and well arranged. When I entered the town, about five in the evening, the streets were thronged with people; besides the doors being lined, some standing, some with chairs, but all talking.

" I could understand, from what I observed, that all these individuals composed one mass, and one eternal gossiping; and hence the fire and energy such would acquire under the influence of a revolutionary spirit. This town sent forth three thousand firebrands, who marched to Paris in a body at the commencement of, or during the spi-

rit of, the most savage and sanguinary days of the French Revolution.

"The inns were good, the coffeehouses clean, and everything bespeaks the wealth of merchandise.

" Billiards and dominos are the favourite games. These are continued by the young merchants and their clerks to a late hour at night.

" The country approaching Marseilles is very unusual in point of appearance,—rock upon rock. It has evidently been under water at a much later period than the Deluge.

" The Levant trade is carried on here to a very great pitch of prosperity. In the evening of Sunday, I went to the cathedral. It being just after the death of Louis the Eighteenth, I passed one or two female processions.

" Nismes is one of the oldest cities in France. The amphitheatre and other antiquities are well known. I went to the cathedral at seven in the evening : they were about to perform high mass for the king. I did not wait for the bishop, for I was tired. The church was filled with people of the lowest condition. Nismes is remarkable for the number of its Protestants, who fell a sacrifice in the year 1815 to the vengeance of the Roman Catholics.

"Carcassone and Narbonne are wretched places, without any comfort : a burning sun in the summer, and no conveniences in the winter. Gnats or musquitoes infest the atmosphere, and make it very tormenting to travellers.

"Tarbes is the last considerable town on this side the Pyrenees; and here the last French prefect resides, whose authority extends to the boundary which divides France from Spain. It was in this place the Duke of Wellington skirmished with the rear of Soult's army, and drove them through the town.

"On my arrival here there was a large fair, which is held every fifteen days. The whole of the neighbouring population assemble, and bring their produce of cattle, etc., and purchase their different articles for home consumption in return. To show the perfection of the French police, the moment the sun sets every individual departs for his home; and they quit the town in large parties, some in carts, some on horses, mules, and asses, but the greater number on foot. They all seem to be managed (and necessarily so) like so many children.

"The day after my arrival, I saw a good specimen of ingenious contrivance to play on the credulity of poor human nature, in the person of a quack doctor. He was seated in his cabriolet, with his two servants in livery, preceded by a band of music, composed of three persons, also in handsome livery. By his side sat a very handsome woman dressed with great elegance. The music, of course, attracted an assemblage; for, although but three instruments, the harmony was perfect, and seemed to gladden every heart.

"Frejus, Sept. 22, 1824.

"I this morning passed through this little town, which is remarkable for being within two miles of

the Bay of St. Raphael, where Buonaparte landed on his return from Egypt, and where he embarked when he went to Elba. I was in the inn (a wretched place) where he slept the night previously. The landlord told me that he spoke to no one: he was very unwell.

"It is probable the seeds of the disease which ultimately killed him were then beginning to be felt. It is curious to reflect upon what his feelings must have been on landing and embarking on the same spot.

"In one instance, with his powerful mind and intuitive knowledge, he must in some degree have seen the glory which awaited him; in the other, everything that had been was finally eclipsed. It is true that he still retained his title, and his downfall was not so complete as his future conduct made it; yet perhaps the suddenness of the change might have rendered it equally difficult to bear.

"Frejus is the remains of an old Spanish town, and is equally an emblem with Buonaparte's fall of the end of grandeur. The walls of the grand amphitheatre are crumbling into dust; and you can trace here and there what was once magnificent, and contained all the pride, vanity, and wickedness of the conquerors."

About the end of November, it will be seen by the following letters that Sir William was again despatched to the Continent.

"London, Thursday night.

"This letter will surprise you; but, at a mo-

ment's notice, the King has again ordered me abroad, and this night I proceed to Dover for France, and from thence to Sardinia. My situation involves very heavy penalties upon me; but take care of your own health, and that of my dearest children, and I am happy. Whatever becomes of me, you may believe that my feelings are perfect towards you and ours, and I may say yours—by which I mean your family.

"God bless you! Kiss my darlings, and believe me, etc. "W. K."

"Dover, York Hotel, 30th Nov. 1824.

"I write you one line again to-day, because, as the tempest still continues, it will be comforting for you to know that we are safe at this inn, viewing from our windows the sea running mountains high. There seems no calculation from experience how long a severe gale may last. If one may guess, I should suppose the tempest is too violent to continue many hours. However, my original determination still continues, not to think of crossing until I can do so with safety.

"If we do not stir to-morrow, I shall have the pleasure of again writing to you. This is a sad delay; but Heaven knows what is for the best. Give my love to my dearest darlings; tell them how much I love them. It is now about five in the evening, and the gale rather increases than otherwise. There is a large ship just drifting past."

"Nice, Dec. 13, 1824.

"My beloved and dearest Dora and William,—I address this letter to you two, but it is for all; and you will give my affection to dearest mamma, and say that I have taken this method as I wish you both to have a joint letter as a little Christmas keepsake.

"My journey thus far has been safe and prosperous, and I am, thank God! quite well; but I expect to be almost blinded by musquito-bites; for, notwithstanding December, and the Alps all around covered with snow, the weather in the middle of the day is intensely hot. I have eaten the last two days at dinner green peas in great perfection, and, among other things, a roasted plover and artichokes, the whole of which are plentiful at this season of the year. There are also at the table on which I write beautiful flowers, the produce of the garden of this hotel,—roses, violets, jonquils, jessamine, and various others. The oranges are ripening fast on the trees; and, what is singular, the sharp frosts at night and the burning sun in the day contribute conjointly to this end.

"But the comforts of dear old England far surpass the novelties that I have mentioned to you; and I cannot tell you, my dears, how I shall miss my Christmas at home. It is painful to me to think of it; but, alas! it cannot be otherwise. One of the greatest blessings is, that although so far distant, time and place cannot change the beautiful associations of parental affection. I

have got a very curious old rosary for you, which belonged to a remarkable person, Madame de Sevigné, as I am told,—I met with it by accident at Avignon; and for dear William, in ascending the mountain near Fréjus, almost opposite Fort Rapho, in the Mediterranean, where Buonaparte embarked for Elba, I had the good fortune to pick up a mineral which is very rare, to add to his collection.

"The whole of this mountain, tell your dearest mother, is covered with the kalmia; and there are thousands of this plant, for each of which you would pay fifteen or twenty shillings in the nursery-gardens in England. The arbutus here grows wild also, covered with fruit; and we have every kind of heath, rosemary, and precious herbs: indeed the region I am now entering abounds to such a degree with highly-scented flowers, that a large quantity of fine perfume is extracted from them, and exported to different countries, by way of Marseilles.

"I wish to mention to dear William, that on the top of this mountain, near to a goatherd's cave, I was obliged to pass a great part of the night in my carriage. From the darkness of the night, the mountain was impassable until daybreak. Two gendarmes passed in the night; they had accidentally fallen in on the mountain with several wild boars and two young bears;—they contrived to save themselves, killed the two bears and one wild boar, which they and the two mountaineers were carrying on some fir poles. In

the winter, game is most abundant in the mountains.

"As I approached the Mediterranean, nearer to Sardinia, we saw the island of St. Marguerite, where the man in the iron mask was confined. The tradition of the story is this, and it seems to be nearly well authenticated:—Louis the Thirteenth of France had two sons twins, and there was some confusion at the time of their birth as to which was born first. The government became uneasy at this, from a suspicion that as the young men grew up, it might lead to contentions for the throne, and consequently to civil wars. They therefore determined to put an iron mask on one, that the resemblance might not be known, and to confine him for life in this castle. From the other son the King of France that was beheaded sprang.

"It is a curious story; but they show in the castle many antique remains; amongst other things, the iron mask, which appears to have been rivetted behind. I have got two liards, or farthings, for William, connected with the French Revolution.

"I can hardly tell what my movements are to be,—it will in some measure depend on contingent circumstances; but I shall write to your dear mother in the course of the week from some place or other, as I am constantly moving. I got her letter at Lyons, with William's sketch, which made me very happy. Tell your mother I have remembered her flower-seeds both here and at Paris.

"I hope you will consider this, however long, yet not a tiresome letter. I am obliged to write in a great hurry, as the post goes out at two o'clock in the day, and I have been much engaged with the authorities of this place. I often wonder how I get through everything. You must set a value on my exertions, and consider how much I do and suffer, for what may be of consequence to you hereafter.

"Remember me to Madlle. M.

"God bless you, my beloved children.

"Ever your affectionately attached

"W. K."

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir William Knighton despatched on a fresh Journey by the King.—Letter from the Duke of Clarence.—Letters from Sir William to his own Family.—Letters from Sir Thomas Lawrence, Dr. Gooch, and the King.—Extracts from Sir William's Journal.

After Sir William's return to England, no particular occurrence is noted in his handwriting until March 1825, when he was again despatched by the King on a distant journey. In the interval, however, his Majesty had a severe attack of gout; and the editor ventures to insert, on this and other occasions, letters, and extracts from letters, from different members of the Royal Family, which so strongly mark the affectionate feelings which existed towards his Majesty.

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy house, Jan. 29, 1825.

"DEAR SIR,—It is not till evening I see the papers of the day, and I read with anxious concern that the King had had an accession of gout. I hope the fact is not so; but, being unable to be in town this morning, I write these lines to inquire after the health of his Majesty. At the same time, I cannot forget to-day is the anniversary of the King's accession to the throne: I must therefore request you will present my best, sincerest, and warmest wishes to my brother, and assure his Majesty in my name, of the anxious and earnest desire I have, in common with all his loving subjects, that we may long, very long, enjoy the happiness and advantage of possessing our present excellent Sovereign.

"Ever believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

"To Sir William Knighton."

The next letters from Sir William are from Calais.

"I can hardly hold the pen, I have been so very ill. The wind was fresh, and there was a good deal of uncomfortable sea; but we had a safe and quick passage of three hours. Left London at seven last night, arrived at Dover at a quarter past seven this morning, and shall set off from hence in an hour, travel all night, and hope to reach Brussels at three to-morrow afternoon, where I propose to sleep and have a long night.

Please God this is accomplished, it will be very quick. I shall write one line to my beloved William, to say I am well. Yours, etc.

"W. K."

TO MISS K.

"Frankfort, March 25, 1825.

"I write to *you* this time,—I wrote to your mother from Tournay. I am much fatigued with my journey; but I hope a few hours' rest will recover me, and that I shall be able to proceed to-morrow on my route to Potsdam, from whence I will, if possible, write again, and give you an account of my movements.

"The weather through France and Belgium has been very severe. To-day it is fine; but last night there was a heavy fall of snow, which has made the air warmer. It is dreary travelling so many miles alone,—for I have no one with me, if I except a German courier, who travels on the dickey of my carriage; so I have plenty of time for thought, and many things not pleasant to think of.

"I have seen nothing hitherto to procure for you in remembrance of this journey: indeed, this has been as yet my only resting-place, and that for a few hours only. Perhaps when I return through this place, I may be enabled to get you a few German books, if I learn from Miss M. what would suit you. From Coblentz to Mayence the scenery is beautiful; the road is along the right bank of the Rhine. I believe your dear mother once travelled over a part of this route. I was too tired and embarrassed to enjoy it; and the

severity of the weather put aside those pleasureable feelings that are so often communicated to the mind through the medium of the eye.

"I did not see your dear brother before I left England, but I wrote to him. I regard you all very much, or indeed I should not go through the exertion that I am constantly called upon to make. But my elasticity is passing from me fast, and I shall soon cease to be what I have been. You must endeavour, my beloved Dora, to cheer my old age, if I should live to that period.

"God bless and preserve you.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

Between the intervals of Sir William's absence from England, his time was devoted to his Majesty's interest, and the management of his affairs. A passage from a letter from the late Duke of Montrose, then holding a situation in his Majesty's establishment, expresses the satisfactory result in the decrease of the pecuniary embarrassments.

"Buchanan, Dumbarton, Aug. 10, 1825.

"DEAR SIR,— . . . . . You have really done wonders in paying off the sums expended at Brighton, and, I trust, will be able to prevent the same inconvenience happening again, for the comfort of his Majesty; as I am persuaded the King must have much felt the former inconvenient state of things as relating to the expense at Brighton."

FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I have the pleasure to

acquaint you that his Most Christian Majesty honoured me this morning at St. Cloud with the first sitting for his portrait. The King, immediately on his entrance, inquired with the strongest interest after his Majesty's health, and expressed himself greatly pleased with the account which I had the happiness to give him. He said he yielded most readily to his Majesty's flattering desire for his portrait, and he then sat to me for nearly two hours. His Majesty was attended by the Duc d'Aumont and another nobleman.

"During the greater part of the sitting, the children of the Duc de Berri were with the King, playing round him with the innocent and even riotous vivacity of their age, which his Most Christian Majesty endeavoured to check, from apprehension of its interrupting my labours; but being humbly assured that it did not, they remained with him till the close of the sitting. The scene was of assistance to me rather than disadvantage, or I should have yielded to the superior duty imposed upon me.

"The countenance of his Most Christian Majesty has much character, with very benevolent expression. It presents some difficulty from its varying action; but the sketch I made seemed to give general satisfaction, and I have little doubt of finally succeeding.

"His Most Christian Majesty appointed Tuesday next for his second sitting, and expressed his desire that I would on the same day begin the portrait of the Dauphin. I did not omit to mention

the costume in which his Majesty commanded me to paint them.

"I arrived here on the night of the 20th. On the 21st, Lord Granville wrote to the Baron de Damas, to acquaint him with it; and the short delay that has taken place was occasioned, I believe, by his Christian Majesty's hunting.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir William,

"Yours, etc. "THOS. LAWRENCE."

With the late Dr. Gooch, Sir William was on terms of the greatest friendship. It had commenced at Edinburgh, when studying there together; and the very superior ability of Dr. Gooch was speedily discovered by a person of Sir William's discernment. Some years afterwards, he was by his advice induced to settle in London as a physician and accoucheur, where he was soon distinguished by his literary attainments, his successful practice, and the publication of some valuable works. Dr. Gooch's medical knowledge and acquirements were so extensive that, on withdrawing from professional avocations, Sir William was enabled with perfect confidence to recommend him as his successor; and he very rapidly succeeded in establishing himself in that full confidence and friendship of his patients with which his predecessor had been honoured. Unhappily, the extreme delicacy of his constitution after a time causing frequent interruptions to his health, obliged him to limit his practice, and to be occasionally absent from town. There are passages

in Dr. Gooch's letters to Sir William which, independently of their connexion with the memoir, are interesting. They are generally without date; but those that follow are believed to have been written about this time.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—If Lockhart does not call on you to-morrow morning, you may conclude, not that he is inattentive to your desire, but that he is out of town. I have written to Mrs. L.

"You were remarking the other night, that light was created before the sun. This seems really the meaning of Scripture. Milton, in the beginning of the third book of his Paradise Lost, in his celebrated invocation to light, thus sings:

'Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the wide and formless infinite.'

St. John, too, in the last chapter but one of the Revelations, describes the New Jerusalem as illuminated without a sun. 'And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof; . . . there shall be no night there.' Rev. xxi, 23, 25.

"In the King's College there ought to be a professor of legal medicine or medical jurisprudence; and he ought to have attached to his professorship an office as official referee in all trials which turn on medical evidence, instead of leaving the judge and jury to be misled be the

opinion of inexperienced country apothecaries. If he had a seat in the House of Commons, he would occasionaliy prevent a great deal of nonsense being talked and time mispent. The Chancellor would then have an official adviser in lunatic cases.

"There is a complete system of theology by Dwight, formerly a professor in Yale College, Connecticut, which has been republished in this country in quarto, in octavo, in duodecimo, and in abridgment—under the title of 'Beauties of Dwight.' He was a very able and eloquent man; and although many of his discourses are uninteresting to any but a student of theology, yet there are many which must interest everybody. Amongst them there is one on the Resurrection,—not that of our Saviour, but that of the human race,—in which an endeavour is made to delineate from Scripture testimony the future state of the happy—the remote consequences of death—the Resurrection. The Rev. Mr. Dealtry of Clapham, a most excellent and able man, put it into my hands as singularly interesting. It was lying on my table one day, when an elderly and thoughtful person took it up and read it: and when she came to the end, I heard her say to herself with a sigh, 'How comforting!'

"Ever affectionately yours,

"ROBERT GOOCH."

The following affecting passages are extracted from another letter of Dr. Gooch.

"I have been very ill since I saw you, and feel myself of late much changed. I know, too, that my wasting lately has been progressive; and if I go on as I have done for the last month, I shall be past recovery, and past the power of taking a journey before the warm weather sets in.

"With my latest breath I shall feel to you, my dear friend, more unmingled feeling of esteem and affection than to any human being I have ever known. Although, I think a little worse and it will be all over with me, I must still think, act, and make arrangements on the supposition that I am to live. If, therefore, I am well enough a month or six weeks hence, I shall set out on my loitering tour,—my last hope."

FROM THE SAME.

"Richmond Hill, Bath, 6th Oct. 1825.

"My dear Sir William,—The comfort and support which your kind visit to me in Berners-street afforded me I need not describe, for you saw it.

"Since I have been here, I have been drinking the waters and using the baths with all the humble docility of a patient who is anxious for health, and knows nothing of the uncertainty and inefficacy of medicine. I hope that Lady K., your family, and everything which concerns your happiness, are as you wish.

"With a degree of gratitude and affection which you who know the world will find it difficult to believe,

I am, dear Sir W., ever yours, "R. G."

On the 22nd of October 1825, a letter from Sir William shows him to be on the eve of another journey.

"Hanover Square.

"I wrote to you a hasty letter yesterday; and I am afraid, with the exception of a few lines that I shall write you on Monday, when I come up again to town, this will be the last time I shall have the opportunity of writing previously to my leaving England.

"The elements of my happiness are in your health and that of my dear children. If that is interrupted, nothing can be satisfactory to my feelings. I conjure you, therefore, to take care of yourself. About my dearest children I need not say anything, as your attention is always safe; but I wish you would use the same care in all that relates to yourself. You should carefully guard against the severe cold that has so suddenly come upon us: in return for this, I will pay all attention to myself in my power and that circumstances will permit.

"I hope to write you a line from Calais, if possible from Brussels, and also from Frankfort; but, after all, it will be difficult for me to promise anything until I get back to Paris. In a month from the time of my leaving England, write me a line *poste restante*, Paris. Give me no account of anything but what relates to your all being well, which I trust in God will be the case. I am sadly harassed and fatigued, and dread this journey very much; but my health is better, and I hope,

by attending carefully to my diet, I shall go on without interruption.

"If anything should unfortunately occur to detain me, do not forget to send poor Mrs.——— her twenty pounds at Christmas, and the ten pounds as usual at that period.

"Kiss my dearest children. Kind remembrance to Miss M.

"Ever, etc. "W. K."

A journal having been found of this tour, it is here introduced, in place of family letters.

"I left London on the night of the 24th of October 1825 for Vienna, arrived at Dover at seven, and embarked for Calais at nine; wind at N. W. and very fresh, which made the vessel roll very much. I was almost immediately ill. We landed in three hours; but I did not (as usual) recover on the vessel's getting into harbour.

"We proceeded on our journey, and drank tea in the evening at Cassel. We travelled the whole of that night, breakfasted early in the morning at Tournay, and arrived at Brussels on the same day about four in the afternoon, where we dined and slept.

"The part of the country through which we have just passed is much improved in cultivation during the last year. The houses in the different towns are beginning to assume more of comfort and cleanliness; the desolation of war and thoughtless unsettledness are gradually passing away; every house appears more like the decided habi-

tation of a family looking forward to settled tranquillity. The female works in the garden and field with industrious alacrity, because she is aided in the occupation by her father, brother, or husband.

"From Brussels we passed on rapidly to Liege, travelled all night, and slept at Coblentz. This, with the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, is one of the strongest places, perhaps, in the world, and must ever dispute the passage of the Rhine. It has all the appearance of being impregnable. On the following morning we made our way along the banks of the Rhine to Mayence: nothing can be more beautiful than the scenery. About three posts from Coblentz, on the banks of the Rhine, there seems a quiet little inn. I mention this for future consideration, if I should again pass this way with my dear family. We dined at Mayence, and the same night reached Frankfort about nine o'clock. The White Bush was full, but the Hôtel d'Angleterre was a good substitute. This is the proper inn for families.

"I proceeded on the morning of the 30th of October to Hamburgh to see the Landgravine (the Princess Elizabeth). I was received with kindness and distinction, being a welcome visitor. In an hour or two I returned to Frankfort, the Langgrave kindly walking himself to the end of the little town to see me into the carriage.

"On Monday the 31st, I continued my journey; entered Bavaria; dined at a little inn by the roadside, very poor and wretched. Breakfasted the

next day *à la fourchette* at Nuremburgh;—the Duchess of Lucca expected. Slept that night at a wretched inn, and the next night at Ratisbonne.

"The country of Bavaria through which we have hitherto passed is very diversified and agreeable in point of scenery. There are immense forests, consisting principally of beech. The inhabitants seem harmless and industrious, quiet and civil in their manners, slow in their occupations, and gradually emerging from barbarism. They still adhere to their costumes, each province having a fashion of its own. Their principal drink is beer; but they appear to smoke less than in that part of Germany belonging to the Prussian dominions. I understand in Bavaria the Protestant and Roman Catholic religion is more diffused conjointly than in Austria, and that this has much arisen from the wise and prudent toleration of the late king, who was much beloved throughout the country.

"The road which I have taken is the most direct to Vienna; but the route usually followed by travellers is through Munich and Stuttgard."

The following kind letter from his Majesty was received by Sir William while on his journey.

FROM THE KING.

"My dear Friend,—I have so little to say since your departure from hence, that it is scarcely worth while troubling you with a line even now, especially as in the course of a few days I look for your reappearance, except to acknowledge and

to thank you for the short epistle I received from you, dated Frankfort.

"Tranquillity, I am sure you will be pleased to learn, has in general been the order of the day since you left us. However, there have been, and I am fearful that they are still existing, some difficulties and misunderstandings in the final arrangement of that business which has caused you so much trouble and anxiety, and which at present do, and which, I fear, will still procrastinate the final adjustment until you return.

"It is impossible to detail to you what cavillings there have been, and what strange crotchets have started up, and sometimes seemingly upon the merest trifles, among the lawyers, and indeed pretty much all the parties concerned; such immensity of talking backwards and forwards, here and there,—the mistake of a sentence, and even of a single word,—all which creates delays; and ɟı uɐʌɐ there be the possibility of correcting it and setting it to rights again afterwards, I think but little progress has yet been made; and I see the impracticability, and next to the impossibility, of its being brought to any final issue, until the moment of your return, when by your kind and good advice it may in all likelihood be ultimately settled.

"You, I am confident, will understand all this without the necessity of any further explanation on my part, especially as they, I know, are at this very moment in the act of writing to you; so probably they may enter into some further details.

"As to bodily health, I am certainly not as well

as I ought to be, although I complain but little, which you are well aware is generally the case with me; but as to that which is more and most essential, (as it is the main-spring to everything, and the only security for health,) the state of my mind and my feelings, I shall reserve all I have to say till next we meet.

"Now, then, God bless you, dear friend; and believe me always affectionately yours,

"G. R.

"Royal Lodge, Nov. 15, 1825."

CHAPTER XIV.

Letter from the King to Sir William Knighton.—Letters from Sir Walter Scott.—Sir William on another Journey.—Memorandum of his Route.—Letter from Sir David Wilkie.—Letters from the King, the Bishop of Chichester, the Duke of York, and Mr. Canning.

At Christmas, after this long journey, Sir William was enjoying the happiness and comfort of the society of his family in the country, when an express arrived to summon him to Windsor. It will be seen, however, by his Majesty's letter, that it was a case of necessity only which obliged his kind master reluctantly to interfere at such a moment.

FROM THE KING.

"Dear Friend,—I write a few lines in great haste to request that you will be with me here at

an early hour to-morrow morning. You may depend upon it, that if it were not for matters of considerable moment, I would not break in upon the few moments of peaceful enjoyment with your family which you allow yourself, and it is therefore with sincere regret that I feel myself under the necessity of doing so upon the present occasion. However, you may assure Lady Knighton and your family from me, that four-and-twenty hours, I hope, will be the utmost extent of time of which they will be deprived of your society. The matter is too big with a variety and combination of matters not to require without the loss of a moment your presence, and your best advice and assistance. I have not time to add another word, but that I am always

"Affectionately yours, "G. R.

"Royal Lodge, Dec. 28, two o'clock, P.M. 1825."

The following letters from the late Sir Walter Scott will not be perused without interest.

"My dear Sir William,—I have a circumstance to mention which concerns myself only, and therefore would be most unworthy of being mentioned to his Majesty, were it not that as his Majesty has distinguished me by elevating my rank in society, I conceive his goodness will be gratified by knowing that the approaching marriage of my eldest son to a very amiable young lady, with a considerable fortune, promises to enable those who may follow me to support suitably the mark of honour which his Majesty has conferred on me.

"The lady's independent fortune is so far very valuable to me, that it permits my son to marry before my death, and gives me permission, if it please God, to look a generation further into futurity: but these would be of little consequence, were I not satisfied, as I have every reason to be, with the good sense and amiable qualities of my future daughter, and my son pleased with her person and accomplishments.

"I can only add to these uninteresting details, that my son's bride is named Miss Jobson of Lock, which she soon exchanges for the more chivalrous name (if I may be allowed to say so) which his Majesty lately distinguished with a baronetcy. I hope those who may succeed to that honour may always remember by whom it was conferred, and be ready to serve their sovereign by word, and pen, and sword, when wanted.

"Pray suppress this letter, if the communication be assuming too much upon his Majesty's encouraging goodness. I am sure the intelligence will be gratifying to you personally, even if it is not proper to carry it elsewhere.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir William,

"Your most faithful and obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, 21st Jan. 1825.

"Perhaps I ought to add, that my son, who is warmly attached to his profession, is to continue in the army, and the young lady, though brought

up in the character of an only child, has taken up the old ditty.

> 'Mount and go—mount and make ready—
> Mount and go, and be a soldier's lady.'

So they set off to join the fifteenth hussars in Ireland, so soon as circumstances will permit."

REPLY TO THE FOREGOING.

"January 25, 1825.

"DEAR SIR WALTER,—I am honoured with the commands of the King to convey to you his Majesty's very kind regards, and to express the pleasure his Majesty feels at any circumstance that can add to your own personal happiness, or assist in securing the general welfare and prosperity of your family.

"His Majesty was graciously pleased to observe, that your own genius, so distinguished and so remarkable, would shed a never-fading lustre on that hereditary rank which his Majesty hopes your son will live both to honour and enjoy."

"To Sir Walter Scott, Bart."

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—A very ingenious young artist of Edinburgh, Mr. Lizars, the engraver, having made rather an interesting selection of subjects in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, has formed the ambitious wish of inscribing it to his Majesty, but has first sent a copy to be placed on the Royal library table, that if his Majesty should cast an eye upon it, he may consider whether the work deserves such high encouragement. Chan-

trey, who was with us a few days since, thinks very well of the book.

"As to the printed part of the work, I have only had time to glance at it hastily; but it seems a judicious compilation.

"I hope this will find his Majesty in good health, and presume to request, that if you think this matter worthy of being mentioned to the King, you will at the same time place my humble and grateful duty at his Majesty's feet.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir William,

"Always your most obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, 25th May."

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I received with much sense of gratitude your kind letter, which I shall consider as confidential, and wait the result of your kindness and Mr. Canning's friendly recollection till an opportunity offers. I shall take care in the mean time that Charles attends to his general studies, which have been somewhat neglected during the reading for his examination at Oxford. It will certainly be my greatest pride to find him in every respect worthy of the distinguished kindness you have shown to him.

"I caused a copy of my attempt at a Life of Napoleon to be laid on the table of his Majesty's library; but I did not write to you at the time, because I was afraid you might think that my doing so might be deemed an indirect way of *poking* your kindness, which I know requires no importunity

of mine. My daughter Sophia, who is with us just now, has been much shocked at the death of poor Dr. Shaw, who had, I think, been a friend of yours.

"When it can be properly done, I request you will place my humble and grateful duty at his Majesty's feet.

"I am always, dear Sir William,

"Your truly obliged and faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Abbotsford, Melrose, 30th July."

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have somewhat intruded on his Majesty's condescension through your obliging channel, when anything occurred in literature which was worthy (at least seemed to me worthy) his Majesty's royal attention or patronage. But the present is a very remarkable case indeed, and makes part of a great change which is about to take place in Britain, and which, sooner or later, will work great consequences for good and evil. The general pains which have been bestowed on the education of the poor begins to have a general effect upon the nation at large; for folks who read are naturally as desirous to have books, as folks who have appetites are to procure food. In both cases it is of consequence that wholesome and nourishing diet be placed within the reach of those who are hungry, otherwise they will be willing to eat trash and poison.

"Our great publisher in Scotland has formed a plan which, though intended for his profit in the

first instance, cannot, I think, but have the best possible effect in supplying this new and extended demand for literature among the lower classes, by reprinting at a moderate rate, and selling at a low profit, a great number of the most standard English works both in history, in the belles lettres, as well as in science, and in the department of voyages and travels, natural history, and so forth. The object is generally to place the best and soundest works of every kind within the reach of the lower classes, whose shelves will be otherwise unquestionably filled with that sort of trash which is peculiarly dangerous both to their morals as men and their loyalty as subjects. The publisher, who is one of the most sagacious men I know in such matters, considers this not unjustly as a great national work, and is naturally desirous to place it under the most exalted patronage.

"If I may presume to express an opinion, I do think that a work likely to be spread so widely among his Majesty's subjects, and calculated to place useful information within their reach, may not ungracefully be placed under his Majesty's immediate protection. I think I can pledge myself that the selection of works in this extensive miscellany will be such as to turn men's minds into such a channel as may render the power of reading a blessing, and without which it may very well turn out a curse to themselves and the State. It is not the power of reading, but the character of the works which are read, that is to form the advantage derived from general education. I

enclose a prospectus of the work, and a letter from Constable, which I would beg you to take the trouble of considering.

"I have only to add, that this popular miscellany is to be cheap indeed; but yet handsomely and correctly printed,—the bookseller trusting for his profit to the quantity sold. The present prospect seems to intimate that it will be immense.

"I spent a part of this fine summer in Ireland, and have returned delighted with that warm-hearted and hospitable country. Whatever people may say, its grievances are fast abating. Much English capital has been introduced of late years; the new cabins are more decent than the old ones; and the dress of the younger people does not exhibit such a variety of patchwork as that of the true old Milesian. I went through the greater part of the island, and saw much ground which might rival any part of England in wealth, and much scenery which might vie with any part of Scotland in picturesque beauty; and the inhabitants, from the peer to the peasant, are certainly the kindest people in the world.

"May I request you to place my most humble duty at his Majesty's feet? and believe me, my dear Sir,

"Your most obedient, very faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Abbotsford, Melrose, 30th October."

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—This letter accompanies a copy of a most valuable Scottish history,

or rather memoirs, by Sir James Melville, which has been lately published for the first time from the original copy in the author's manuscript, by a society here, called the Bannatyne Club, of which I am the unworthy president. The object is, besides eating a good dinner and consuming a little champagne and claret once or twice a year, to publish, from manuscripts or rare printed volumes, such works as seem to throw light on the history, manners, and literature of Scotland. Perhaps his Majesty, who has always taken such interest in the poor old North, may not be displeased to see what we are attempting in that way; and the Club would be too proud to have the permission to place one of their volumes from time to time on the library table at Windsor. When I said, we *publish*, I used an improper expression: the works are in general thrown off only for private distribution, and a few public libraries.

"I hope in the course of a few days to destine for his Majesty's library-table some other volumes, for the errors of which I am alone responsible.

"The young person, of whom I spoke to you when I had the honour to be at the Royal Lodge last year, has now taken his bachelor's degree at college (Brazen-nose), and with a good reputation at the University, is now about to start in life. My great object would be to get him into one of the public offices until he should be better acquainted than he is at present with modern languages. He could live with his sister and Lockhart, as my family are all much attached to each

other, and, I hope, would be found capable of doing his duty in any department where he might be placed, as he is a well principled lad, as well as good-looking, smart, and clever. You were so kind as to say you would take some interest in this to me most important matter, which will remove the only anxious thoughts I entertain on the part of my family. My eldest son likes his profession (the army), and has a good property. My eldest daughter is married to Lockhart, who is known to you, and happy as far as mutual affection can render them so. My second daughter keeps my house; and there is no one but poor Charles whom I am left to be anxious about. My old friend Lord Dudley would be perhaps not averse to receive my son into his department; but as you, my dear Sir William, have been so kind as to give the matter some consideration, I will make no other application until I have your opinion.

"May I presume to offer my most humble duty and homage to his Majesty? I hope, among the various and multiplied business with which he has been of late overwhelmed, his Majesty's usual good health has not suffered.

"My dear Sir William, your truly obliged and faithful servant, "WALTER SCOTT."

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I enclose my young student's letter. The manuscript is, I think, of a kind which may be speedily mended by attention. His talents are very good, his manners and personal appearance pleasing, and his temper and

disposition excellent. You will have the goodness to observe that he expects to take his degree in May; and I suppose a few months on the Continent would be necessary to give him facility in speaking and writing French and German: he is well grounded in the former language. It is my earnest wish to see him engaged in the public service; but should an employment in any of the offices be more easily attained than anything in the diplomatic line, I should be equally pleased. He would have his sister's house to reside in, and be therefore free from the temptations arising out of idleness and want of society. He has also a strong bias towards literature, and may, I think, prove useful upon those occasions when the efforts of literary men are supposed to have some effect on public opinion. I am, however, only speaking of a very young man, as he has not completed his twentieth year. We are much more indifferent about the immediate advantages which Charles may derive from any situation for which he may be found competent, than that he should be placed, if possible, in a line where faithful services may open the way to future preferment.

"Of course my letter announced to him nothing but that a friend of mine was in hopes to find an opening for him when he should have obtained his degree.

"Lord Granville and his lady were most attentive to my daughter and me while in Paris, where we spent a few days very pleasantly, thanks to the friends who recommended us.

"I presume to place my dutiful and most respectful homage at the feet of our gracious Master. Whatever I see of other countries and sovereigns makes me more attached to my own, where we possess such advantages, if we knew how to prize them. Pardon this letter: the subject, you well know, is a most interesting one to a father, and you will therefore make some allowance for my anxiety.

"I am ever, my dear Sir William,

"Your truly obliged and faithful servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"25, Pall Mall, 12th November."

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I was yesterday honoured with a letter from Lord Dudley, intimating that his Majesty had condescended in the most gracious manner to intimate his pleasure to his lordship that my son Charles should be provided for in the Foreign Office. It would be difficult for me to express how much I am penetrated by his Majesty's goodness in so graciously deigning to relieve my anxiety on account of this young man. But it is but one link in so long a chain of favours by which it has pleased his Majesty to honour me, and for which I can only offer my devoted gratitude to his Royal person. When it may be fitting to trouble his Majesty on so slight a subject, I will trust, my dear Sir William, to your kindness to put my grateful acknowledgments at his feet.

"I am very happy Lord Dudley is the agent

through whom his Majesty's protection is to operate in the young man's favour. I knew his lordship pretty familiarly six or seven years before Charles was born. We have always kept up a friendly intercourse; and obeying his Majesty's commands, as he would have done in every case with alacrity, I have little doubt that he will take some personal interest in the lad for old friendship's sake. I shall be very well pleased if the vacancy does not occur till he has been to make himself a thorough French scholar, and has gained some acquaintance with the other modern languages of Europe, especially German. He is at present labouring hard; and, being a good general grammarian, I hope he may not altogether disgrace the high and distinguished patronage under which it is his good fortune to enter life.

"To yourself, my dear Sir William, I beg to express my best and most grateful thanks, and wish I had some better mode of showing how much I am, dear Sir, your obliged and grateful friend and servant, "WALTER SCOTT.

"I am much grieved to say that our friend the Lord Chief Commissioner is suffering much under a failure of his eye-sight, but keeps up his excellent spirits even under such a severe and, I fear, an increasing affliction.

"Edinburgh, 2d December."

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was honoured with your letter this morning, which, I own, relieved me from the unpleasing doubt whether I might not have gone beyond my province in communicating

to you for his Majesty's consideration the subject of my last. I am sure I would rather lose my little fortune than submit anything of the kind to his Majesty without the most attentive consideration to its consequences.

"Whether the plan of education be not somewhat extended beyond the ranks to which it is most useful, is a subject of great doubt. But, being so extended, the increased number of readers must have good books, of sound principle and standard merit, otherwise they will choose bad ones rather than go without; and then the boon of knowledge will be just on a par with that language as expressed by Caliban,

> 'You taught me language, and my profit on 't
> Is—I know how to curse.'

"I enclose the first perfect copy of the first number of the work, which is nearly ready for the public. I also enclose a proposed dedication for the consideration of his Majesty, in which I have endeavoured to express in as few words as possible, the reason why a work of the kind, so devoid of typographical splendour (although neat for the price), should be adorned with his Majesty's name. I made Constable transcribe it fairly, but without telling him more than that it might be well to have a scrawl in readiness, in case his application should be honoured with his Majesty's approbation.

"His Majesty will not perhaps hear with entire indifference that my son-in-law, John Lockhart, has been tempted to change his views in this country, in order to become editor of the Quar-

terly Review. The talents which have been thought worthy of this trust are pretty generally admitted; and I can answer for his possessing that love of his Majesty's government and devotion to his person which are the best warrants for exercising the power now lodged in his hands in a proper manner. It is a great qualifying of the pleasure which I should feel on the occasion, that I must be deprived of my daughter's society, as they must of course reside in London.

"I pray you, my dear Sir William, to make my most respectful duty acceptable to his Majesty, and I am, with much regard, dear Sir William, your most obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"The Chief Commissioner has borne his great family loss with much firmness.

"Edinburgh, 7th December."

TO HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE IV.
The generous Patron
even of the most humble attempts
towards the advantage of his subjects,
THE MISCELLANY,
designed to extend Useful Knowledge
and Elegant Literature,
by placing Works of standard merit
within the attainment of every class of
Readers,
is most humbly inscribed
by his Majesty's
humble and devoted servant,
ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE.

Edinburgh, December, 1825.

From the following letter to his second daughter, we find Sir William, accompanied by his son, on another journey, to which is added a memorandum of his route.

"Frankfort, 10th July, 1826.

"I write to you from hence, because I know how delighted you will be to hear that we are quite well. If your dearest mother and Dora are still at Blendworth, give them my affectionate love; but we suppose that by this time they are setting off, or are at Paris. We expect to find them at the Hôtel Bourbon, Rue Rivoli, where we engaged apartments for them. This I write to you, my dear child, lest they should not have set off. I wrote your mamma a very long letter about this at Paris, which I hope she received. William reminds you that this is the place where Miss M. was born.

"Ever my dearest, etc. "W. K."

"I left England, accompanied by my dear boy, July the 3d, 1826, for the purpose of proceeding to Paris, and from thence to Berlin. My passage across the Channel was most prosperous,—two hours and forty minutes. Rignol, of the Hôtel Bourbon, met us as usual. We proceeded after dinner, about three, on our journey, and slept that night at Montreuil, where we arrived at eleven. We started at four the next morning; breakfasted at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Abbeville, the most clean and comfortable hotel in France; arrived at Beauvais, and dined; travelled all night;

arrived at the Hôtel de Mirabeau, Rue de la Paix, about five in the morning, rested ourselves a few hours, and proceeded on business.

"On the 7th we set out for Berlin. On our arrival, the Duke of Cumberland was at Mecklenburgh Strelitz. Mr. Jelf, the gentleman who went from England as private tutor to Prince George, is a man of great learning and acquirements. We saw the palace of Sans-Souci, and the new palace, as it is called, built by Frederick the Great. The kingdom of Prussia might be regarded as a field of soldiers, and this particular form of human nature, to look at, seems to be brought to a great degree of perfection. But what is this perfection? A machine without a mind,—an animal without one application of thought either in relation to this world or that which is to come. It is a uniform in the form of a man moving to and fro, for the purpose of demonstrating to the other barbarians of the North that it is capable and has the power of resistance. This is a wretched state; but it is so, and is one of the many proofs of the power of Satanic influence on earth; for take an army of one hundred thousand men, and what will be found but the existence of an evil spirit, leading them to swear and blaspheme throughout their lives, as if every action of their very existence depended on themselves?

"We saw the picture-gallery at Potsdam, which contains a very fine collection of Rubens's pictures, many of which, on Buonaparte's entering Berlin, were sent to Paris; but they have since

been restored, as well as the two horses (statuary) which form the Brandenburg gate. The palace of Sans-Souci is certainly extraordinary, as is also the new palace; but they both want grandeur and situation. We saw the dining-room where Voltaire, d'Alembert, and others used to dine with Frederick."

Early in this year, 1826, Sir William received the following interesting letter from the present Sir David, then Mr. Wilkie, an artist as celebrated in most parts of the Continent by the diffusion and beauty of the prints from his pictures, as in his own country.

"Rome, Poste-restante, Jan. 24, 1826.

"DEAR SIR,—You did me the honour to request that I would write to you while on my travels; a request that gives me a privilege but imposes on you a task, there being a greater danger of saying too much than too little upon such themes as Rome and Italy.

"Health, as you know, was the object of my journey. This, if at all, recovers but slowly; but, imposing no restriction except abstinence, and forbidding no labour but study, it leaves one in full strength for all that can be witnessed or enjoyed in that land of art,—consoled that, but for this interruption, grievous as it may be to my prospects and occupations at home, I might never have seen Italy, or seen it when too late.

"In Paris, after being detained for six weeks by unavailing medical experiments, I proceeded through France and Switzerland, whence crossing

the Alps by that wonder of wonders, Mount Simplon, I soon found myself among those scenes which present so many subjects of interest to the artist.

"At Milan, the public gallery had lost much by the absence of its best works, formerly taken to Paris, and there still remaining. The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, at the Dominican convent, would, however, in its best times, have made ample amends; but here Time has been more unsparing than is his wont,—a shadow is all that remains of this great work, and that so faint, that even the substance of the original paint has become a question, whether fresco or oil; but to show the immortality of mind, when it does exist in a picture, over the frail material in which it is embodied, this masterpiece still lives in our copy at Somerset-house, and on its very ruin has been revived, and its fame spread abroad by the admirable engraving of Morghen.

"Leaving Milan, my route lay through Genoa, and by the coast of the Mediterranean over the Apennines to Pisa, to see the early works in the Campo Santo; thence to Florence, where a rich treat detained me for a month. The public gallery here had retrieved the Venus de Medici, with the Venus of Titian; and the Palazzo Pitti of the Grand Duke is enriched by seventy-three pictures, thought worthy to be carried to Paris, and of being restored at the last peace. Besides these, in this birth-place and early school of modern art, a class of works by its revivers, whom our friend

Northcote used to talk of with much respect, interested me greatly. The pictures of Cimabue and Giotto, humble almost as those of the Chinese, had yet the living principle of expression and of thought, which, with their artless composition, wanting light and shadow, fore-shortening and perspective, still enabled them to interest the noblest feelings and affections of men; and as the art grew, and in the hands of their more accomplished successors was practised with more skill, has conferred upon it a dignity that has raised the Italian school above all others.

"But it is in Rome that the arts have reached their zenith; and here, though at the further risk of tiring you, I must still intrude upon you my impressions on viewing the great works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. Much as I had heard of disappointment, at first sight, I was only impressed with this feeling by their approach to decay. They are not so swell preserved as the cartoons at Hampton-court; yet, withal, the divine Raphael, though wanting his original brightness, is he whom all admire and all would imitate. His School of Athens for purity of design, and his Heliodorus for richness of colour, have by none been surpassed.

"But far less popular are the gigantic labours of Michael Angelo. These, with his high fame, are to the common observer an enigma. His Last Judgment on the ceiling of the Capella Sistina, dulled by smoke and time, is lost in a prevailing greyness. The Sibyls, the inspired Isaiah, and

whole passages in the lower compartments of the Judgment, are replete with the highest qualities; and, for style, relief, and expression of deep thought, are known to have given a new impulse to Raphael; and, in latter times, to have drawn forth the dying eulogium of Reynolds: an eulogium of which no one can doubt the sincerity who has seen these works, evincing as they do a style of sentiment, and even of colour, reminding one of some of Reynolds's happiest efforts.

"Still Michael Angelo, celebrated as he is, is the only master whose works no one here dares to imitate,—here where the most opposite modes of study are to be found. Germans, with more of the devotion of a sect than of a school, have attracted much attention by reverting to the beginning of art, and by studying Raphael's master rather than Raphael, in hopes that, going over the same course, they may from Pietro Perugino attain all the excellence of his great scholar. These artists, among whom the most zealous are Fyght, Shaddow, Schnore, and Overlach, in their works display, with much of the dryness of Albert Durer, great talent, and a strong feeling for expression, and with this early style have had the merit of reviving its accompaniment, the long-lost art of fresco painting, in which manner they have painted several apartments in Rome with scriptural and poetical subjects, and, though discarding almost all the modern embellishments and the usual means of obtaining popularity, are not without admirers and patrons. The present King of Bava-

ria, it is said, has, since his accession, employed one of them, named Cornelius, to decorate in fresco one of the halls of his palace.

"Seeing, as I do here, the great works produced in the best times in fresco, with the efforts these students are making upon the same ground, I cannot help wondering that no attempt has been made by any English artist to introduce it into our own country,—why such as Barry, West, or Northcote never tried it. The climate, they say, is adverse; but the altar-piece in fresco of Chelsea College chapel, by Marco Ricci, is still fresh after one hundred years. (1) Besides the space it allows, fresco has many advantages over oil for the comprehensive illustration of great events, and for the display of the higher qualities of the art; and amongst the various luxuries the wealth of England is daily calling forth, who knows but this sort of decoration, so befitting the buildings of a great country, may not be one of them?

"But to you, engaged as you daily are with objects and events hereafter to become matter of national history, these notions of a humble artist at this distance will appear uninteresting; and though, with your comprehensive knowledge and taste, it is probable that, if time and leisure allowed, your mind would be occupied with similar pursuits, I still fear that in such details I have trespassed greatly upon your indulgence and time. Allow me only to say, that if there be anything I

(1) This has since been ascertained to be in oil, and not in fresco.—D. W.

can do, command me. I remain here three months.

"I have the honour to subscribe myself, dear Sir, with high esteem and regard, your very faithful and obliged servant, "DAVID WILKIE."

The latter portion of the following letter from the King, relative to O'Keeffe the dramatist, demonstrates his Majesty's munificence and benevolence of heart.

FROM THE KING.

"January, 1826.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Many thanks to you for your letter, just received. Inclosed, and unsealed, I send you a short note of thanks for Robinson, which, after you have read, you will be so good as to seal and forward to him. Cathcart's paper I also return you, properly signed.

"With respect to Munster's re-despatching the quarterly messenger to Hanover on the 25th of this month, as he proposes, I can only say at present, that he may prepare him eventually for such departure, if such things as I shall have to send abroad by him shall be ready, (and which I hope they will by that day,) but that, should they not, he must positively await my further orders. Amongst the rest of the articles which I shall have to send by him are the complete set of Handel's scores and works for the King of Prussia, now binding, which I must beg of you to look after, and to see yourself carefully, properly, and safely packed up, and then to be simply addressed,

'Pour sa Majesté le Roi de Prusse;' and the outward cover, 'For H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland, K.G. Berlin.'

"With your usual precaution, celerity, and zeal, you seem to have carried, and settled to my entire comfort and satisfaction, all the necessary and essential points respecting Windsor Castle and the King's Palace, as well as, what to me is almost equally agreeable (as you state it), to the quietude and gratification of poor little Nash's feelings.

"A little charitable impulse induces me to desire you to inquire into the distressed circumstances of poor old O'Keeffe, now ninety years of age and stone-blind, whom I knew a little of formerly, having occasionally met him at parties of my juvenile recreation and hilarity, to which he then contributed not a little. Should you really find him so low in the world, and so divested of all comfort, as he is represented to be, then I do conceive that there can be no objection to your offering him, from me, such immediate relief, or such a moderate annual stipend, as will enable him to close his hitherto long life in comfort, at any rate free from want and absolute beggary, which I greatly fear at present is but too truly his actual condition and situation. Perhaps on many accounts and reasons, which I am sure I need not mention to you, this had best be effectuated by an immediate application through you to our lively little friend G. Colman, whose good heart will, I am certain, lead him to give us all the assistance he can, especially as it is for the preservation of

one of his oldest invalided brothers and worshippers of the Thespian muse. "G. R."

FROM THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

"Chichester, Jan. 22, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM.—The instant our service was over this morning, I hastened to communicate to poor O'Keeffe the gratifying intelligence of his Majesty's bounty and munificence towards him. I cannot describe the gratitude and feeling with which he endeavoured to utter the language of his heart at so unlooked-for a mark of royal beneficence, nor can I adequately speak of the fervour he evinced in blessing his benefactor.

"With a truly honourable feeling, however, he desired me to communicate to you, for the information of his Majesty, that in the year 1808 a pension was granted to him by the Lords of the Treasury of one hundred pounds per annum, which he still enjoys; and he stated that he had twenty-seven pounds a-year more, which he had been enabled to purchase in the funds from the produce of a benefit at one of the theatres a few years since. His Majesty's bounty, he added, would enable him to lay up a little store for an only daughter, who has been the solace and comfort of his declining years; but he almost doubted whether he could venture to hope it might be continued when his circumstances were known.

"The daughter, who is about fifty, is a most amiable and exemplary person. She devotes her whole time to her father, who is now in his eightieth year and quite blind. You may proba-

bly remember a work published some years since, called 'Patriarchal Times,' of which she was the authoress: it was at the time universally read and admired.

"O'Keeffe resides in a very small house in the suburbs of the city, which he and his daughter have occupied for eleven years; they are much respected and esteemed.

"Believe me, my dear Sir William, yours very faithfully, "R. J. CHICHESTER."

FROM THE DUKE OF YORK.

"Belvoir Castle, Feb. 28, 1826.

"Many thanks, dear Sir William, for your kind note and friendly attention in informing me of the real state of his Majesty's health. I should indeed have been dreadfully alarmed if I had heard of the attack in his stomach and bowels without knowing its real extent; for, besides that sincere and strong affection which I ever must bear towards him as a kind brother with whom I was brought up from my tenderest youth, believe me I am a most loyal subject, and that he has not in all his dominions any one who more ardently prays for the health and continuation of the life of his Majesty.

"It will, I know, please him to hear that I certainly am upon the whole better for the quiet life, the air and gentle exercise, which I have enjoyed since I have been here; and I have no doubt, if I have no fresh check, that in a short time my health will be restored. I have found also the poor Duke of Rutland much better both

in health and spirits than when I left him a week ago, and I really feel that he only now requires a change of scene, which may to a degree amuse and give a little turn to his thoughts, for him to recover, at least in a degree, from his present state of distress.

"Ever, dear Sir William, yours most sincerely,

"FREDERICK."

FROM THE DUKE OF YORK.

"South Audley-street, March 3, 1826.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Accept my best thanks for your kind letter, with its enclosure. By that I am rejoiced to learn so good an account of his Majesty, and that the exertion of the day before yesterday has not been attended by any unpleasant consequences.

"Pray present my duty to His Majesty, and assure him of the sincere satisfaction that I have derived from the comfortable report of him which, thank God, you are enabled to make.

"I returned here last night at seven o'clock, having been only twelve hours upon the road, with the full intention of attending the Covent Garden Fund dinner; but Sir Henry Halford called upon me after his return from the Lodge this morning, and inveighed so strongly against the risk I should run, that I have been under the necessity of giving it up. I have, however, taken care to deliver myself his Majesty's gracious donation to the Fund, which you inclosed to me, into the hands of Mr. Fawcett, who happened to call upon me.

"In regard to my health, I feel certainly considerably better in every respect for the few days which I have passed at Belvoir, and which has put me quite in heart about myself,—so much so, that I am convinced a short time will set me up again.

"Ever, dear Sir William, yours most sincerely,

"FREDERICK."

The following letters, received about this period, it is presumed will be read with an interest proportionable to the high rank and distinguished character of the personages by whom they were written.

FROM MR. CANNING.

"F. O., March 14, 1826, half-past eleven, P. M.

"MY DEAR SIR,—What I have to send to the King to night is not worth a messenger : but I send a messenger, that I may have the better chance of an early report of his Majesty's state from you to-morrow. That which I found on my table on my return home from the House, though you have guarded it most carefully, disquiets me, I confess, to a very painful degree. May God prosper your care and anxiety for the preservation of a life which was never more precious than at this moment.

"I see you do not speak of calling in Dr. T., and therefore I hope you feel that he is not wanted.

"Good night. Most sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING."

FROM THE SAME.

"F. O., March 17, 1826.

"My dear Sir,—I received your letter just before I went down to the House; and an infinite comfort it was to me during the six mortal hours of dulness that I had to pass there.

"The King will perhaps take an interest in hearing how well we are advanced in the public business of the session. In fact, if we get through the Irish Estimates, as I hope we shall, before the holidays, Parliament will be in our power whenever dissolution may be thought advisable.

"There is a mail to-day from Lisbon, which gives a detailed account of the almost fatal illness of the King of Portugal.

"I have thought it best not to let the despatches be sent to his Majesty to-day. If his Majesty reads the newspapers, I fear the precaution may be useless. The despatches, therefore, shall be sent to-morrow; but you will judge (being aware of their contents) at what moment it may be proper to lay them before his Majesty.

"Ever, my dear sir, most sincerely yours,

"Geo. Canning."

"P.S.—My messenger is directed to wait your orders.

"Pray send back to me any King's boxes that you may have at the Lodge unemployed."

"F. O. March 28, 1826.

"My dear Sir,—With this letter goes the paper which the King desired to be copied for his Majesty's private use.

"I am just setting off for Bath—with a good conscience, having so cleared off the arrears accruing during Parliament time, that I believe I do not owe a despatch in any part of the world; and if I did, I have not a messenger left by whom to send one. I am assured, however, that the well, though now pumped dry, will fill again by the time of my return to town on Friday.

"I propose being at the Castle, at Salt Hill, on Thursday evening.

"Very sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING.

"P. S.—As his Majesty has found his hand, could you not submit for his Majesty's signature some of the Treasury warrants? This is not my business, otherwise than as the whole race of office-men look to the 5th of April, and will look in vain unless there be a Royal signature before that day to some one of the papers or parchments, I do not rightly know which. "G. C."

"F. O., March 31, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I told you the 'well would fill again' during my absence from town. On my return, I find arrivals from Lisbon and from Petersburgh, the latter so voluminous that, as I am quite sure his Majesty could not undertake to go through them immediately, I think it best to have copies taken of them before I send them to his Majesty, and he may then keep them to read quite at his leisure. They appear on a cursory glance, (for I have not yet gone through the half

of them,) rather less pacific than the first reports led us to hope.

"The Lisbon despatches I send. They are comparatively short and very satisfactory. Perhaps his Majesty might find leisure to read them, and send them back to-morrow.

"In any case, pray get me, if you can, an answer to a letter which I send in a separate box, requesting his Majesty's pleasure as to the mourning for the King of Portugal. It ought, if possible, to be announced in the Gazette to-morrow.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"GEORGE CANNING."

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, March 18, 1826, Two P.M.

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of yesterday was brought to me by the faithful and attached Marable, which very much relieved my heavy heart. I had been made very miserable by what I learned from the Duchess of Gloucester, who is most tenderly attached, as you know, to the King. But your letter, both on public and private grounds, was received at a most fortunate moment. It gave me spirits to go to the dinner, and it also enabled me to assure a very large assembly of the King's being better, and of the Sovereign's gracious remembrance, even under indisposition, of his Irish subjects. I need hardly add the manner in which the King's health was drunk. Indeed, your observations are most just, that his Majesty, under all circumstances, is ever alive to charity.

"The latter part of your letter was the matter of comfort to me, and I trust in God the next accounts will continue to be those of glad tidings.

"To your superior and cool judgment I leave the proper moment of expressing to his Majesty how anxiously and sincerely I feel for what my brother has gone through, and my warmest wishes for the speedy and perfect recovery of one so justly and so long dear to me.

"Once more, God grant you may have but good news to send me of the King; and ever believe me,

"Dear sir, yours most truly, "WILLIAM."

FROM THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

"Fife House, April 25, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, and I will request of you to present my humble duty to his Majesty, and to assure him how sensible I am of his kind consideration and goodness in permitting the last plan to be adopted in respect to the ground of Carlton House, which Sir Charles Long was desired to lay before his Majesty. I am fully persuaded, from all I have heard, that this gracious decision of his Majesty will relieve his government from serious difficulties.

"I will not fail to obey his Majesty's commands in directing that the original plan shall be kept in the Office of Woods and Forests, as a record of his Majesty's intentions for the benefit of the public.

"I am, with great truth, my dear sir, your very faithful, humble servant, "LIVERPOOL."

"Coombe Wood, August 12, 1826.

"My dear Sir,—I learnt with great regret last night from your letter, for which I am very much obliged to you, that his Majesty had been attacked by a violent spasm in his stomach. As, however, his Majesty was better, and intended dining in company, I will hope that the attack will pass away without any farther consequences.

"I have executed his Majesty's commands respecting the vacant blue ribbon, and the lieutenancy of the county of Rutland.

"I am going at the end of next week upon an excursion for a fortnight, to return when the Cabinet reassembles on the 5th of September. I should be glad to see you for a few minutes before my departure. I shall be in town on Tuesday, and disengaged about one o'clock; but I should be happy to see you here, if you could make it convenient to dine and sleep here on Wednesday, and you would meet Mr. Canning.

"I am glad to find that the result of your visit to Berlin has been satisfactory.

"I am, with great truth, my dear Sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"Liverpool."

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON TO HIS SON.

"I thank you for your letter, which was interesting to me, because it conveyed a remembrance of what I desired you to do, and marks a dutiful affection towards me, which is doubly endearing as I have such a love for you.

"The King has been this day to the House, and was received, as might be indeed expected, with the most cheering enthusiasm. I look forward with great delight and happinesss to Christmas. God grant that we may not be disappointed! Continue to do your best, and believe me,

"Ever, etc. "W K.

"Carlton House, Nov. 21, 1826."

After a few days' visit to his family, Sir William was summoned, by the following letter from the King, to Windsor.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I write a short line, merely for the purpose of wishing you and yours from my heart a happy new year, and many returns of the same. I shall trouble you with but little on the present occasion, though I have much, and that too of great importance, which I must with the shortest lapse of time possible discuss and talk over with you; and therefore I rely upon your affection for me that you will not disappoint me, but that you will be punctual with me at the Lodge by noon, and not later than on Wednesday the 2nd, by which time I trust the old mansion will be completely restored to its wonted tranquillity and quiet. But see you I must on that day.

"It was fully my intention to have written you a few lines on Christmas Day, but I was then, and had been confined ever since this day se'ennight, to my room with a general cold and feverish attack, attended with great tightness and oppression upon the chest, and for which, by Sir Henry's

advice, we were obliged to have recourse to the lancet, which produced the expected relief, but not such entire relief as to set me free from my chamber, but from which, thank God, I am to emerge this day, by going down to dinner for the first time. My affection for you made me feel that, however I might be suffering myself, it would be both cruel and unjust in me, knowing how very little time you ever allow yourself to pass in comfort with your family, (especially at this season of the year,) were I to write that to you which, from your affection to me, might have induced you generously to break up your domestic board by coming away to me suddenly, or at any rate have cast a damper over those happy, cheerful, and enviable hours, which you cannot fail to enjoy when surrounded by your happy domestic circle; and that long may this be your case, dear friend, my best prayers are, and ever will be offered up.

"Now good-bye to you. I look forward with impatience to Wednesday next, the 2nd, when I rely and depend upon seeing you. Till then, God bless you!

"Yours affectionately, "G. R.

"Royal Lodge, Dec. 30, 1826."

The following letters, in addition to the foregoing, have been found among Sir William's correspondence of this year.

"F. O. March 20, 1826.

"My dear Sir,—I send this messenger for the purpose of announcing to his Majesty the Duke of

Wellington's safe arrival at St. Petersburgh. Keep him, that you may have the means of transmitting to me your evening report of his Majesty's health.

"The bulletin of this morning is highly satisfactory; but your accompanying letter shows that there is yet something to desire.

"I look forward to the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow.

"Ever, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING."

"Hanover, April 12, 1826.

"MY DEAR BARONET,—I beg you will not think me too audacious in venturing to address these lines to you, whom I am bound to revere for ever as my most noble protector, and to whom I feel myself highly obliged in being permitted to communicate from time to time some intelligence respecting this country and my own humble individuality.

"Four years are now elapsed since I did myself the honour of writing to you last; and although esteem and gratitude frequently during that period instigated me to address you again, I was apprehensive of being too troublesome.

"You really do not imagine what a mournful impression the late illness of our beloved sovereign made upon all classes of his Majesty's Hanoverian subjects. The first question from every acquaintance I met with was after news about his Majesty's recovery; and the happy results of our joint hopes

had scarcely spread about, when numerous festivals and rejoicings were arranged to celebrate that anxiously wished-for event. I attended myself a dinner at our Grand Provincial Lodge, where ardent thanks were offered to the Almighty for the restoration of a health which is quite inestimable for the world at large, and for every individual in this country. May Heaven pour his everlasting blessings over our much-adored monarch, and grant him health and every happiness, together with a long and prosperous reign! It is known that all his Majesty's Hanoverian subjects abound in true veneration and loyalty to their magnanimous King; but believe me, dear baronet, none excel more in these virtues than the members of the three Masonic Lodges at this place, and the Superintending Provincial Grand Lodge, of whom I have the honour of being one of the senior wardens.

"During the last years, my time has been so much taken up by practical business, that very few moments were left to me for literary pursuits. My last was a translation of the 'Twelfth Dissertation upon subjects of Medical Science, by Sir Gilbert Blane, Bart., comprehending an Essay on the Prevention and Cure of Hydrocephalus.' This translation has been published, with some additional observations, in the sixteenth volume of Dr. Rust's Magazine for Medical Sciences.

"When, by your kind intercession in my behalf, which I shall for ever most gratefully acknowledge, I entered about four years ago upon the duty of

physician in ordinary to his Majesty's Court at Hanover, the medical attendance of the *personale* belonging to the Royal household, which is rather numerous, became my business; and, honoured by the trust of the situation, as well as by the pleasant reflection of bearing now an appointment in my native country, I tried to accomplish the different duties of my obligation with the utmost zeal, and, as I have reason to hope, to the satisfaction of my superiors; and I sincerely do confess that the reflection of my office, being entirely without any pecuniary benefits whatever, has never yet made the slightest impression upon my mind. However, you will scarcely believe me, dear baronet, when I assure you that we live here still in such an age of darkness, that the assistant-surgeons of the army, from their being commissioned officers, are admitted at court; whereas his Majesty's physicians, notwithstanding their having made three or four steps above the rank of an assistant-surgeon, are not admissible. Physicians in this country have, notwithstanding their bearing Royal appointments, unfortunately never any claims upon that distinction if they are not knighted; and it is evident that the disproportion amongst the civil and military officers just now alluded to causes many inconveniences, by its appearing like disgrace. Four of my colleagues, all of whom are very able and distinguished gentlemen, are Knights of the order of the Guelphs: not one of them, however, has served his Majesty abroad, and in active military service, like myself, who entered

the army in the year 1798, and was put upon British half-pay, as surgeon to the forces, in the year 1816. When these services deserve any consideration, as I really hope they do, then, dear baronet, please to complete the noble work of having promoted the honour and happiness of your humble petitioner; use your exalted station, and condescend to solicit his Majesty's grace in my behalf for the honourable conferment of the most noble order of the Guelphs. Believe me, you intercede for one who is not unworthy; and, upon reference to Sir James M'Gregor, the Director-General of the Army Medical Department, you will, if you think proper, receive testimonies which will be too flattering to be even touched by myself.

"Entreating you most humbly to accomplish the only and last request I have in this world, I trust to your kindness and to the benevolence of your noble mind that you will please to excuse my having thus interrupted your precious time, and to permit me to subscribe, with profound respect, dear baronet,

"Your most humble and much obliged servant,

"JNO. T******, M.D."

"Admiralty, 19th July, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—On consulting privately with the Lord Provost of Edinburgh as to the time when his Majesty's donation of five hundred pounds towards building the new High School might be announced with the greatest effect and

utility as to other contributors, he wished it to be postponed for the present, and until the call for other subscriptions may have become less urgent. I presume they will not now wish it to be brought forward before October or November, and in the mean time it is deposited in the Bank of Scotland on my account; and there will be a small allowance of interest from the bank, which I shall put into the Lord Provost's hands on the same account, but in some other name.

"I have had a visit to-day from Sir David Scott. It would be desirable if the letter which you mentioned could be written now.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, your very faithful servant, "MELVILLE."

"To Sir W. Knighton, Bart."

"Sackville Street, Friday, 3d Nov. 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I believe it is a point of duty for his Majesty's servants, when they receive any high distinction from a foreign power or nation, to make it known to his Majesty. I beg you, therefore, to do me the honour of acquainting his Majesty that I have a letter from Paris this morning to inform me, that Monday last I was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. I had as competitors six of the principal physicians of Europe, but was elected by a majority of two-thirds,—the division being 28 on 42.

"You will naturally enough allege that vanity has some share in this communication, as well as duty. I admit it; for it is considered as the high-

est distinction which a professional man can meet with, and what few of our countrymen have obtained.

"Believe me ever, with high regard, dear Sir William, your very faithful and obedient servant,

"GIL. BLANE.

"P.S.—I think it will not be unpleasing to his Majesty to learn also, that my youngest son, for whom his Majesty was instrumental in procuring his first commission in the Grenadier Guards, has lately been appointed major in the 95th regiment, serving in Malta under my particular friend Lord Hastings, and that he has made a great character for talent by his survey of the island of Zante, while captain of the 90th, stationed there."

"F. O. Nov. 11, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Sir Walter Scott is returned to England, as I learn from a note of Mr. Croker's, inviting me to meet Sir Walter at dinner next Friday.

"Is it possible that Sir Walter may take that opportunity of speaking to me about his son? If so, would it not be advisable that I should be apprised of his Majesty's gracious interest in the young man's favour beforehand?

"I will, of course, make a point of finding the means to do what his Majesty wishes. But although Sir Walter Scott and I are old friends, and though his reputation and his misfortunes entitle him to every possible attention, as a member of the government I shall be glad to have the pro-

tection of the King's commands in doing an act of kindness by Malachi Malagrowther.

"Ever, my dear sir, most sincerely yours,

"GEO. CANNING."

CHAPTER XV.

Claims upon the bounty of the King made to Sir William Knighton.—Death of the Duke of York.—Sir William's visit to the royal Vault to select the spot for placing his remains.—Letter from the late Lord Vernon.—From Sir William to his family, on his recovery from indisposition.

THE well-known favour and condescending kindness of his Majesty, whilst it called forth the most devoted attachment of Sir William, was the means also of bringing him a great number of petitions from various quarters; and even his friends partook of the penalty of receiving solicitations to which it happened very rarely that there existed the power to accede. The following, from the late Mr. Northcote, may serve as a specimen.

"Argyll Place, June 3, 1827.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—As I find I am illumined by a ray of light of which you are the source, I am bound to make known to you the consequences of my supposed power, and therefore inform you that I am earnestly solicited to use my interest with you graciously to grant the following petitions, which, as I see they proceed from that most powerful of all qualifications to obtain advantages,

I submit to comply with the demands of imperial impudence, and make known to you my commissions from the following petitioners, trusting their fate to your judgment, and remain always,

"Dear Sir William, your most sincere friend, etc.

"JAMES NORTHCOTE.

"The Petitions of—

"First—Mr.——, who desires you to bestow upon him the place of Paymaster to the Poor Knights of Windsor.

"Mr.——, the author, prays you to make his brother one of the pensioners of the Charter-house!

"The Rev.—— —— desires you to make him Librarian to the King, or to give him one hundred pounds!

"Miss —— desires to be made one of the nuns of St. Catherine's, in the new buildings!

"My butcher desires you to make his son one of the scholars in Christ's Hospital!

"Miss —— desires the gift of twenty-five guineas!

"Other inferior petitions I shall not trouble you with at present."

The commencement of the year 1827 was marked by the lamented death of the Duke of York. A letter from Sir Henry Halford to Sir William, of the date of the 28th of December, speaks of the Duke's illness as likely to terminate his life in a few days. The Duke had made his will, and the letter says.

"He has taken the sacrament this morning. It was administered by the Bishop of London to his Royal Highness and to her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia, Sir H. Taylor, and myself, at the Duke's request.

"After it was over, (and he followed every word with the most profound attention and feeling,) he called us to him one by one, and squeezed our hands with the most expressive affection.

"The King came over yesterday, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing him for the last time."

In the following letter, addressed by Sir William to his eldest daughter, will be found an impressive description of a midnight visit to the vault beneath St. George's chapel at Windsor, where the remains of the royal family repose.

"Royal Lodge, 20th January, 1827.

"It may make you comfortable to know that I do not attend the funeral of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York; but I remain with his Majesty in the silence of his chamber.

"Two nights since, the King sent me to St. George's Chapel at Windsor, for the purpose of descending into the vault which contains the Royal Family who have died within these few years. One man preceded me down the ladder that leads to this gloomy abode, whilst another held the ladder above: the first man carried a lighted torch. We then traversed a subterraneous passage of about one hundred yards in length, at the end of which, looking to the east, was the coffin of

King George the Third, elevated a little on a block of marble; on one side, was the late Queen Charlotte; on the other, his Majesty's daughter the Princess Amelia; next to the Princess, Prince Edward, who died early; and on the other side of the Queen, another prince who died young. Then, by turning round, and looking in a different direction, on the right, in a niche, was the Princess Elizabeth, at whose birth I was present; in the next niche, the Princess Charlotte and her baby, her heart in an urn : next to the Princess Charlotte, the old Duchess of Brunswick, and farther on in the vault, the late Duke of Kent.

"The object of this melancholy and memorable visit was to fix on a desirable spot to place the remains of the Duke of York, that his Majesty might know, through my affectionate feelings to fulfil his wishes, that the Duke was placed in a situation to be as near the late King as possible.

"It is quite out of my power to describe to you the imposing and solemn situation in which I found myself,—in the dead of night, with a single torch in my hand, in the bowels of the earth, with my late King and Queen and their dead family, all of whom I believed had at that moment a spiritual existence. I felt as if the Almighty was present, and almost imagined that the spirits of the departed were also before me. I never shall forget this visit!

"I remained in the vault above a quarter of an hour. The hour at which I now write is four o'clock; the minute-guns are firing. The re-

mains of the Duke of York will reach Windsor about eight. I am obliged to write in a great hurry.

"Yours ever, etc. "W. K."

The next letter is from the late Lord Vernon, an early and steady friend of Sir William, and a man of most extensive benevolence and of high religious principles.

"St. Clare, Ryde, 1st February, 1827.

"My dear Friend,—Many thanks for the kind caution relative to my health contained in your letter of the 12th. I can only assure you that I am prudence itself, compared with what I used to be. They say every man is a fool or a physician at forty; and I think I may lay some claim to the latter appellation with respect to myself. As to the former I will say nothing; but I feel persuaded that the first step towards becoming a wise man, (if such a character may be said to exist,) is for a man to consider himself a fool, and as knowing nothing.

"We rejoice to hear of D—'s being affianced to S——, with your full consent and approbation. There cannot be a more amiable or excellent young man; and we trust every happiness may be the result of their union.

"That magnificent ship the Asia, going out with Sir E. Codrington's flag to the Mediterranean, has just passed our windows; and the thought of so many who are leaving their country for such a length of time, and in such a number,—so many

that are taking their last farewell of it,—cannot fail to produce serious reflections. This is one scene of the great drama adverted to in your letter, passing on until we pass into eternity, which has somewhere been beautifully described as the lifetime of the Almighty! (1)

"Let us strive with all our hearts, with all our souls, and with all our strength, to secure that spiritual existence in His presence of which you speak. If we fail in gaining that, it were good for us that we had not been born.

"The mystery of iniquity is working strongly in the world, and I can see its development more and more every day. Popery is struggling for its very existence; Mahommedism is drawing nearer and nearer to its downfall, and cannot be propped up by human means, or be made to attain any renovated power to answer the political ends of Christian government. Meantime, the tremendous and frightful vision of infidelity becomes more apparent every day, the strength of which, lamentable to think, arises from corrupted Christianity. But all things are, as I believe, however incomprehensible and mysterious it may seem, working together for ultimate good; and brighter and better days are even upon this earth promised to us in Scripture.

"Ever affectionately yours, "V."

It seems probable that about this period the

(1) This definition, it is said, was given by a pupil at the Deaf and Dumb School at Paris.

symptoms of Sir William's last fatal disease began to manifest themselves in occasional embarrassment of health; and in the months of February and March he had a severe and alarming illness at the Pavilion. The next letter is dated from thence.

"March 7, 1827.

"I thank God that I am gaining ground. The King left the Pavilion this afternoon for Windsor, and I still hold my intention of being with you to-morrow (Thursday) about a quarter before five. I am told the air is raw and cold to-day: —I shall be particularly careful to wrap up well. You will find me much improved in looks, compared to what I was even three days ago. My sleep is returning, which I attribute much to some hot bread and milk which I take every night. I am doing all I can to recover my health.

"I am very sorry for poor Lacroix: it was a pretty little girl, and the only daughter, I believe.

"What you have been told relative to the Jesuits, I am satisfied is perfectly true. The state of the world is very unsettled; but the ways of God are quite inscrutable to our poor understandings. When I look at the arguments on the Roman Catholic Question in the House of Commons, the wonder that strikes one is the lightness with which it is argued. Ridicule and flippancy of language, to excite a vulgar or irreligious laugh, seem to be considered sufficient for the most awful purposes.

"I have not seen the King so well for some

time. His Majesty asked me yesterday how I had contrived to keep the knowledge of my alarming illness from you. I said that when at the worst I had contrived to write you a few lines daily.

"He seemed astonished that I could have done so. Thanks be to God, it is, I hope, now quite over.

"Yours, etc., "W. K."

CHAPTER XVI.

Sir William Knighton's dangerous relapse—Interest taken by the King in his recovery.—Letter to his Daughter.—Letters from Mr. Canning and Lord (then Mr.) Brougham.—Letter from the King, stating his own infirmities.—From Mr. Stapleton on Mr. Canning's illness.—From Basil Montagu, Esq.; Sir Walter Scott; the Duke of Clarence, etc.

SIR WILLIAM'S return to town was followed by a most dangerous relapse: he was long confined to his bed. During this illness his sick-chamber was visited by some of the most distinguished persons: amongst these was the late Earl of Liverpool, then at the head of the government. He passed an hour by Sir William's bedside only one day previously to his own fatal attack. Sir William had the most exalted opinion of his lordship.

The interruption in the duties of his situation with the King was much felt by his Majesty, as is evidenced by the following letter.

"DEAR FRIEND,—For God's sake, for all our sakes, pray, pray take care of yourself, and do not think, upon any account, of stirring until to-morrow morning. It is true, I am jaded and quite worn out, and writing from my bed, where I have laid down for a little rest; but to-morrow will be quite time enough. Little or no advance, I regret to say, has as yet been made amidst, perhaps, almost unravelable perplexities.

"Yours affectionately, "G. R."

"St. James's Palace, Friday April 6, 1827."

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

"Sunday night, Hanover Square.

"I think I owe you a letter: it is a great happiness to me to write to you, for you are one of my principal comforts. I came to town last night, and although my evenings are lonely and silent, yet I so employ myself, that, like every thing connected with time, they pass quickly away. I have scarcely been well since I left Hampshire; I have had continued colds, in consequence of which I have experienced what I consider an embarrassment about the heart: however, they say it is no such thing, and amongst the number is Sir Henry Halford, which, as far as it goes, is satisfactory. I am better to-day: after church, I walked out to see Wilkie, which has done me good. I cannot sit down to talk with common minds: it is a misfortune,—almost a vice; but, whatever the fault may be, I cannot help it. I have never cultivated the feeling; it was born with me. I remember, when a child, putting on my poor mother's white apron,

and getting upon a chair to harangue the country domestics, because I thought I could improve them. This must have been at six years of age; so you see the early principle. Who fixed it there? I did not!

"My little drawing-room looks comfortable and companionable from my pictures. Every little specimen is a little history to me, and becomes a tale of time past. Ah! that quick passage of days leads rapidly to the grave. What then? What we must all hope for!—something better. I have been reading to-night St. Paul's narrative, which I had in my hand for the morning portion of Scripture when at Blendworth. I have been much struck at his worldly management throughout the whole of that business which led to his journey and residence at Rome. Common sense is evident throughout; and that sense separates itself in a remarkable manner from his spiritual conduct. Remark how admirably he contrives the distinction in all his conduct, words, and actions; taking the world as it was for the circumstances of the moment, and the great and momentous future results. This separation of conduct in relation to the words used is truly marvellous. One of the great points to be observed in life is to go so far, and no farther,—to stop at the right moment; in short, to be cautious of errors, and shun extremes.

"This little note is written in a hand-gallop, as the thoughts will plainly evince. I shall have a busy day to-morrow: so good-night, dearest. Believe how much I love you. "W. K."

The following letter from Mr. Canning, was written at a time when his constitution was yielding to the fatigue and anxieties of his public life.

FROM MR. CANNING.

"F. O. March 3, 1827.

"My dear Sir,—The only ill effect of my attendance in the House of Commons on Thursday was a sleepless night; a grievance which I do not remember ever to have experienced to the same degree before. I was not feverish; I was not exhausted; I was not even tired;—and I can generally get to sleep, putting aside whatever is upon my mind, but Thursday night I could not. I felt as if every limb, from top to toe, was alive, like an eel; and I lay all night, not tossing or tumbling, but as broad awake as if it were midday. The consequence was, that I kept quietly at home (by Holland's advice) all yesterday, and did not go to the House of Commons, for which reason I have not written to his Majesty; perhaps you will have the kindness to explain why. There was indeed nothing to report, except the second reading of the Duke of Clarence's Bill, by a majority of 128 to 39, almost without debate. All the rest of the sitting was occupied with petitions. Here is Lushington's report of it.

"I am quite well this morning, having (by order) dined more liberally yesterday, and drunk a little wine, and afterwards slept like a top from eleven to seven. I rejoice in your good accounts

of his Majesty, and am greatly relieved by what you say of yourself.

"Ever most sincerely yours,

"GEORGE CANNING."

Sir William had for many years been on very friendly terms with Lord and Lady Brougham. Among the letters addressed to him by his lordship, (then Mr. Brougham,) the following is found, expressive of the writer's zeal for the improvement of the lower classes of society.

FROM LORD BROUGHAM.

"York, April 4, 1827.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—There is a matter to which I am desirous of drawing your particular attention, because I really believe it to be most important to the interests of the country, and also that it may be made conducive to the honour and popularity of those whose interests you naturally have much at heart.

"You are, perhaps, aware that a society has lately been formed for promoting the diffusion of solid and useful knowledge among all classes, as well the high who have not much application, and have neglected the acquirement of science when young, and when those things were less in vogue, as the lower classes who have much time or means for improving their minds. I am joined in this plan by a great list of men full of the like zeal, and who, without any distinction of sect or party, are resolved to work with me in this voca-

tion till we make science really popular and familiar to all classes of the community. Our first discourse, recommending science generally, is out; and the first of a series of treatises on all subjects of knowledge is out also. Before this reaches you a second may be nearly out, for we publish once a fortnight. I have directed them to be sent to you in your capacity of a man of science, and I solicit your attention to them in that capacity. But I also beg of you to consider whether there would not be a manifest fitness and grace in the King patronising this great and good design. I have abstained from being mentioned as founder of the institution, or as chairman of its managing committee, because, from the place I hold in Parliament, it might give the whole a party air most foreign to our design. For the same reason, you have no occasion to drop the least hint, should you ever have an opportunity of turning his Majesty's attention towards it, that I have anything to do with it. But I see no reason why one of the cleverest and quickest, and most accomplished men in the country, merely because he is at the head of it, should not look at our works, which he would comprehend and relish, I am sure, as thoroughly as any one in his dominions; and still less can I discover why, in his station, the display of good will towards a plan for improving his people should not be both politic and gracious. You know these matters better; but I wish you to turn them over in your mind. Our lists of members and regulations are an-

nexed to the preliminary treatise. Believe me very truly yours, "H. BROUGHAM."

The ensuing passage in one of his Majesty's letters presents a melancholy picture of the bodily infirmity of George IV. during the summer of 1827.

"Royal Lodge, June 18, 1827.

"As to myself, I am pretty well bodily; but I have little or no use of my poor limbs, for I can neither walk up nor down stairs, and am obliged to be carried, and in general to be wheeled about everywhere; for my powers of walking, and even of crawling about with crutches, or with the aid of a strong stick, are not in the smallest respect improved since you last saw me,—at the same time that my knees, legs, ankles, and feet swell more formidably and terribly than ever. This, I am sure you will agree with me, ought now to be seriously attended to without delay by some plan devised and steadily acted upon, in order to stop the further progress, and to remedy it effectually and finally; for, there is no question, it is an increasing and progressive evil, (at least so I fear,) unless steps be found, and that speedily too, of averting it.

"You must now have had enough of my epistolary quality; I shall therefore, dear friend, hasten to a conclusion, with the assurance that I am always your sincere and affectionate friend,

"G. R."

"Royal Lodge, 5th Dec. 1827.

"I write by a messenger going to town to say, there can be no hesitation respecting Dora's coming to town.

"I made the King laugh heartily a few minutes since at your anxiety lest his Majesty and I had quarrelled. You do not know the newspaper tricks. That paragraph was manufactured for the purposes of mischief. All this is political.—No, no; there is nothing wrong here. His Majesty and myself were never on more happy terms of feeling: it is this knowledge that produces public abuse. I hope with my own peculiar intellect I need not fear a change; I have nothing to apprehend, but my health and the eternal wear and tear that my frame undergoes from my great exertions. The King was very kind towards you, and said, 'Poor little soul! I suppose she is in a fine fuss!'

"Kiss my dear children.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

Among Sir William's correspondence in 1827 have been found the following letters:—

"Brighton. Feb. 13, 1827, eleven A.M.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Canning heard last night, with the most unfeigned regret and sorrow, that you had been suffering from a sharp attack of illness. He desires me to tell you that he awaits with the greatest anxiety a better report of you to-day.

"I did not write to you yesterday,—first, because I knew we should send up a messenger this morning; and next, because I could not have given you a very satisfactory report of Mr. C.'s health, as he suffered a good deal of pain through the whole of yesterday,—not so much in a paroxysm lasting for six hours, and then leaving nothing but soreness behind, as in occasional fits lasting a short time, and constantly returning; and lastly, because I hoped that I should be able to give you a more favourable report to-day.

"My hopes are not disappointed. The vapour-bath into which he went last night has given him a good night, and has prevented the return of the paroxysm. He is decidedly in every respect better this morning; still, however, he must be kept very quiet for the next two or three days.

"I sincerely hope that you, my dear sir, will soon be restored to health; and you may be assured no one is more anxious for your speedy recovery than Mr. Canning.

"Believe me always, my dear sir,

"Yours very sincerely and faithfully,

"A. G. STAPLETON."

"F. O. Thursday, March 1, 1827,
quarter past ten P.M.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad to tell you, not only that the debate this evening on corn has gone off in the most satisfactory manner, but that Mr. Canning, with the exception of a little fatigue, is not the worse for his exertions. The House was

very full, and, except a few of the most violent, all seemed satisfied. I enclose you a letter which M. Canning has just this instant received from Mr. Lushington.

"Mr. Canning desires me to say, that he heard such an account of you the morning he left Brighton, that he is excessively anxious to know how you are: and he begs that if you are not well enough yourself to write a line, you will ask Sir M. Tierney to do so.

"Believe me always, my dear sir,

"Very sincerely and faithfully yours,

"A. G. STAPLETON."

"25, Bedford Square, April 20, 1827.

"DEAR SIR,—Some years ago, the King, when at H——, condescended most kindly to say, 'Basil, come to me at Carlton House whenever I can serve you;' and to my father, by whom I was standing, his Majesty was pleased to add, 'Remember, Lord S*******, what I have said to Basil.' To this kind and most flattering notice I am indebted for all my success in life. I was encouraged to engage in the profession of the law, in which, through great difficulties, by unremitted industry I have risen to happiness and honour.

"'Tis my nature not to trespass upon kindness. I have always thought that I was indebted to his Majesty's gracious notice of me, when at H——, for qualities that were inlaid rather than embossed. I have never presumed upon his Majesty's goodness, but am anxious at this moment to assure the

King how happy I should be to serve his Majesty.

"Unacquainted with the proper mode of addressing his Majesty, will you permit me to solicit a few moments' conversation with you, at any time that you may have the goodness to appoint?

"I am, my dear sir,

"Your very faithful and obliged

"B**** U******."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart etc."

"44, Gower Place, June 11, 1827.

"My dear Sir,—Mr. Northcote mentioned to you at my desire, a few days ago, the question of a brother of mine wholly unprovided for, and whom I was anxious to get enlisted among the Poor Brothers at the Charter-house.

"I owe you a thousand apologies for having obtruded a concern of mine on your notice; and nothing could have encouraged me to do so but the singular kindness with which you met me a few weeks ago at Mr. Northcote's house.

"My faither, who died in the year 1772, left eight children. There are three of us now surviving,—myself, a brother, who lives on a small competence as a farmer in his native county of Norfolk, and the individual in whose behalf I am desirous to interest you.

"My own situation is, perhaps, not unknown to you. Finding my resources as an author not fully competent to the demands for which I was most immediately bound to provide, I engaged in a trading concern as a bookseller in the year

1806. Two years ago, I became a bankrupt. In the meantime, however, I was enabled to bring forward my children; and, they being provided for, I trust I shall not stand in need of the assistance of others to enable me to pass the remainder of my days in peace.

"My brother, the farmer, is in somewhat a confined way of business, and has seven children. His means, however, are equal to his wishes: he can support his family, but he can do no more.

"Our only concern, therefore, is in relation to this brother whom Mr. Northcote mentioned to you. He was bred to the sea, being apprenticed to an eminent proprietor of trading vessels at Yarmouth. Since he left the sea, he has been engaged in trade, and has assisted or conducted a retail business in a small way, till now that he is on the eve of sixty years of age. He is a man of no brilliant faculties, but of uncommonly sound sense, and of an integrity and justness of principle that have never been exceeded. He is, however, wholly unacquainted with the artifices and intricacies of populous life, and no more qualified to fight his way in the bustle of a commercial world than Lieutenant Hatchway in Smollett's novel.

"You see, therefore, at once, my dear Sir, how we are situated. He is unable to help himself—he is arrived at a premature old age; and neither I, nor my brother the farmer, are in circumstances to help him. The little means that he at different times possessed are gone, and he is with-

out a shilling. If I could foresee the probability of his being provided for in a short time in the way I mentioned to Mr. Northcote, I would cheerfully subject myself to any privations to try to fill up the interval.

"It is the happy combination of your liberal and obliging disposition with the circumstances of your intimacy with the generous prince who now fills the throne, that encourages me to hope that I shall not be disappointed in the desire I have conceived of obtaining your effectual aid in the situation I have taken the liberty to lay before you.

"I know not whether I ought as yet to add my brother's description, which, if the matter should be taken up by you and perfected, might become necessary. It is, 'Nathaniel Godwin, born February, 1768, a bachelor.'

"I am, my dear Sir, with great respect, very faithfully yours, "WILLIAM GODWIN."

"No. 44, Gower Place, Bedford Square,
July 5, 1827, Thursday.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Calling accidentally yesterday evening at Mr. Northcote's, I received the unexpected and gratifying intelligence that you had secured for me the object respecting which I had taken the liberty to apply to you by my letter of the 11th of June. Mr. Northcote said you had written to that effect either to me or my brother; but no letter has reached us.

"Have the goodness to excuse my requesting

that you would do me the favour to remedy this defect, as, till that is done, I apprehend your kind interference will remain unavailing. If a letter addressed to my brother Nathaniel is the proper mode, have the goodness to forward it to my residence.

"Allow me to embrace this opportunity of expressing the strong feeling I entertain of your generous interference, in return for an application I scarcely considered myself authorised to make. It will have the effect of smoothing the latter days of a most worthy individual, and of relieving me from an embarrassment I felt myself unable to encounter.

"I have the honour to be, with the sincerest respect, my dear Sir, your most obliged and obedient Servant, "WILLIAM GODWIN."

"Edinburgh, 15th Nov. 1727.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I am sure your continued goodness will excuse my interrupting your much more interesting and important affairs, by asking your advice on a matter of so much importance to myself as that which regards my son Charles, whom your kindness has allowed me to consider as in some degree under your protection. I am quite aware that the melancholy death of Mr. Canning must have interrupted the views you held out of his being established in his office, and that it is very possible that you may not at this moment desire to be troubled on a subject of such little importance. But I know you will not be displeased with me for stating his present condition,

and requesting your advice how I should dispose of the young man until your good intentions in his favour can be conveniently carried into execution.

"He has now finished his academical course, by taking, with good credit, his degree as Bachelor of Arts; and I now think of having him here with me during the winter, with a view of his prosecuting the study of foreign languages, necessarily neglected at college, and of general history. But I owe it to your goodness to desire the advantage of your advice on the subject.

"This young man is the nearest object to my heart. He is of an excellent disposition, clever and steady, well-informed, and of a good person and address; so that I have every reason to hope he will be no disgrace to any who may take interest in him. He has always been in good society; and his political feelings, like those of all his family, and with a deep sense of unmerited favours conferred on his father, are marked by the deepest attachment to his Majesty's person and service. My eldest son (captain 15th Hussars) is well provided for, according to our moderate ideas; so that this matter in which you have so kindly interested yourself is what I have to be most anxious about on the score of my family. Lockhart's talents and activity give me a reasonable prospect of his success in the world. At any time he can be useful, he may be most safely trusted.

"I see with great pleasure that his Majesty en-

joys good health: when you can with propriety place my most respectful duty at his feet, you will greatly oblige

"Dear Sir William, your much obliged and faithful humble servant, "WALTER SCOTT.

"Sir William Knighton, Bart. etc."

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, Nov. 29, 1827,
"late in the evening.

"DEAR SIR,—I am just returned from the merriest and most agreeable gale of wind I ever met with; though for the present it has prevented my reaching Plymouth, to which I shall go by land in the first week of January.

"If I returned in good humour, how much pleased I must be with your letter announcing his Majesty's munificent intentions towards his Scottish subjects! I have so sincere and affectionate a regard for the King as my sovereign and as my brother, that, whether publicly or privately he does that which is right, I rejoice from the bottom of my heart. The advantages of this truly happy country are so numerous and great, I cannot number them; and amongst the many are the three nations that compose our home dominions. There is in some a prejudice against the Scotch; yet their national qualities are so sterling, that the Monarch of this empire must ever do well in giving them a large place in his esteem. I shall now conclude by saying, God bless George the Fourth and yourself! and I ever remain, dear sir,

"Yours truly, "WILLIAM."

"Stanley Grove, Chelsea, Dec. 22, 1827.

"My dear Sir William,—Although I have not had the pleasure of seeing you for some years, I hope you will allow me to trouble you for a few minutes on a subject of some little consequence.

"Two or three years ago, Lord Farnborough spoke to his Majesty on the subject of a subscription for a monument to the late sculptor Canova at Venice. The subscription was set about, and the monument has since been erected by Count Cicognara, director of the Museum of that city, and an intimate friend of Canova.

"Cicognara, with whom I was then in correspondence, often expressed to me his ardent hope that his Majesty would allow his name to be added to those of all the other sovereigns of Europe, as subscribers to this monument; and I was assured by Lord Farnborough that his Majesty had expressed his intention of giving the sum of two hundred pounds towards this object. But when I addressed him lately on the subject, he told me that his Majesty had referred it to the Duke of Devonshire; and on Prince Cimitelli, a friend of Cicognara applying to the Duke, he understood from his Grace that it rested with Lord Farnborough.

"In this dilemma, and urged very strongly by Cicognara, who has completed the monument, for which he is considerably in advance, and who only waits his Majesty's decision to print the list of subscribers, I have ventured to write to you, in the hope that you will have it in your power to

enable me to mention to Cicognara in what manner and when he may expect to receive this gracious proof of the kind interest which his Majesty has always taken in the memory of the most distinguished sculptor of his age, as he was one of the most amiable of men.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir William,
"Yours very sincerely,
"H. B. HAMILTON."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart, etc."

In Sir William's letters to different members of his family, inserted here and in other parts of these volumes, it will be seen that neither the numerous cares, nor the brilliance of his situation, could diminish his anxiety for the moral culture and general welfare of his children.

"I wrote dearest M. a line early this morning, after which I was obliged to go to bed, where I have been all day; but I am now just up, and feel, I thank God, a good deal better, although rather *shaky* after my discipline.

"I still hope to see you on Thursday morning, and to be with you several days, and that the weather may admit of our daily riding together. If we cannot ride, we will walk and read, and I hope we shall be happy. Tell your dear mother she need not be uneasy about me, as I dare say I shall be quite well on Thursday.

"Dear W. was not in bad spirits; but he was much annoyed at being turned down in his class. I encouraged him all I could, and he seemed

much happier. I am rejoiced his holidays begin on the 6th of May, or thereabouts : a month's comfort will do him good. —— has just given him an old sword, with which he is delighted. It is gratifying when the little things of life give an impulse to happiness, for the greater concerns of it can give none. The mind that has the power and the opportunity of looking at life upon an extensive scale, will be glad to turn from it, and look at home-scenes, my beloved, for happiness and comfort : if he should not find it there, the whole necessarily becomes a blank.

" Friday morning.—I am better. I got from my bed this morning and rode nine miles. I still hope to be with you on Thursday morning, but not to breakfast. I find I must come back here on Wednesday night. God bless you!

" Yours. etc. " W. K."

TO THE SAME.

" Royal Lodge, Jan. 11, 1828.

" Two letters following to you, and not one line to your dear mother or William, etc.; but I am anxious to thank you for your reply of this morning, which is very agreeable to my feelings, because it unfolds a reciprocity of affection that makes life not only worth its pains and perils, but gives an impulse which is most refreshing to my mind.

" True religion is very much connected with purity of feeling. This can never exist where the bosom is a stranger to love and affection. Tell

dear M. I will write her to-morrow. We have plenty of work upon our hands at this moment.

"I have been six hours in my chair without stirring; so that your mother would say twice what she did once at Blendworth! 'What! still writing, Sir William?'

"Love, etc. "W. K."

TO HIS SON.

"Hanover Square, 18th Jan., 1828.

"I have, as you may suppose, little time to write; yet I cannot avoid acknowledging your letter.

"I desired Mr. —— to write to you, and to say what he thought of your writing and style altogether. As much of this acquirement is purely mechanical, he is perhaps as good a judge as I am upon some points. I know well from experience the great importance of attending to little things; and the reason is obvious: the little things are constantly called for.

"This is perhaps the most eventful period of your life, because the mind will soon begin to be, if not subservient, yet guided and directed by the habits of the body. The corporeal influence is wonderful: the rule of conduct therefore is to make the body bend to the mind. This can only be accomplished by directing all the energies of the mind to high and useful purposes; making the regulation of your life, as far as possible, in accordance with and under the influence of the Christian scheme of morality. Do this, and all will go right. The difficulties of existence are by

this means, wonderfully diminished. If you never get drunk, your mind and body are spared from the most offensive inconveniences. If you lie not, the mortifications of conscience in opposition to truth will never assail you. If you cherish high, undeviating principle, you never can suffer from the penalties of a mean, low, grovelling spirit. If you cherish pure, unsullied virtue, the countenance will remain free, frank, and open,—nothing to hide, and nothing to mask, by expression, the uneasiness within.

"Adieu! Your very attached and affectionate

"W. K."

TO THE SAME.

"London, Jan. 21, 1828.

"I think you had better come up on the 23rd, as that will give you two days to get what you want.

"Your mother suggested an allowance previously to your going to Oxford. This I object to, because I wish all your responsibility to begin at the same point of time. When at Oxford, whatever M. C. decides for his son you shall have. This I shall do most cheerfully; and I shall be ready, so long as you continue to me what you are at present, to abridge my own wants that yours may be comfortably supplied.

"It is likely that a good deal will be said against me by the press, and perhaps by insinuation in Parliament. Do not believe anything to my dishonour; I shall do nothing to disgrace the name you

have from me. I only belong to the King,—I have nothing to do either with the faults or virtues of others; but I cannot expect to escape the dirt that must be thrown during the contention of political strife.

"My best love to those around you. I am so occupied, I can only write to you to-day.

"Ever yours, "W. K."

CHAPTER XVII.

Letters from the Duke of Clarence and Lord Bexley.—Extract from Sir William's Journal of his route to Rotterdam.—Letter from the Earl of Aberdeen.—Letters from Sir William to his Family.

THE following are among the letters received by Sir William in the commencement of the year 1828.

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Admiralty, Jan. 7, 1828. 6 P. M.

"DEAR SIR,—I have this instant received yours of this morning, and you may rest assured not a living soul shall know a word of what you have written or may write to me respecting my brother, who is dearer to me than the whole world, both on public and private grounds. I am confident you write the truth, and therefore, though his Majesty is uncomfortable, I trust in God this attack will go off without any unpleasant symptom, and shortly. I shall be of course anxious to hear to-morrow, and the shorter the better, I hope, as I

shall then be sure the King is going on as we both wish him.

"Adieu till to-morrow; and

"Ever believe me, dear sir, yours unalterably,

"WILLIAM."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart., etc."

"Foot's Cray Place, Feb. 1, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I have just been favoured with your letter of the 30th ultimo, announcing his Majesty's gracious intention to become the patron of the Episcopal Floating Chapel, and to bestow a donation towards its support. I shall immediately communicate his Majesty's gracious pleasure to the society, and, as one of its members, I beg leave to offer my humble and grateful acknowledgments to his Majesty for so distinguished an honour. Believe me, dear sir,

"With great regard, very sincerely yours,

"BEXLEY."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart., etc."

In a manuscript book, dated the 23rd of February, 1828, designated, "A Journal of my proceedings at Paris, and on route to Rotterdam," are found the ensuing passages.

"Had an interview with Lord ——. Some conversation passed as to the politics of the day: it was very easy to discover what his feelings were at the present state of things. The Turkish manifesto seemed to impress the ministers that war must be the result.

"27th. I left Paris at twelve for the purpose of visiting St. Cloud. The chateau is situated on an eminence (not very prominent) above the village of St. Cloud. The Dauphine was expected; but we had no difficulty of admission, except on the condition that we must immediately withdraw on the approach of her Royal Highness. The old porter, who took charge of us, had served Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, the Empress Marie Louise, and now finally Charles the Tenth.

"The rooms are like all French rooms that are fine; and yet the situation and the arrangement of the apartments, when constantly inhabited, convey an idea that there is more of comfort in this chateau than usually belongs to houses of grandeur.

"I was impatient to get to Buonaparte's room, which was a moderate-sized library, with a very large table in the middle. Upon this table, the old porter told us, Buonaparte fought his battles beforehand. He had it covered with maps of the countries that were to be the seat of war. Upon these maps were placed little figures resembling his army in miniature, and all the different positions were marked with pins or pegs; so that when he actually came upon the ground, there was nothing new to him. Under such circumstances, he was never taken by surprise. The portion of time necessary to be consumed in accomplishing the marches and counter-marches of the different corps was accurately calculated; the

provisions required and the facilities of the country through which the army might pass carefully noticed, for the purpose of getting supplies.

"Thus were Buonaparte's campaigns formed and fought in his library. The table at which he wrote still remained there; and the habit which he had of cutting and scratching on the table was exhibited by marks of his knife.

"What a train of associations filled one's mind in contemplating the wonderful exploits of this remarkable man! How completely the mind in a moment passes to eternity under the influence of these feelings, that tell the story so strikingly as to the vanity and insignificance of this life—one wretched bit of clay, with trick, stratagem, and force, managing another wretched piece which may happen to be placed in collision with his own intentions, whether for good or evil.

"We saw what is now an orangery, where Buonaparte dismissed the members of the National Convention. They all left the hall frightened and amazed at the intrepidity of this soldier of fortune.

"We next came to his bed-room: in that apartment Blucher afterwards slept, who went to his bed with his boots on, resembling more a savage than anything civilised.

"Eight hundred soldiers were quartered in this chateau at the time the armies occupied Paris and the neighbourhood.

"The old porter told us that Buonaparte's habit was never to remain more than twenty mi-

nutes, or a half-hour at most, at dinner. He generally ate soup with vermicelli, drank very little wine, and always *vin de Chambertin;* and when he was at a distance from Paris, fifteen or twenty bottles of this wine were sent off daily by the diligence for his use. His dinner consisted of various little things, but he had no particular favourite dish. His great beverage was coffee, and his indulgence quantities of snuff. I have often known both these stimuli of use where the mind is so constituted as to require bodily assistance, as it were, in consequence of that eternal call for excitement that is going on within. I have very little doubt but the disorganised texture of Buonaparte's stomach had been gradually influencing his temper for years; and when the violent passions in the form of irritability began to assail him, then it was that the change of texture began. Such is the influence of matter over mind, and *vice versa*.

"There is in one of the rooms of this chateau a picture by Raphael well worthy of notice. The subject of the picture is the painter himself pointing out to the Pope Leo X. a picture of a Holy Family upon which he was then employed. The beautiful appearance of Raphael, then a young man, contrasted with the fine head of the Pope, produces a magnificent effect.

"We passed on to the bed-room that was once Josephine's, and thence to the long gallery. In this the marks still remain where the posts were let into the floor that separated Buonaparte and Marie Louise in this gallery from the rest of the

company when the marriage was first consecrated: they were afterwards again married in the chapel. The chapel in this chateau is cold and comfortless. Buonaparte was very particular in attending high mass, according to the account of the old porter.

"Friday, February 28th.—I visited for the first time Versailles. I was much struck with the magnificence of this palace: the gardens, the immense apparatus of water to form fountains and *jets d'eau*, etc., excite one's wonder; but it is not a pleasing surprise, inasmuch as you regret the squandering such immense sums without any useful object. In the first instance, it might have been partially useful by engaging public attention,—for the French cannot exist without the collateral aids of excitement. Many live throughout the week with limited sustenance to indulge in pleasures according to their fancy on the Sunday. The religious duties of the cathedral are soon performed, and then their Sunday is to them a complete day of jollity and pleasure. Everything is forgotten: all the old cares of calculation, how to get rich or how to avoid poverty, they pretend to leave to the English; it (happily for them) forms no part of the French character.

"Versailles is at present without furniture; everything was destroyed during the Revolution. To restore it has never been attempted, on account of the immense expense. There are pictures, but no good ones; and in passing through the faded magnificence of these rooms, so richly

ornamented with gold, and once the scene of such varied indulgence and sensuality, one cannot avoid thinking, with the deepest and most intense feelings, how little is to be prized in this transitory existence, and how completely all desire is put aside for the grandeur of this worthless world.

"We saw the room in which Louis the Fourteenth died: it was gloomy.

"To come to later days, our guide showed us the balcony on which Marie Antoinette presented the Dauphin at the time of the Revolution. The court-yard was filled with about five or six thousand of the lowest wretches. Two cannon would have cleared out this revolutionary horde, and probably secured the lives of those innocent victims, who afterwards perished, for a succession of years. But no one can contemplate the French Revolution with correct feelings, without looking to other than mere external causes. To the spirit of evil then abounding on earth can only be ascribed those visitations which have from time to time desolated Europe."

It was on the eve of this absence that Sir William received the following note from the Earl of Aberdeen, who was then the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. It bears a gratifying testimony to the ability which had been exerted by him in the concerns of that department belonging to his Majesty.

"Argyll House, Feb. 18, 1828.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I shall endeavour to delay any Council until your return; for I should

be very sorry, unless the business should be pressing, to hold one without you.

"Your management of the affairs of the Duchy has been so admirable, that I should scarcely feel safe if anything of importance were to be decided upon without your assistance.

"Yours ever truly, "ABERDEEN."

About this time a letter from Paris, dated February 29th, 1828, was received from Sir William.

"I had the pleasure to receive your letter this morning, and I was happy to find that you and the three dear children were well. I can speak with no satisfaction on what is passing in England. The conduct pursued on all sides seems to me most degrading. Accusation and folly are so united, that the multitude may well wonder at the little dignity that exists in those who govern or have governed. It will be a lesson of instruction respecting dear William. The lowest situation in life is to be preferred, if it can afford security against the evil of bad passions.

"In all that has been lately passing is to be traced that species of pride that is the most opposed to Christian morality, and the most detestable as relates to the pure qualities of social life. But I have done with it. My intellect, be it little or much, may in future remain in my own private possession, and no longer be lent or used for the mass that has been constantly at my heels.

"I trust in God that you and my dear children

will be kept in health. As to myself, I care little about it: I am quite worn out with care and anxiety. I have never had any peace or comfort, and never expect any. God bless you and my beloved children.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

In April Sir William was again occupied in an expedition to the Continent; and it is with regret that the Editor recurs to circumstances which, though arising from the political excitement of the time, are nevertheless of painful remembrance. It was during this period of Sir William's absence from England that a member of the House of Commons made an attack on his character, which seemed as a signal for further invective, which was put forth by one or more anonymous enemies in the public papers of the day. This unmerited illiberality, however, entirely failed in its object: it proved the means of bringing out testimonials most honourable to the conduct of Sir William from the highest and most distinguished quarters, and of establishing him still more firmly in the estimation of his sovereign and his friends.

But these insidious attempts to injure him, and the knowledge of the anxiety which they were causing his family, affected him deeply: an intense degree of sensibility was peculiar to his constitution, and his health suffered greatly from distress of mind, and the harassing duties in which by his situation he was unavoidably involved.

Sir William wrote the following letters to his family during this uncomfortable separation.

"Paris, Hôtel de la Paix, Monday, April 21 1828.

"I arrived here last night, and found comfortable apartments. It is impossible to say the degree of luxury this affords after a quick journey. The temperature of this climate is certainly very different, although within so short a distance from London. There is a thinness in the air that our island has not. The moment you enter France, and still more when you enter this place, every countenance bespeaks contentment. I do not use the word happiness, because it is so undefinable, that to use it is to convey a nugatory meaning. In short, the mysteries of the mind, as well as of the passions, who can unfold? It is easy to say that genius consists in some perfection of the senses, which, aided by experience and a knowledge of facts, give what is considered a superiority of intellect; but does this lead us to know what it is, or what it is not? No! Reflections of this sort become an antidote to the sorrows of the world, and teach you that the less collision you have with the lumps of clay of this life, the better. The Christian religion would be perfectly practicable outwardly, if you could live alone at the back of a mountain from the time you were first born; but sin and crime are two very different things. The one relates to a spiritual existence hereafter, and therefore is here little thought of; whereas crime means the breaking of laws formed by poor human nature, and you

will find men passing their whole lives in running after those who are guilty of a breach of any one of these laws, who at the same time are totally regardless of all that relates to sin, used in a spiritual sense. Here comes fine food for reflection!

"Kiss my dear children again and again.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

"Paris, April 23, 1828.

"It is not a little difficult, to a mind pure and unaccustomed to the deceptive intricacies of human conduct, to observe the crooked ways necessary to be pursued for the purpose of detecting fraud and villany. An honest mind shrinks from the machinery necessary to be blended with transactions of this nature; the conscience is under a constant alarm lest its motives, thus mixed with vice, should suffer a taint from the source of that corruption which it is its wish to counteract and destroy. It is truly remarkable, how quick all the perceptions of sense become in those whose daily occupations and habits are to trace out the crooked ways of dishonesty. There is nothing that escapes them; they produce trick for trick with a rapidity which is truly surprising."

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER.

"I left London with heavy, dull, and uncomfortable feelings, and was glad to have Mr. M. in the carriage to break my thoughts; but it was a different thing from having you and dear William. s I had that indulgence in my last journey, I felt

the want of it the more. There was less interest in the communication of thoughts and feelings.

"As we approached Canterbury, Mr. M. talked of his affection for his mother, whom he seemed tenderly to love. This answered to those affections I had so often felt; for the character of the parents answered to the description of each other; and when he left me, I had a melancholy pleasure in contemplating my early days, but the immediate moment was anything but satisfactory. This would have been thought very strange by those people who constantly assail one's character, from envy, hatred, and all the worthless detail of passions connected with uncharitableness.

"I have plenty of work on my hands here at present, and am not under the influence of the best spirits, considering the abuse one constantly has.

"Ever yours, "W. K."

TO MISS K.

"I have a few minutes before I go to bed, which I am happy to dedicate to you.

"For the first time for several days my head is free from pain, which is a great blessing, considering how much I am obliged to employ my brains.

"Your letters are always delightful to me: neither news nor domestic intelligence are necessary to interest me. Sentiments of feeling, affection and duty, and just thoughts, are worth all the gossip of local concerns that could possibly be

told. The true source of happiness must always be found within yourself, for if you are to depend upon others for the consolations of life, the dependance would make it so precarious, that the resource, under the most favourable circumstances, must often prove nugatory. I am delighted therefore to hear you say that time, during this necessary shutting up, has not been troublesome to you, and that the pleasure of reading has given you all you wish. This is peace and happiness. You may rely, my dearest child, that I will do all I can to contribute to it whilst I have my habitation in this world. God knows how long that may be; but my own thoughts dwell more under the influence of eternity than they have been accustomed to do.

"But to speak of this world and its concerns—I have not been able to see Lady Stepney since my return from Lincolnshire; I shall endeavour to do so to-morrow. The remains of your poor friend Sir Thomas Stepney do not proceed for Wales until Monday. This day week he brought your pretty book to Hanover Square; it seems to have been almost the last act of his life. I hope you will always deserve the high opinion he entertained of you, my beloved Dora. The great security of life is to guard yourself against evil example. It is of great consequence, therefore, in one sense, to retain the primitive virtues of our nature: among these are innocent simplicity of thought and conduct, for without these there can be no excellence as you advance in life.

"I shall miss my friend Sir Thomas very much; he was such a refuge to me. Belonging, as he did, to the old world of distant days, his intelligence and knowledge were highly useful. I consider his having liked me as a great compliment, because it must have resulted from comparing me with what he had known.

"Love, etc. to your mother.

"Ever yours, "W. K."

With the gentleman alluded to in the above letter, Sir William became acquainted during his attendance, as a physician, on a lady related to Sir Thomas by marriage. His medical practice, indeed, brought him into terms of intimacy with many of the most distinguished personages of his time; and Sir William used often to narrate the following anecdote of Lord Byron.

"I was Lord Byron's medical attendant for some time previously to his marriage. One morning, on making my accustomed visit, I found the table at which he was writing covered with printer's proof-sheets, scraps of manuscript verses, etc. On my being announced, he neither raised his head nor the *pencil* from the paper he was rapidly scribbling, but said, 'Be so kind as to take a book, and be silent for two minutes.' A longer time had scarcely elapsed, when he threw down the *pencil* with an air of satisfaction, exclaiming, 'I have done it at last!' He apologized for claiming a poet's indulgence, saying, that the last four lines of that stanza had given him more trouble

than the whole of the poem besides ; adding, 'The right words came into my head just as your carriage drove up.'

"His Lordship then rose, and, with a smile, said abruptly, 'Knighton, what do you think I am going to do? I am going to marry.' I replied, 'I am sorry to hear it, my Lord.' 'The d—l you are! and why should I not?' 'Because I do not think you are constituted to be happy in married life.' He looked grave, and after a pause said, 'I believe you are right; but the ladies think otherwise' (alluding to his sister, Mrs. L.) 'However, the die is cast; for I have presented myself in due form to the lady's papa. I had an amicable reception. The only personal question put to me was when I was mounting my horse: Sir Ralph called after me, 'Pray, my Lord, how do you pronounce your name? Birron or By-ron?' I replied, 'B Y, sir, spells *by*, all the world over.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Extracts from Sir William's Knighton's Journal of his tour to Paris.—Malmaison.—Napoleon and Josephine.

In the summer of 1828, Sir William visited Paris, and during his residence there kept a Journal, which is so peculiarly illustrative of his mind, and faculty of observation, as to deserve a place in this memoir.

"I left London at four o'clock, and proceeded

with my dear D— for Dover; the weather gloomy, my thoughts cheerless, for I had passed through a day of hurried occupation. I was, however, happy in the idea of a little intermission in the train of anxious attention.

"Arrived at Sittingbourne about nine; had our tea, and were glad to retire to our beds. We left this on the 4th of June for Dover. The morning was tempestuous, the clouds filled with rain.

"This was formerly a memorable day, being the one appointed for half a century for commemorating the birth of George the Third. During that space of time this day was always cheerful; habit made it acceptable to the English people, even had their affections not kept pace with the exterior demonstration.

"I was desirous that the day should have been pleasant as connected with weather, because I knew that it would gladden the feelings of my King and master, for to him Ascot and the race-course is an annual holiday. Such are the trifles which contribute to the happiness of life, even to the high as well as the low.

"We reached Dover and got into the steam-boat at two. It blew almost a hurricane. We were glad to land and find ourselves at the Hôtel de Bourbon, where all seemed tranquillity and kindness, which on the spur of the moment we were glad to entertain even as affection, such is the happiness of delusion.

"Left Calais at seven in the morning: dined at

Montreuil, and slept at Abbeville. I passed the day in reading the Duc de Rovigo's (Savary's) life of himself. It is written in a hard style and manner: hitherto I have seen no points that I wish to remember. He mentions the anecdote of Buonaparte first meeting with Madame de Staël. She asked Buonaparte who he thought the greatest woman. "Madame, she that has given to her country the greatest number of children;" a mortifying answer, but one which implied that women should confine themselves to that for which they were designed. Buonaparte intended no doubt to rebuke her presumption. To uphold the feeble and rebuke the proud is always useful.

"We left Abbeville at five in the morning, and journeyed on very satisfactorily throughout the day. Dearest D——, who is always amiable, endears herself more to me every hour by those attentions that so delightfully blend with parental affection.

"I read Helvetius's remarks on Rousseau's twaddle and reveries on education, the understanding and intellect of man, etc. Both Rousseau and Helvetius were entirely without christianity. The absence of the Divine creed renders all morality cold, wretched, nugatory, and uninteresting.

"There is a foolishness of conclusion in supposing that there can be any attempt at true morality without entwining your thoughts with the rules and commands of Jesus Christ. The reasoning adopted by man appears for a moment every

now and then specious; but reflection makes it fall to the ground.

"I have always been struck with this when studying the works of the ancient stoics, and equally so when viewing the conduct of that same specimen of mankind in modern times. The absence of true humility, charity, and benevolence to their neighbours, is observable in them all. Self-love always abounds. Their lives are regulated by prudence, which seems to shut out all the amiable virtues of social intercourse.

"Arrived at Paris about eight. I wrote to the ambassador, and waited upon him at twelve. I found he had tendered his resignation, in consequence of Lord D.'s retiring from office. I have often doubted the propriety of so entirely mixing up diplomacy with the ministry for the time being, because a change every now and then may materially embarrass the policy of the country. Of course the habits of intimacy that in time are acquired by two statesmen can in the first instance be merely official: the inconvenience, therefore, of this constant succession must be evident. Lord —— seems to regret the necessity of the measure; but that alarm connected with private and public character seems to put aside every other consideration. It is evident from this that fidelity to the sovereign goes for nothing. In short, the first magistracy in England can neither avail in protecting character, nor can it arrest the designs of popularity and ambition. Power in Parliament

is everything, and if combined with aristocracy of birth will do much.

"We dined at Very's. This is a place of the most agreeable description. You are freed from the care of your cook, your cellerman, and your attendant. You pay your money, and get all your wants supplied; and these supplies you have the power of suiting to your pocket, and any feelings of convenience.

"June 8th, Sunday.—This day we witnessed the procession in which Charles the Tenth walked bareheaded to his parish church with a candle in his hand. His Majesty followed the Host, which was borne by his own confessor, surrounded by his great officers of state. The Dauphin next followed with his candle, of course also bareheaded. Next came the Dauphine, without a candle, dressed in a beautiful blue embroidered silk, her train borne by her two ladies. Lastly followed the Duchesse de Berri, in a beautiful embroidered white satin: and there was a line of troops formed on each side of the procession, each musket having a nosegay on the top of the barrel. Of course the throng was immense.

"9th, Monday.—Dined at Véry's, in the Palais Royal. In walking round we met a man, very tall, thin and haggard, with a long beard. The expression of his countenance was painfully dejected. I was told that he had spent everything in the cause of the Bourbons; yet, now that they had returned to power, he was neglected and forgot-

ten: this hung so heavily on his mind, that he constantly appeared at the Palais Royal until every one became acquainted with his history, and by this means he had the power of relating in a short and effective manner the ingratitude of kings. So goes the story. It is probably true; for gratitude is not a commonly existing virtue in the minds of those born high in station. Early affluence seems often to put contemplation aside. Without this, the affections of the heart soon go to sleep; but one would have thought, in this instance, the perils and wretchedness of adversity might have taught royalty differently. I suspect there is often too much put down to duty.

"Our dinner was very agreeable. Our next neighbour was a French gentleman, worn out by age and the infirmities of dissipation; and though scarcely able to see, the same impulse of gallantry and imagination still existed, at least so we could judge by the conversation with his two female friends of a certain age, who seemed to be his great intimates.

"Above us was an English gentleman, with his wife and daughter, who were probably come for the purpose of seeing Paris. One could almost observe that this was the first time for many years that the shillings were spent without the most cautious prudence. The man had an honest but vulgar countenance. Their daughter, perhaps their only child, had been educated at a boarding school, and, I could perceive, had sufficient French to read the journal of the day. All their

movements implied soberness of thought, habit, and conduct. It was a strong national contrast to all passing around us.

"10th.—Bought some pictures of a French artist, a clever man. He passes his entire life in his painting-room. He has many of the characteristic traits of genius; such as self-love connected with fame, a satirical turn of thought, and, every now and then, of expression. He married at eighteen, and his wife is become old: he is forty-six. He told us of a delightful boy he had lost at the age of sixteen, and that he would give everything he had in the world to have him back. There was a pathos of expression and countenance when this was said that marked the genuine feelings of the heart. Such is the arbitrary sway of parental affection over every other passion! Is this instinct, habit, reflection, or the continual association of thought connected with that which we are bound from the cradle to protect?

"We went to the vale of Montmorency, a village situated about eight miles from Paris. The scenery is very picturesque: but the weather was so hot, that the fatigue was too great to make the excursion all we could wish:—it is curious to observe how very little contributes to make the Parisians cheerful and happy:—the great amusement at Montmorency is to ride through the woods upon a donkey. Considering the short distance from Paris, the transition is truly beautiful.

"Among the numerous things so striking at Paris are the great varieties of character one has

the opportunity of contemplating at the dinner-tables of the restaurateurs. On this day there was a man whose extraordinary habits struck us forcibly. I am satisfied he must have had some slight aberration of mind. He ate most voraciously, merely adding a little spoonful of wine to a large tumbler of water; but in eating plate after plate, he devoured the contents to the most minute bits. We began our dinner at the same time, and he was still eating when we left the room. There is a state of mind so thoroughly connected with the stomach, that this organ requires to be entirely filled before that principle begins which we call digestion, a process which seems to have the power of placing the understanding more in the ordinary state of nature. Of what wretched materials is man composed! Nothing worthy of existence but that indescribable essence which always responds to our conscience, and which, by being preserved and cultivated in purity here, free from the views of our gross nature, will enable us one day, as we hope, to rise again in a different state, to live without perishing, to sing the praises of our God and Saviour, without sin, in imitation of his divine purity.

"Monday, 23rd.—I was surprised to find, on opening my book this morning, that a week had passed without my writing one word in this journal. Such is the rapidity with which time passes, that unless the fleeting moment be watched from day to day, occurrences fly from the memory, and

what you desire to remember is never to be recalled.

"This has been a week of indisposition with me, arising from imprudence of diet, and every now and then also of thought. The weather has been excessively hot, and one has been tempted to drink large draughts of wine and water. Nothing is so bad for digestion as large quantities of fluids: nothing is so little thought of by us, in this respect, as our stomach; whereas it influences all our actions, and when disturbed, destroys their vigour. Never was there a truer saying than that the stomach is 'the body's conscience.' Many a battle has been lost or won through the influence of an indigestion. Buonaparte's disease of stomach had, no doubt, been coeval with his Russian campaign. At the battle of Moscow, if Segur's account is to be trusted, Buonaparte was no longer the same man he had been formerly. He was sitting on a bank for a considerable time during the engagement. The Russians were ostensibly driven from the field of action; but there was no energy left in him whose former habit was to follow up partial victory until he had made it complete.

"We this week visited Malmaison, once the happy abode of Josephine, if not of Buonaparte. Perhaps also, with him, after climbing the ladder, once on the top, the giddy height was no longer pleasant.

"To a reflecting mind nothing can be more un-

satisfactory than the homage and idolatry of poor human nature ;—lumps of clay, filled with every species of degrading remembrance, perishable by the bite of the most inferior animal, and even by the slight prick of a bare bodkin.

"Malmaison looked sad and melancholy, a complete emblem of fallen greatness! There was Josephine's picture, solitary and alone in one room, her bust in another. There was a print of Buonaparte on horseback, and also of Desaix in an Egyptian costume. Josephine's bedroom retained its usual freshness, and gave us a complete impression of the taste that appeared most agreeable to her feelings. I could judge from this house that these were of the most refined description; that she began life with the love of heroism and glory, (as the butchery of human nature is termed,) but ended it by desiring consolation under the milder influence of religion. We visited her little chapel, where she knelt for the purposes of her religious devotions.

"From Malmaison, we quickly passed to the church in which she is interred. There her son Beauharnais has erected a beautiful statue of Josephine : it is a whole-length figure kneeling. Nothing can be more perfect or more delicately imagined. It gives one all the idea of trembling devotion, without one look or gesture that denotes any kind of presumption to have prevailed in the heart of her who is offering up her prayer to the throne of mercy. Every look expressed in this marble is that of goodness, and, by all accounts,

well accords with the life and conduct of the amiable person to whose memory it is consecrated. I believe Josephine was of Indian blood: probably her race of ancestors might have been originally in the woods, and thus for many generations the corruptions of civilised life existed not.

"We left this church with some regret; my own mind in our way back to Paris was full of contemplation: it naturally passed to the grave. Alas! beyond that we can only hope and believe in that mercy which the records of the Divine Word teach us to hope for.

"Tuesday, 24th.—Amongst the events of the last week I forgot to put down that we one evening attended vespers. It was on a Saturday, and the last day but one that the Host was to be carried in procession; in short, it was what is termed the 'Fête Dieu.' The organ (it was in the church of St. Roch) was very fine, and beautifully played, and the pageantry very striking; but all this seems not calculated to direct the thoughts towards Heaven during a devotional exercise. The Divine laws are so pure and simple, that it accords with sober reason to believe that these laws cannot be rightly observed but in a manner most simple, free from show and ostentation. The sincerity of the heart is the thing to inquire for.

"I was at the Louvre last week. The gallery is fine, and beautifully appropriated. It is quite pleasing to see the industry of those employed in the study of their art.

"I observed but few who had any talent for

colour. You see constantly an attempt at the extreme in this particular. I should suppose this might be attributable to a fault of mind or vision, or a difficulty in mixing or blending the tints, did I not observe in human nature an attempt at the extreme in everything. The colouring of the old masters furnishes no criterion of what combination will produce the effect now-a-day, because the oxygen of the atmosphere must have had a great influence in changing the character of the colouring.

"Our little friend Miss —— had an attack of fever, which lasted the day, and we missed her much. Our entire separation from each other under the influence of the casualties of life is something very painful. After a time circumstances make the closest intimacies to cease, until at length remembrance only retraces the past, and through a distance of thought which is quite surprising."

Sir William returned from this last journey in tolerable health. The affectionate attentions of his daughter had been most soothing and consoling to him, and had rendered the separation from his family a source of less anxiety to them.

CHAPTER XIX.

Letters from Dr. Gooch; the Duke of Clarence; Sir Thomas Lawrence; the Earl of Eldon; and from Sir William to his Son and Daughter.

THE following letters from the late Dr. Gooch will be perused with melancholy interest.

"3, Grove Hill, Mount Sion,
"Tunbridge Wells.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Last night afforded me the first long, refreshing sleep I have had for several weeks, and I dreamt that I was with you and Lady Knighton at Sherwood. When I last wrote to you from Hampstead, I expected I should be well again in a week; but I did not get better. Week after week passed on, till at length, being totally unfit for the slightest portion of business, Farre wished me to try a more restorative air, and I came down here, where I was seven years ago, which was followed by the best three years and a half, in point of health, which I have known for the last twelve years; but I am now seven years older, and seem to be past the reviving power of any air. I have been out of London a fortnight, and am as yet no better than when I came; and if I continue to make progress at the same rate, I shall return to London three weeks hence, (when my time for this house is out,) not to business, but to be nursed.

"I am thankful that my present illness has not been attended by the dreadful suffering of my former attacks. I have had no vomiting. I find it difficult to explain what brought it on: I was uncommonly well just before. The only causes to which I can possibly attribute it are two, which occurred about the same time; the setting in of the rainy season, and my removal from a lodging-house at the top of the hill, which was insufferable from the stench of a sewer, to a cottage at the

bottom of the hill. But if such causes as these can knock me down, I am not fit to live.

"After taking great pains about settling Arthur's school, and collecting all that I could for and against the different eligible schools, I found at length that each had a *pro* and *con*, and that you had given me the best advice; which was, to put him to the Charter-house, and have him home one day a-week, by which I should make him my companion, and have some influence in the formation of that important part of his mind which does not consist in a knowledge of Latin and Greek. He goes at Michaelmas, and, if I live, I hope I shall derive comfort from the arrangement.

"I am not suffering: I drive out when the weather is fine; and when I am at home, I can amuse myself. Mr. Calkin knows where I am; and if there are any letters which require being attended to, I have directed him to send them to me. At this time of the year scarcely any books worth reading are published; but what there are, I tell him of.

"My chief occupations have been some medico-legal questions, the most important and difficult of which was set me by the Lord Chancellor. I shall finish it to-day; and if my report is satisfactory to his lordship, I shall be rewarded for all the trouble it has cost me, which is not a little, for it is the most singular and difficult case of the kind, as Mr. Lowdham says, that ever had to be decided.

"I wish I was near you, that I might come and

get some of those cheering looks and words with which you know so well how to prop up a broken spirit; but as I cannot, the next best thing is to write to you.

"Believe me, as long as I live,

"Your grateful and affectionate friend,

"ROBERT GOOCH."

"Tunbridge Wells, 23d Sept. 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I am recovering once more, but of course only to the ricketty, comfortless, and useless health which I have endured so long: yet so strong is the love of life, that I rejoice at, and am grateful for it. I shall be in town on Wednesday the 1st October, and shall be delighted to call on you as soon after as you will appoint me to do so. I earnestly hope I shall find you better.

"Yours most affectionately,

"ROBERT GOOCH."

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, Sept. 28, 1828,

"half-past four, P.M.

"DEAR SIR,—To-morrow morning you will receive by the post a letter written this day under the idea that all at the Royal Lodge was going on as we could wish. You can therefore easily imagine how much I am depressed by your letter of this day, announcing to me the necessity there was again, on the return of Sir Henry Halford, to

bleed the King. I am sincerely glad his Majesty has passed a good night and is really better. The continuation of gout in the right hand, though painful, being active, is good, as I trust to-morrow my brother will be very considerably relieved.

"I think you were right to inform the King that you had written to me; and I must beg you will assure his Majesty how anxiously concerned I am for his speedy and perfect restoration to health. I know my brother so well, that I perfectly understand his aversion to public bulletins; and I can very easily conceive that the various duties you must have to perform sometimes distract your mind. However, it is but justice to yourself to observe, that prudence and discretion have been your guides; and the best proof of these facts is the universal silence about yourself, which implies approbation. Your duty to the King is in the closet, and not in public; and you have rigidly, to my observation, adhered to this rule.

"I hope to-morrow you will be enabled to send me a favourable account of his Majesty, and that the gout is doing the benefit we must all so sincerely wish.

"Adieu! and ever believe me, dear sir,

"Yours truly, "WILLIAM."

FROM THE SAME.

"Bushy House, Sept. 29, 1828, seven P.M.

"DEAR SIR,—I trust the impression of things being favourable from the bleeding of Saturday will continue, with all my heart. Though the gout

is violent in the right hand, and I must lament the suffering of the King, perhaps it is the best thing at the present moment.

"I am confident at all times of the perfect friendship and uninterrupted regard of his Majesty for me; and I am from the bottom of my heart attached in the strongest manner possible to the best of brothers and sovereigns.

"You know the reason I did not answer your first letter at once. I shall now regularly write, and trust you will be enabled to continue to give the accounts constantly that you and I both wish. I must go to London on business to the apartments of the Princess Augusta, and shall then hope to receive from Sir Henry Halford assurances of his having left the King to-morrow in a much more confortable way.

"Ever believe me, dear sir,

"Yours truly, "WILLIAM."

FROM THE SAME.

"Bushy House, Oct. 9, 1828.

"DEAR SIR,—After the receipt of yours of yesterday, which reached me too late to answer last evening, I cannot with any propriety allow this morning to pass without writing,—first, to inquire after the health of his Majesty, which I sincerely hope will very shortly be restored to all you and I can wish for him; and secondly, to request you to express to my brother the most grateful sense I do and must entertain for his kind and gracious message sent through you.

"I wish not to bring, particularly to the King's memory, any unpleasant scenes relative to others. But I am one of those who always relied on my brother, and found him true to his word if he had the power. Whether his Majesty can or cannot succeed in his desire to serve me, is to be seen. But I am equally grateful for the considerate and kind manner in which he has accepted my letter; and my mind is perfectly at ease, from the expressions you send me in your letter from the King respecting his entering so fully into my feelings, which were the only cause of my troubling the best, the tried, and the most affectionate of brothers and friends.

"I must make one more remark before I conclude; which is, to thank his Majesty for his kind consideration so graciously held out by the King to one naturally dear to me, by which considerate act my anxiety is proportionally lessened. In short, if this letter is not altogether or entirely what it ought to be, my excuse is the truth, that my heart is so overcome with gratitude towards my brother, I cannot express myself as I could wish.

"Ever believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

"WILLIAM.'

FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"Russell Square, October the 29th, 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Many sincere thanks for your kind letter and pleasant communication respecting Mulready. I know that on seeing the picture, you will be gratified by its

having obtained the distinction of his Majesty's purchase of it, and by its consequent honour to the artist, of whose fine talents and gentlemanly nature and conduct I cannot speak too highly.

"Believe me to be, my dear Sir William, still more your obliged and faithful servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"To Sir Wm. Knighton, Bart., etc."

The following letters are without date; but as they refer to the King's illness about this time, they are here inserted.

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, Sunday afternoon.

"DEAR SIR,—I am this instant favoured with your letter of last night from the Royal Lodge, and lament exceedingly that the King has had again another attack of gout. I trust in God this is the last visit of this cruel disease for the year, and that Sir Henry Halford may have now entirely removed the complaint.

"I thought it right to prove to his Majesty that the magnificent and munificent bounty of the best of sovereigns and brothers had been entirely appropriated as the King's gracious intentions were expressed, to relieve those difficulties which, from the peculiarity of the panic, were so very pressing, and which must make me feel most deeply the King's kindness and goodness.

"I really do not know in what manner to

answer that part of your letter which conveys to me his Majesty's message in return for my letter of yesterday. I cannot express my gratitude sufficiently, and must remark, that this last act of bounty has been a still further proof of my brother's uninterrupted and unvaried friendship and regard for fifty years. I hope in God the King will ever find me attached to him from my heart and soul.

"The Duchess desires me to return her sincere thanks to his Majesty, and again to repeat through you our joint expressions of gratitude for my brother's generous attention, of which I acquainted her. She is pleased that she has the King's permission to go this season abroad.—I must also thank you for the kind manner in which you brought these affairs before his Majesty, and also for the delicate way you have now conveyed to me the King's last gracious message in your letter, every part of which was calculated to give me very sincere pleasure, except in the intelligence of the unfortunate return of gout, which I hope is now entirely relieved.

"My best, sincerest, and most affectionate wishes attend his Majesty; and assure him his goodness is not thrown away on one who does not value the regard and friendship of the best and kindest of sovereigns, of brothers, and of men.

"Ever believe me, dear sir, yours most truly,

"WILLIAM."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart., etc."

FROM THE EARL OF ELDON.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Accept my best thanks for the relief to my anxieties which your letters afford. I am very apprehensive from your accounts that his Majesty may not be sufficiently recovered to nominate the sheriffs on Saturday at the Council, though gout, however, sometimes abates its violence considerably in three days; and my anxious wish is that great progress may be made in that period in recovery. I should myself have attended on Saturday, if my absence from the court on that day had not been necessarily very inconvenient and expensive to parties. I must give you the trouble to say, that I propose to take the liberty, for that is necessary, of sending by the Clerk of the Council a commissioner to receive the royal sign-manual for opening Parliament on Tuesday; and should his Majesty not sign it, and direct it to be returned by the Clerk of the Council on Saturday, you will be pleased to take the most convenient time to his Majesty for tendering it for his signature, that I may be enabled on Monday night to put the great seal to it, or to put the seal to it early on Tuesday morning.

"Be pleased to offer my most humble duty to his Majesty, my warmest thanks for his kind expressions conveyed to me in your letters, and my assurances that I most anxiously and cordially wish his Majesty's speedy recovery.

"Yours, my dear sir, truly, "ELDON.

"Thursday, noon.

"Pray let me know that you have received this.

"I am afraid I shall be obliged also to trouble his Majesty for his royal sign-manual to authorize the judges to go their respective circuits, but *that* I shall delay as long as possible to avoid inconvenience to his Majesty.

"Lincoln's Inn Hall, from the Bench."

FROM THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Lord Liverpool communicated the contents of your letter to-day, when I was in Cabinet, respecting the King's health. Duty, gratitude, affection, etc., must be my excuse for desiring that you will take the trouble of occasionally informing me, by such a note as your time will allow, how my Royal master is. I most anxiously wish and pray that all good may attend him; and the greatest comfort I can receive is to hear that he is recovering well.

"Yours, my dear sir, truly, "ELDON."

Amongst various memoranda, this on the subject of America may be interesting to those who concern themselves with regard to this long-pending question.

"Horndean, 16th Oct. 1828.

"I this morning had a long conversation with Mr. R. on the subject of America, where he has resided some years, respecting the present dispute connected with the boundary or frontier. He says that Maine is a federal state, and consists of four hundred thousand inhabitants. It is situated about eight hundred miles from Washington. In

time of peace it is of no value to us; in time of war it is essential, because it cuts off all communication with Quebec, etc. as the high roads that keep up the communication on this frontier pass through the state of Maine. The Americans say they have a right to this portion of territory under the treaty of 1784. Our conclusions depend on some rivers running into the sea, which we deny; but the illustration is, that Torbay must be said to run into the Channel. The American states have now ten sail of the line. Every nominal seventy-four-gun ship they have carries much heavier metal than ours, and considerably more guns than it is supposed to bear: the ships are of prodigious thickness. The same increase of strength and weight of metal pervades every ship they build. This information is very important to us."

The following letter is from Sir William to his son.

"Royal Lodge, 7th Nov. 1828.

"It is always a great pleasure to me to hear from you. I am satisfied that you judge rightly and prudently in avoiding clubs, societies, and companions that are to lead to no intellectual results. Your business is with whatever will exalt the mind, and strengthen it in those practical inquiries that will place you above the level of those who, having the same advantages, do not profit by them. It is very true that precepts are useful, but practice and imitation go far beyond them; hence the importance of watching early habits, that they may be free from what is objectionable;

and of keeping before our mind, as much as possible, the necessity of imitating the good and the wise. Without settled principle and practical virtue, life is a desert; without Christian piety, the contemplation of the grave is terrible.

"I am delighted that you bought your prints and hung them up in your room. It is good for the eye to have pleasing contemplations of that kind; prints (or pictures) become companions. When you are fixed to a spot by necessity, it is better that your attachments should be local, and associated with the surrounding objects.

"I have been led into a particular train of thought by the very interesting little book I send you; 'Salmonia, or, Days of Fly-fishing.' It is written by Sir Humphrey Davy, and, as you will see by the preface, formed the amusement of a long illness, when his mind was not equal to great exertion. Pray read this through; it will delight you much: many of the thoughts, if I mistake not, you will be glad to put down in your common-place book. After you have read Salmonia, I recommend you to get the last Quarterly Review, and read the article on Salmonia written by Sir Walter Scott. The review is beautiful. I consider Sir H. Davy the most remarkable man of his time: he has advanced nearer than any other man, since the days of Sir Isaac Newton, to the discovery of first causes. This is particularly the case in what relates to metals.

"I have bought a proof copy of Lodge's Portraits, which I intend, if it please God, as a birth-

day present for you: it is the quarto impression, which I prefer to the folio. I long for the time to arrive when we may pass some time together, to talk over our matters, and see what rarities in art we can pick up. I quite agree with you respecting a private tutor; I shall be ready at any time to adopt the idea: keep a good look-out for an individual whom you may think likely to give us what we want. Pray attend to this, for I am very anxious that you should pass by the common run of intellect.

"This is a long letter; but I hope you will not think it too long. That you will value the attachment and love that make me thus communicate with you (under the pressure of business and a thousand cares), I feel quite certain.

"God bless you! "W. K."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

"Nov. 19, 1828.

"Thank you, my very kind friend, for your letter, which was sensible, entertaining and clever. Lord Bacon was a very intelligent observer of nature, in every form; but he wanted even the ordinary rules of the Christian creed, as connected with the moral principles. You may suppose, then, what must have been his state as to spiritual Christianity, which in my opinion is the only thing worth resting upon: without this, I believe human nature is very much upon a level as to what is called goodness or character in this life. Paley says, and says truly, that the principles of a philo-

sopher are in the head of every clown you meet: if so, these principles lie dormant and the clown remains such, and thus with spiritual Christianity, many possess it not; they have it not. There may be the capacity for its attainment, but then it is not attained. I have never read the book you mention, but I will endeavour to do so. I think books of that description read in early life are amusing, and sometimes, if rules of conduct are well laid down, and useful sentiments sensibly put together, such books are often instructive. But to speak personally of myself, little occurrences or little things produce no excitement on my mind. Is this to be wondered at, when one knows certain things as truisms; such as, for example, that light travels at the rate of one hundred and seventy thousand miles per second. Herschel thinks, and mentions in his writings, that the light of some distant nebulæ would be forty-eight thousand years in reaching us! After such contemplations, how can one go into the tattle of the drawing-room to be excited! So true it is, as St. Paul says, 'It is written I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent.'

"This morning I have to thank you for the enclosed, which I shall be glad to know you have received. The letter is sensible, full of feeling, but imprudent. She is also mistaken in her religious progress; there must be no vanity, if the heart is to be fully occupied under the influence of spiritual grace. No; the thing is impossible: and why? because the Scripture denounces every

species of idolatry: and what is vanity, or the anticipation of wordly fame, whether present or future, but idolatry? While we think we are advancing in fame, it is a deceptive progress we are making. There are two sentences that I will put down. 'Avoid all preternatural excitement, whether caused by religion, politics, or brandy, for in proportion as the imagination is excited, the understanding is weakened. Avoid solitude and meditation on your own perfections, for they are great promoters of self-importance.'"

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

"Windsor Castle, Lancaster Tower, Dec. 9, 1828.

"As I sleep in this castle to-night for the first time since the restoration of this wonderful pile of buildings, as does his most gracious Majesty George the Fourth, I send you this little memorandum as a curiosity, that when you are grown a woman, and I am dead and gone, you may look upon it as a memento connected with the history of the times in which you live.

"The King entered the castle exactly at four. At five o'clock, I presented Mr. Wyatville, who delivered the keys of the castle to his Majesty in a crimson bag, whereupon he was knighted Sir Jeffery Wyatville.

"Tell me, dearest, if you want anything for me to bring you down at Christmas. God bless you!

"W. K."

END OF VOL. I.

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

PRINTED BY A. BELIN AND CO., RUE STE.-ANNE

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BART. C. C. H.

KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE

DURING THE REIGN OF HIS MAJESTY

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

INCLUDING HIS

CORRESPONDENCE WITH MANY DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

BY LADY KNIGHTON.

IN TWO VOLS.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

CHAPTER XX.

Sir William sent on an important mission to Berlin.—Letters to his Family in consequence.—Extracts from his Journal.—Letters from Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Nash, etc.

IN the early part of the year 1829, Sir William was required by the King to go on an important mission to Berlin. The ensuing extracts from letters and journals refer to this journey.

"Windsor Castle, Jan. 28, 1829.

"I begin to write to you this morning, before the second post comes in, by which I hope to hear from you or my dear ****. I am much better in health: this embarrassment is passing away; and lucky that it is so, for the King and the Duke of **** both asked me yesterday to go to Berlin immediately. However embarrassing and disagreeable such journeys are, both public and private, it was quite impossible for me to say no,

because, in short, there is, I really believe, nobody else to be found at present that could undertake what is required, unless the minister were to go himself, and that is impracticable. I did venture to observe to the King that I would gladly avoid such an expedition. His Majesty then said, 'Is there any one else to whom you can entrust so important a matter? I told the ****,' continued he, 'that it was so disagreeable to me to have you from me, that it was quite painful; for, independent of other circumstances, I have the greatest confidence in you respecting my health, and I know you are honest in your advice. . . . .'

"I think his Majesty is surprised that his affairs have not become involved during the last year, considering the very great expenses. I think also there has been so much going on, that the anxious thought has passed through his mind that perhaps there might be something wrong in his affairs.

"I do not like to disturb dear William's studies, nor will I take Joseph, because it will interfere with his comfort. I shall take Le Blanc with me, on whom I can thoroughly depend.

"I am afraid I shall be absent a month or five weeks. I cannot travel at night at this season of the year, and the roads are heavy. If I get no unreasonable anxiety, the journey will do me no harm. I go up to town at daylight to-morrow morning. You may suppose what I have to do. Kiss my dear children. You shall hear from me again to-morrow.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

"Hanover Square, Jan 30, 1829.

"I thank you for the muffetees, which are very acceptable; so say to dear **** and *****. I go down again to Windsor on Sunday, and come up on Monday, and proceed on Tuesday. I shall observe all that you mention respecting fatigue, etc. I shall pass through French Flanders. I am told, casually, that the severity of the weather has broken up on the Continent. Do not come up to town on any account, but let me have the comfort of finding you here on my return. I think it will take place in five weeks: much will depend on circumstances. Well might Burke say, 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'

"Take care of your health. If you should feel a weight on your head, unusual sleepiness, a tight feeling about the throat, or a queer odd sickness about the stomach, apply half a dozen (not more) of leeches to the temples. I hope to write again to-morrow."

This journey was one of great fatigue and inconvenience to Sir William, from the season and severity of the weather. The following is the account of it.

"Feb. 2, 1829.

"I left London at half-past seven at night, and reached Dover at six in the morning.

"3rd—I quitted it at half-past eight in the morning, and reached Calais at eleven. Proceeded from thence at two in the afternoon, travelled all night, and reached Ghent about nine on Wednesday morning.

"5th, Thursday.—Rose at five, but could not leave St. Nicholas until seven, in consequence of the ice requiring the horses to be rough-shod. Arrived at Antwerp at eleven: proceeded by Maestricht; a good inn there.

"Reached Aix-la-Chapelle at half-past three in the morning. Went on all night, which was very cold, with a fall of snow. Arrived at Cologne at eleven o'clock.

"Saturday, 7th.—Continued my journey. At Cologne, a Mr. Wilmot, near the cathedral, has some pictures to dispose of. I have been endeavouring this morning to understand why the art of painting should produce such exquisite delight in some minds, and not in others. Does it depend on a quick, pleasurable feeling communicated to the mind by means of vision? It cannot depend on great intellectual capacity, because Mr. Canning, with all his splendid talents, never felt any gratification at sight of a fine picture. The present Lord Chancellor derives great pleasure from art. His father was the celebrated painter, Copley, and I heard the Chancellor say, on looking at one of Canaletti's pictures, 'What a pleasurable companion for a wet day! you require nothing else.' I suspect the Duke of **********s delight in pictures is not strong; yet he possesses the greatest powers of common sense, seizing always upon the right points, and calculating with remarkable accuracy on the consequences. At the battle of ********, he attempted no movement, I understand, and stood like a brick-wall, and never in all his campaigns

made a move until the French had demonstrated their intentions. He always waited and followed theirs, in place of permitting them to follow him.

"8th.—I crossed the Rhine at Coblentz, instead of proceeding on the right bank, and passing by Frankfort, went through Wetzlar, Cassel, Halle, Wittemberg, to Berlin, where I arrived on the 15th. Here I found, to my great mortification, that the Duke of C. had left seven days previously for England. His Royal Highness was at Frankfort at the time I was at Coblentz, and hence I missed him.

"On my arrival, I found Prince George very ill with inflammation on the chest: leeches had been applied to the head and chest with some relief.

"Friday, 14th.—Prince George is not better. I saw both the physicians. Their practice in cases of inflammation is different from mine. I urged bleeding from the arm.

"Saturday, 15th.—Prince George's illness continues alarming."

Prince George was for many days in the greatest danger, but was doing well when Sir William left Berlin.

In May, the following letter was received from the late Sir Walter Scott.

"Edinburgh, 18th May, 1829.

"My Dear Sir William,—I have the honour of enclosing to your care the first copy of the new edition of the Waverley Novels, inscribed to the King by his Majesty's most gracious permission. As it is a work intended for wide diffusion and a

small price, its exterior could not have that splendour which ought to have attended the dedication; but I trust the decorations, which I believe are good,—at least they are executed by the best artists we have,—may be esteemed as an apology for the humility of the volumes. We start with a sale of ten thousand, which, in a work which runs to forty volumes, is a very considerable matter.

"The newspapers, which dispose of King and subject at their pleasure, are sending his Majesty to the Royal Cottage. It must now be looking beautiful, with all the oaks getting into leaf. I trust his Majesty will enjoy the repose there which becomes so indispensable after the toils of his royal duty; and happy would I be should he find in the illustrations of the Tales, which his Majesty formerly honoured with his notice, anything which could make a quarter of an hour pass more pleasantly away.

"May I request you to present my most humble devoted duty to his Majesty, and say how sorry I am I have no more worthy mode of testifying my deep sense of his royal favour?

"I am always, dear Sir William,

"Your truly faithful and obliged

"WALTER SCOTT."

The following letters without date are here inserted.

FROM MR. NASH.

"DEAR SIR—I saw ********, as you advised!!! The result I must reserve till I see you. He talked

of writing to you. I wish you would speak to his Majesty on the subject of the Duke of Cumberland's house. There is no ground on either side for additions: the street is on the north, the court-yard on the south, the lord Chamberlain's office on the west, and the new wing fitting up for his Majesty on the east; and, on examining the structure, I found the walls too crazy to justify raising the building. I should not trouble you, but the Surveyor-General will neither give me instructions nor officially receive my report. In this predicament, I fear I am offending the King in not producing a plan; but where is there ground? Where can I propose to put a building, unless I place the foundation in the clouds?—and castles built in the air will not afford his Royal Highness the accommodation he requires. Advise me what to do.

"Ever, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

"JOHN NASH."

FROM MR.******

"Bedford Square,

"Wednesday morning, 25th April.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Poor Parson Adams paid his debts by the MS. of his sermons; and I suppose that authors of the present day have not less value for their works. I must therefore be permitted to express my thanks for your great courtesy—more than courtesy, for your great kindness, by sending you two little volumes which are now very scarce, in the hope they may prove interesting at

some leisure moment during your present indisposition.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Your obliged and faithful "*******."

"To Sir W. Knighton, Bart., etc."

"My dear Sir William,—You desire to have an account of my conversation with Mr. Hunter. I cannot pretend to put it down with the least degree of regularity: the subjects were quite unconnected, and will lose much of their interest from being thus imperfectly transcribed. However, here it is, so far as I can recollect.

"Mr. Hunter believes he was born of American parents, who were massacred by the tribe of Indians by whom he was taken prisoner at three years of age; but he has, notwithstanding all his exertions, been unable to discover any facts respecting them. In person he is rather short, with a swarthy complexion, not handsome, but with eyes full of intelligence; and his countenance lights up unusually in conversation, in which he takes great delight, though, being taught by the Indians that it was presumptuous in a young man to speak before his superiors in age, he is silent unless particularly addressed.

"His whole mind is engrossed with the plan he has formed to rescue fifteen thousand Indians, who inhabit North America from the north-west to the south-east, from the certain destruction that awaits them, first, from the whites, who press upon them on both sides, and who trade for skins; and, se-

condly, in consequence of their being divided into tribes, who defend their hunting-grounds with the most scrupulous care, and are therefore prevented from taking refuge in the vast forests to the north.

"This anxiety for the defense of their hunting-grounds is quite natural, since, from being totally unacquainted with the arts of cultivation, they depend entirely for subsistence upon the buffaloes and game, and such vegetables and fruits as are indigenous to the soil.

"Mr. Hunter describes the climate as delightful, and the soil luxuriant; and his project is to settle on the banks of the Mississipi, where he has an estate. He will there commence a farm, and by this means induce the Red Indians to quit their roving life for the superior comforts they will enjoy in the more civilised state.

"He came to England for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of agriculture, and he will take back small models of every implement of husbandry. Many presents of this description have been offered him; but he refused them, saying that presents put him under obligations which he did not like to feel to strangers. For the same reason, when he first went to New York, he declined the offer of being educated without expense to himself. He said, 'No; if you educate me, you will expect me to think as you do. I have money. I like to think and judge for myself.'

"I asked what were his first impressions upon seeing civilised life? He replied, amazement. He could not have imagined seven years ago, which

was the first time he saw New York, that anything he now sees could exist. He also added, 'I can never be surprised again : but what made me unhappy was to see the distress of the poorer inhabitants, for among the Indians none are suffered to want.'

"The warmth and fidelity of their friendships cannot be conceived by common minds : they will sacrifice even their life for their friends, and the chiefs defend and provide for their tribe in every way. Their hatred for their enemies is in the same proportion ; every species of deceit is considered laudable, and is practised against them : but Mr. Hunter said that to each other they were truth itself, and enjoyed a social happiness amongst themselves which he has never witnessed in any other nation.

"Our conversation upon the subject of the marriage of the Indians was most interesting, of which Mr. Hunter gave the following account. They look upon marriage as a state by which mutual happiness is to be highly increased, and so long as it is so, they remain together ; but they are quite at liberty to change, should they grow tired of each other, or become unhappy. As affection, however, is the sole motive of this connexion, they very seldom desire to part—scarcely ever, unless there is some great fault in the disposition of one of the parties, who, on perceiving he has lost the affection of the other, generally redoubles his efforts to please, and is as generally successful.

"Mr. Hunter spoke with great warmth of his horror of the usual motives for marrying in Eng-

land. 'Here,' he said, 'you marry for money, for rank, for beauty, for anything but love: therefore you must be bound to each other for life, to prevent greater confusion. But with the Indians it is otherwise; and I think the bond of marriage would take away all their love. The warriors love the squaws with their whole heart; but they would not be their slaves.'

"Upon my asking him whether the squaws were not considered inferior beings, he said, 'You mistake the term: squaw means woman. But we cannot despise them. They are our mothers; they form us: we leave our young warriors to their care, and they are held in estimation just in proportion as our children are brave and virtuous, or the contrary, for we think education all-powerful in the formation of character.'

"I asked Mr. Hunter whether the missionaries had made much impression. He said, upon the whole, not.

"The Indians are much attached to their religion, which is quite simple. They worship one great Spirit, to whom they attribute all their prosperity, and conceive that when ill befalls them, it is in consequence of his displeasure. They have no form of prayer, but pray in their own way very fervently. One reason that Christianity does not make much progress is, that they know no good of its professors, as their acquaintance with Christians is exclusively confined to the traders, who cheat and use them ill in every possible way. Mr. Hunter added, as the Indians judge only from

facts, more would be accomplished by their seeing one really good Christian than all the preaching, to which they now turn a deaf ear.

"He was delighted with the anecdotes of the Abbé Sicard's deaf and dumb pupil; and when asked whether he did not think it extraordinary that a person who held no communication with the world should have such clear ideas, he replied, 'No; deaf and dumb people receive all their impressions through their sight, which is the surest road to just conclusions: their imagination is not called forth, but their judgment is strengthened.'

"I could add much more; such as Mr. Hunter's feelings upon his first sight of the Pacific Ocean, his sensations at being first in a ship, his entrance into London, etc.; but this would take up much time, and I should do him as little justice as I have in the lengthy account of my only two interviews with him on the 29th and 30th of November."

CHAPTER XXI.

Sir William on a fresh expedition.—Extracts from his Journal.—Marriage of his eldest Daughter.—Letters from Dr. Gooch, Mr. Blackwood, Sir Robert Peel, etc.

In the summer of 1829, Sir William undertook another distant expedition, of which, according to his custom, he kept a journal. From this the ensuing passages are extracted.

"June 22, 1829.

"On this day my beloved Dora was married, at eight o'clock in the morning, by the Bishop of Winchester, at Bendworth Church.

"The feelings excited by resigning the care of one's child to another, no one can express. It seems as if you were called upon to part with the best feelings of your nature. The ceremony to me was most melancholy. I wept bitterly; but the inward feelings were still greater. I proceeded to London at one the same day, accompanied by dear William.

"Tuesday, 23rd.—I went down to Windsor to the King. Had much and various conversation with his Majesty. He was very kind and gracious to me. I returned to town. At night had interviews with the Duke of Wellington and the Lord Chancellor.

"Wednesday.—We left Hanover Square at half-past three in the morning, embarked at the Tower Stairs, and arrived at Calais a quarter past four in the afternoon of that day, and reached Paris on the 26th.

"July 1st.—Left Paris at six, and arrived at Ghent at five in the afternoon of the 2nd.

"On reaching Ghent, we found all the inhabitants out of their houses for the purpose of greeting a society of musicians that had been at Lisle, and won the prize of a gold medal each. It was agreeable to observe so much enthusiasm on so humble an occasion.

"Friday, July 3rd.—In the afternoon we pro-

ceeded to Antwerp. On our journey this day we were overtaken by a most violent storm. I never saw but one like it; and that was on my journey to the south of France, between Perigueux and Tours. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by the most vivid lightning, and gusts of wind which were quite terrific. This state of atmosphere lasted about half an hour.

"In less than an hour, the storm and wind completely subsided. Such is the wonderful phenomenon of the Heavens! How ought it to teach us the omnipotence of that Almighty Disposer of events, and guard us against pride, self-presumption, and all those wretched passions that belong to our nature, and so entirely unfit us for heavenly contemplations, and the knowledge of our own peculiar insignificance in the eyes of that God, in whose presence we must ever be lower than the creeping worm or the lowest scale of animal is in our sight!

"We arrived at Anvers about seven in the evening, and were delighted to find ourselves in the comfortable inn Le Grand Laboureur; dined most comfortably, and enjoyed a most refreshing night's rest.

"Sunday, 5th.—We went this evening to the magnificent cathedral at Antwerp. High mass was performed, it being a high festival. The beautiful proportions of this cathedral, filled with people intent on their devotions, the most heavenly music issuing from the fine-toned organ, accompanied by the sweet voices of the children,

produced an effect on one's feelings not to be described. Added to this, we remained during the service opposite Rubens's wonderful picture of the Descent from the Cross. On one side of the cathedral is the Crucifixion; on the other, the Descent from the Cross.

"Sacred music certainly prepares the mind for devotional prayer; and the influence of external objects may undoubtedly add to the solemnity of thought so desirable when you call upon that Almighty Power to forgive the constant transgressions of one's life, both in thought, word, and deed. Alas! alas! how feeble and wretched are our best attempts to solicit that pardon which is so necessary for our salvation!

"July 8th.—Reached Frankfort. Visited Mr. Koch; found there letters from dear Lady K. and Dora. In the course of the day Mr. K. took us to the picture-gallery; we there saw some exquisitely fine pictures. Dear W. went to the German play this evening. I accompanied Mr. K. some way out of town to see the figure of Ariadne by professor D. of Strasbourg. It certainly is beautifully executed.

"The churchyard conveyed a variety of feelings. It is a large space, containing four acres, with the most magnificent trees that can be seen, surrounded by mountains in the distance. You enter this resting-place of the dead through a most beautiful gateway. On the right the bodies are deposited, during the arrangement of the procession to the grave. On the left is a receptacle

for the poor, who, being brought there the moment they are dead, are not shut up until it is quite ascertained that they really no longer exist. A physician is in constant attendance, and a watch sits up night and day. The Germans are naturally superstitious, and take nothing for granted that will admit of doubt or conjecture.

"In this cemetery we passed a number of magnificent vaults, the depository of rich merchants. This man, we are told, died worth two hundred thousand pounds, that three, and another four. But, alas! what avails the accumulation of the wealth of the whole world at this last hour!

"Friday, 10th.—We left Frankfort; travelled all night; reached Cassel about three the next afternoon; saw the gallery, containing a fine assemblage of Rembrandt's and other exquisite pictures.

"We visited Wilkenstein, a rich gaudy palace, but beautifully situated, and altogether very interesting; saw the apartment that Buonaparte once slept in; visited what was once the abode of the Electors, and beheld the curious remains of ancient grandeur in times of very remote antiquity.

"Arrived at Gottingen on Sunday. On Monday we rose at six, and went to the Botanic Garden, for the sake of your dearest mother. The morning was beautiful. We thought and talked much of Lady K. Mr. Fiedreser, the head person of the gardens, we found most intelligent. We hope to get some rare plants for Lady K. in the autumn. We left these gardens with reluctance, and proceeded towards Hanover.

"On the other side of Eimbeck we met the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and their court, in the whole four carriages. We returned to Eimbeck, and slept there.

"Tuesday, 14th.—Early in the morning I proceeded to Rothenkirchen. Had a conversation with the Duke of Cambridge and the Princess Elizabeth. The young Prince George seems just what a child should be.

"We travelled all night. The first part of the road was very interesting. At three in the morning we arrived at Brunswick; visited the church, saw the vault and the coffin of Queen Caroline, a crown and cushion on the coffin; the Duke of Brunswick, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo, placed by her side, and the Duke of Brunswick, killed at Jena, on the other side.

"Thursday, 16th.—Continued our route to Magdeburg. Very bad inn. Dreadful roads. Magdeburg a good-looking town. Four heads stuck up at the Gate of Traitors, painted on a board, as they were unable to get hold of the originals.

"Travelled all night. Arrived at Berlin on Friday 17th, at nine in the morning. Waited upon the Duchess that evening. Received letters from the King and Duke of Cumberland. Set off at eleven. Travelled all day. Slept at Wittemberg.

"Sunday, 19th.—Visited Luther's house and the town-house: saw some very curious manu-

scripts, together with portraits of Luther and Melancthon. Saw the church where Luther was buried. The pulpit placed over the communion-table; admirable effect.

"Proceeded to Leipsic. Hôtel de Saxe delightful. Arrived at five in the evening. The Consul-General of Prussia, Baumengarten, seems an excellent old man. The history of this gentleman is very extraordinary. He is now seventy years of age, and was when he began life a poor boy. Some lady and gentleman lost their only son: the young lad was so like him in person, that they adopted him and bequeathed to him all their estate. When advanced in years, he married a lady with a fortune. She soon quitted him for another man, and left him with his fortune and his only son. This son he has brought up to be a bookseller. When we were at Leipsic, his son was in Holland. We parted great friends with the old gentleman. I left with him some of Bramah's pens, and he gave me a bottle of Cape wine.

"Tuesday, 21st.—Left Leipsic at three in the morning, and arrived at the delightful city of Dresden in the afternoon. After dinner we traversed the town, and were enchanted with the general beauty of it. We bought some valuable Albert Durers, and various drawings of Arnold the printseller.

"Wednesday, we went early to the picture-gallery, and were indeed enchanted. It is impossible to enumerate the beauties of this gallery; it must

be the most splendid one in Europe. We left it with great regret, and in the evening quitted Dresden. We travelled all night, and in the morning of Thursday the 23rd we found ourselves breakfasting at a wretched inn, still in Saxony. Whilst we were in their saloon, as they term it, we encountered a very talkative fat gentleman, who gave it as his opinion that the Russians would eat us all up; that they were going on step by step to that end; and that, in his opinion, England would be the downfall of Ireland.

"We set off; reached Reft about seven in the evening, a neat frontier town of Bavaria. It has lately been rebuilt, in consequence of its destruction some two or three years since by fire.

"Friday, 24th.—We started at our usual hour, four in the morning. Reached Halle late at night. The town was in an uproar, in consequence of a fair. It seemed a very old town as we entered it.

"Saturday, 25th.—We consulted a German doctor for dear William's eyes. This and other circumstances delayed us until eight o'clock. The eyes were cured by washing them often with rose-water.

"We dined this day at a very interesting town, Weilbronne. Bought several little things for our friends in England. We travelled all night."

The journal ended here. The following letter was written from Antwerp, July 5th.

"As dear **** leaves us to-morrow morning,

I take the opportunity of writing to you one line to say that we are thus far on our journey, and, I thank God, quite well. Dear William is in perfect health, and his understanding and observations are, I hope, progressive.

"How much I should like you to see this town of Antwerp! The people are an admirable race. Mr. *****, a silk-merchant, told me that he did not spend more than two hundred per annum. He has a very large house, and keeps three maid-servants. The wages of a good servant of t description are three or four pounds per annum. What a waste of life and money it is to live in England! One eternal toil to provide the means of subsistence, or to get money enough to be in some degree as respectable as your neighbours.

"We shall leave this at five to-morrow morning, and not rest much until we get to Frankfort, whence I hope to write to you again. The weather with us has been very uncertain,—every day some rain; and on one occasion, in coming from Ghent, such a storm as dear William and **** never saw before. We had seen a landscape by Rubens describing this. It is something wonderful how true this extraordinary artist has been to nature, and with what skill he has put down this difficult subject on canvass.

"Give my best love to the new-married couple, and my affectionate regards to all around you. I leave the rest of my paper to dear William. Take care of your health.

"Believe me, etc. "W. K."

FROM DR. GOOCH.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Many thanks for your taking the trouble to write me a note, pressed as you have been by business, fatigued as you must have been by travelling, and in a state of strong emotion as you must be at the near approach of so interesting an event in your family.

"When in the depth of my suffering I have talked gloomily to you as to the probability of my living, and of being able to maintain my family, you have told me that some situation might offer itself; that I had many powerful friends who had never been called into action, and that in some way or another something might be done for me. It now appears that this is improbable; and I suppose I must no longer shut my eyes to the conclusion, and that these anticipations were little more than kind words,—temporary props to support me from absolute despair. It almost makes me shudder to think that I have no other security from narrow circumstances as I advance in life but my own exertions, and that these depend upon a health such as mine. I must think about it as little as I can, for it will not bear to be thought of. Will your plan about the Stuart Papers, too, be disappointed? The question naturally rises in my mind, but of course does not require your writing to answer it. I know that what you can, you will do.

"Do not think, from the above reflections, that because my hope is diminished, my gratitude is abated. I owe you more than any human being,

and at this moment my librarianship is a great blessing and comfort to me. It will be my duty and my wish to show my gratitude and affection to you and yours as long as I live, and to the best of my powers: as a little proof of it, I am writing a series of letters to Mrs. S., containing advice for her in her new station of wife, and probably mother. It shall be ready long before she wants it. It will contain no hard words and technical expressions, but I will take care that it shall contain everything worth knowing on the subject. I have got all the books about children around me; but the difficulty is, to get anything out of them excepting words. I shall probably pursue the subject so as to form a complete account of the diseases of children, which may one day be printed. Murray sends me word that my book is selling, and that there is every prospect of its being out of print.

"I am much better, but so weak, and capable of so little even in mind, that a residence in London and four patients a-day would speedily undo the good that has been done. I bear carriage exercise, and feel the better for it. Towards the end of this month, that is, Saturday, the 27th June, I leave Brighton for my slow tour, intending to take about two or three stages a day. I shall go by Winchester and Stonehenge to Oxford, there spend a couple of days, with Sarah's sister and her husband, who is one of the examiners of Oriel, and then make my way on slowly to Keswick: there I shall remain some time, and contrive to see the

whole of the lakes, and thus spend the months of July and August. The arguments for travelling instead of remaining stationary are, that I shall spend more time in the open air than I do now, that I shall pore less over books, and that I shall have a more idle and unwearying kind of amusement in staring at the country through which I pass.

"I hope Lady Knighton was well before my prescriptions arrived; if not, I trust they were useful to her.

"I have now only to offer to Dora and her intended husband my warmest wishes for their happiness, and to you and Lady Knighton my confident hope that you will be rewarded for your loss by seeing Dora a happy wife.

"Believe me, my dear Sir William, your ever grateful and affectionate friend,

"ROBERT GOOCH."

"Bromley, Sept. 15, 1829.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Your letter which I received this morning, was so kind, that it almost brought tears into my eyes. This may sound like mawkish sensibility; but when a man is broken down in health and prosperity, the proof that friends continue kind and attached goes to the heart.

"I have as yet had no reason to complain that friends are summer flies, for they still continue to come to me in the winter of my fate. If you come down to Bromley and have time to sleep here, you

shall have the best bed and room in the house: it is very comfortable, though not such as you have been accustomed to. I shall be indeed delighted at the sight of you.

"The elevation of Prince Polignac to the premiership of France has displaced me from the suite of the French Ambassador, with its attendant advantage. On this occasion, I wrote to the Princess Polignac, begging her to request the Prince to name me to the new ambassador. I have this day received the enclosed answer, which in a thoughtless moment, I tore. I have pasted together the fragments, that you may see them. Perhaps the sight of the note, even thus mutilated, and a word from you when the new French ambassador goes down to Windsor, would secure my appointment, which is an object to me. If the letter is not produceable in this mutilated form, you will throw it into the fire.

"I continue to mend in everything but flesh. I have been in London to-day to do several things about my money matters, and returned quite unfatigued. A month ago I should have been half dead with fatigue; but the transmutation of food into flesh is as impossible to me as the transmutation of metals.

"With best regards and wishes to Lady Knighton, Mrs. Seymour, and all dear to you, in which Sarah joins,

"I am, dear Sir William,

"Your grateful and affectionate friend,

"ROBERT GOOCH."

With the late Mr. Blackwood, the eminent bookseller of Edinburgh, Sir William was on terms of intimacy. The following letter does honour to the character of the writer.

"Edinburgh, Sept. 23, 1829.

"My dear Sir,—About a fortnight or nearly three weeks ago, I had a call from your worthy landlady, Mrs. M'Gilvray. I was very much struck by her appearance and manner. She introduced herself very modestly to me, by saying, that knowing I was a friend of yours, she thought I might perhaps have heard you speaking of your old landlady. I told her I had often heard you express yourself very warmly with regard to her, and how much you were disappointed at not finding her when you went to the old place at the time of the King's visit.

"She then, with much modesty and good feeling, gave me a short history of her family and her present situation, which had forced her, very reluctantly, to think of troubling you. All she wanted was for you to interest yourself in her son-in-law, Mr. Allan. She gave me a great many details, which, by subsequent inquiry, I have satisfied myself are most perfectly correct. By these it appears that a young man of the name of Allan, while attending the University, married her daughter, a girl of seventeen. After the death of her husband, she fell back in her circumstances; and her son-in-law, having been bred to no business or profession, is unable to return her the assistance she had given him and his fa-

mily in her better days. She spoke in the highest terms of his character and conduct, and said he was willing to do anything, if he could only support his family by getting into any employment. She told me further, that after a great struggle with her feelings, she had ventured to write to you; but, not knowing your post privilege, her son-in-law had sent the letter through some one in the commissary's department; and fearing it might not reach you, she had called on me.

"I said I would write to you, and desired her to tell Mr. Allan to call on me, in order that I might be able to speak of him from my own knowledge. He accordingly called on me, and I was very much pleased with him. He seems to be an intelligent, well-informed person. I requested him to write a short statement of his history and situation. He also sent me a number of recommendatory letters from very respectable people, from all of whom I have received most satisfactory accounts of Mr. Allan.

"I enclose you Mr. Allan's letter, and a copy of Mrs. M'Gilvray's, in case it should not have reached you. I intended to have written you last week, but I had not time to make the necessary inquiries. Besides my own matters, I have been occupied with our city politics, and am to be what is called first baillie, or magistrate.

"With as much delicacy as I could, I offered Mrs. M'G. five pounds, as it were in the way of loan, which I said might be convenient to her just now; but she most positively declined it. Poor

woman! she is now nearly sixty, and stands in need of assistance in her old days; but she has the true old Scots' pride and independence, which one sees so rarely now-a-days. You would have been properly delighted if you had heard her talking with me; there was so much delicacy, good sense, and good feeling in all she said. Our good King himself would, I am sure, have been charmed to hear this worthy widow tell her simple tale. She is just the kind of person whom our excellent chief baron, Sir S. Shepherd, would be likely to put upon the exchequer list of decayed widows. If not disagreeable to you, I would mention her case to him when he returns to Edinburgh.

"I have given you a long letter, and I must still trespass further upon you by saying a few words about my son in India, your namesake and mine, as you were so good as to say I might write you about this time with regard to him.

"It will be three years next month since he arrived at Calcutta. He was immediately appointed ensign in the 59th regiment of Bengal Native Infantry at Barrackpore, where he remained at the date of his last letters, 12th March. He was the first ensign, and expected by-and-by to be lieutenant. He has kept his health uncommonly well, and is now a fine stout fellow, five feet eleven in height. All the officers I have seen from India speak very highly of his character and conduct; so that I hope he will be found worthy of your recommendation. I anxiously hope you will interest yourself in his favour; and I need not say how

much his mother and I will be indebted to you. Lady Dalhousie and her son, Lord Ramsey, promised me to interest Lord Dalhousie about him: I hope they will keep this in mind; but it is to you alone that I look for effectual aid. I shall be brought into contact with Lord ******* by our city arrangement; for in fact it was to support the ***** interest, which has been in a ticklish state here, that I was induced to go to the Town-Council just now. Would it be proper for me to apply to his lordship?

"I am, my dear sir, your obedient servant,

"Sir W. Knighton, Bart." "W. BLACKWOOD."

FROM SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"Whitehall Gardens, Dec. 28, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am unwilling to return an answer to the enclosed communication from Manchester, respecting a set of casts from the Elgin Marbles, without previously consulting you, and asking your opinion as to the course which it would be best to pursue.

"Manchester and Liverpool are eager but honourable competitors in every pursuit which can add to their respective distinction and improvement; and you will perceive that my correspondent, the Secretary to the Royal Manchester Institution, quotes a munificent present, made by his Majesty, of Elgin casts to the Royal Liverpool Institution.

"Believe me, my dear sir, most faithfully yours,

"Sir W. Knighton, Bart." "ROBERT PEEL."

The ensuing letter to his eldest daughter gives evidence of the melancholy tone of mind, induced by bodily ailment, which was fast creeping on Sir William.

"I hope my health is improving a little; but I have been a sad invalid for the last ten or twelve days. It has let me into some secrets of my constitution, and, among others, that colds are now with me no trifling ailment.

"I shall begin to wean my thoughts from life, and to prepare myself for that final resting-place that must soon come! Dearest William will be nineteen on the twentieth: I shall be glad if I can see him twenty-one, as then I can turn much over to him, and he may begin where I leave off. Mine has been a life of great anxiety. Many there are that have had as many, or perhaps more difficulties; but few have felt those difficulties so keenly as I have done. However, as the author of the tragedy of Douglas somewhere says,

> 'Things past belong to Memory alone;
> Things future are the property of Hope.'

"Those who pass into the world without money or friends can never, of course, calculate on consequences. This was my case; and hence have I been in a state of feverish anxiety from morning to night.

"Ever, my dearest, etc. "W. K."

CHAPTER XXII.

Sir William's feelings on hearing of the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Letter from Sir R. Peel announcing that event.—Sir William's Letter to Lady Knighton in consequence.—Letter to his eldest Daughter.—Extracts from his Diary.—Letters from the Dukes of Clarence and Cumberland, Sir Walter Scott, etc.

THE death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which happened in January 1830, seems to have powerfully affected Sir William Knighton, as appears in the following letters to his son and Lady Knighton.

TO W. W. KNIGHTON.

"Windsor Castle, Jan 11, 1830.

"I anticipated how much you would be shocked at the death of poor Sir Thomas Lawrence. He dined at Mr. Peel's the Saturday previously, as you will see by the enclosed letter; and the belief was that he was recovering. Sir Henry Halford saw him on Thursday at four o'clock in the afternoon with Dr. Holland: he was sitting up in an arm-chair at the foot of his bed. In the evening he sent for a young friend to read to him: this was about eight o'clock. The reading was one of the late Mr. Flaxman's lectures. After this had proceeded about half an hour, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Good God! I am very ill!' In half an hour he was dead!

"If we wanted any proof to show the influence of genius and excellence in any station, but more

especially in this particular art of painting, we have it here. There seems to be a void in the congregated mass of society : you turn to the right and to the left,—you have no substitute for him. Can anything be more delightful than this, to be missed on earth by your fellow-men? And then, if your life here be according to the Christian dispensation, it is indeed a happiness of feeling and anticipation full of joy and blessedness. Let me beg of you, therefore, to persevere with the most eager zeal, that you may have the power of judging what degree of excellence you have in this particular faculty. I cannot help thinking that you possess it. The sentiment of feeling it you have from me, the practical part from your mother. Persevere, by beloved William.

"I shall certainly get your dear mother's picture as it is. How truly unlucky that Sir Thomas had not finished it! How often do I rail with you all against dawdling! I have not time to write to any one else. Love, etc. "W. K."

The following letter from Sir Robert Peel was enclosed in the above.

"Whitehall, January 8, 1830.

"My dear Sir,—Knowing that his Majesty is not well, I am unwilling to communicate abruptly to him intelligence which I am sure will give pain to his Majesty.

"I have this moment heard, from a gentleman of the name of Keightley, that Sir Thomas Lawrence died last night about nine o'clock. I believe

that the immediate cause of his death was some affection of the heart.

"He dined with me on Saturday last, and I then thought that he was very unwell.

"In the course of yesterday he was considered much better than he had been on the night of Wednesday, when Dr. Holland was sent for to attend him.

"I undertook to assure Mr. Keightley that I would make the communication to his Majesty of this most distressing event.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours, "ROBERT PEEL."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart., etc"

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"I came up to town late last night. I have not been well, but I think I am better to-day. It is the old business of the left side. I consulted Sir Henry Halford; he assures me that the heart is safe. I hope it is so; but I must, when I have the opportunity, think seriously of getting away from my present Royal concerns. I shall have very sincere pleasure in looking over your little manuscript most carefully. You may rely upon it, the little book will be very comforting and consolatory to those for whom it is intended.

"Poor Sir Thomas Lawrence! his death has made me very melancholy. For four-and-twenty hours I could think of nothing else.

"I hope to call on Mr. Northcote to-morrow. There seems reason to hope that his life may yet

be prolonged. I remain in town with dear William to-morrow, although it was not easy to manage. I love him so much, that whenever he goes to Oxford I am always low.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

TO THE SAME.

"I thank you for your affectionate letter. I hope I am better: my friend Mr. Tupper says I am. Sir Henry Halford called also. They both say there is no inflammatory action. My cough has been less to-day; but I have been ill above a fortnight: however, a day or two, I suppose, will put me to rights again. I shall not go to Windsor until I am well.

"I cannot stir till the weather breaks; there would be no travelling abroad but on the sledge, and that I am quite unequal to in my present state of crazy health.

"I trust God will spare my life until dear William gets to twenty-one, and then I shall feel quite resigned to meet the Almighty will. I am delighted at what you say respecting darling Mary. I only exist in the contemplation of my dear children. Tell my beloved D. that I hope to write to her to-morrow.

"I do not know what to make of ——'s match, nor can I make out whether it was proceeding with the approbation of her parents. It does not follow that riches produce happiness; but it follows that poverty produces most painful embarrassments. However, riches and poverty are relative

terms. I do not consider three men-servants in livery as denoting happiness or wealth; nor do I consider two maid-servants, and a fresh joint of meat twice a week, as defining poverty. We have played the fiddle to both tunes.

"Byron says, and says truly, that it is astonishing how little of life there is when you come to subtract. Infancy or childhood can only be called vegetation; then, when you add to this, sleep, buttoning and unbuttoning, to how little is it reduced! How important, then, to use that little well.

"My best wishes attend you all.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

TO MRS. SEYMOUR.

"London, Jan. 29, 1830.

"I write to you to-day in place of dear mamma, and I shall first begin on family matters. You will perceive all the arrangements are on foot to make you an acceptable visitor here. So far for your concerns: now I come to my own.

"I am trying hard to get from my friend Northcote, which he has promised me, two landscapes painted by mamma many years ago; a Gainsborough the same size as ours, and a landscape of the same size. If I get them, I shall give you the Gainsborough; and we must get mamma to make a copy of it for dear Mary. The other I must keep for William.

"Mr. Northcote is recovering, and very loath to part with them; but still I hope to get them.

They will be great treasures to me, and will, I am satisfied, be the same to you and dear Michael.

"I trust in God the weather will begin to brighten, and the sun to shine a little upon this smoky town, by the time you arrive.

"I long to see you, my beloved and ever dear daughter: you are a great comfort to me, and everything relating to you is most dear to my feelings. Michael will have a good opportunity whilst in town to ramble about with John, and look at good pictures: this will improve him against the summer arrives, when I trust he will proceed with his marine painting and improve much.

"I think, my beloved, you will consider this a nice twaddling letter. By degrees, I hope to get into the family perfection in that particular.

"Mr. Northcote has entrusted to me his Life, which I intend after his decease to publish. The early correspondence of himself and his brother is very amusing (1).

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

"Saw my poor friend Dr. Gooch, who is fast approaching to death. He seems to admit it, but nevertheless talks of schemes of future life. He is wasted to a skeleton, but his mental powers remain unimpaired. He talked of literature: men-

(1) The Autobiographical Memoirs of Northcote, above spoken of, have been edited by Sir William Knighton, and are now in the press.

tioned Bacon, Burke, Addison, Johnson, and then was interrupted.

"Paid a visit to Mr. Northcote, and had a long talk with him about his Life, which I hope to write and arrange for him. He is anxious that I should do so, but seems to doubt my having the time to accomplish it. I surprised him with how much I remembered concerning him. He is in wonderful force for the age of eighty-five. He spoke of the difficulties of the painter: he said it was very true that to become the professor of an art, the time consumed was enormous. When Jardine, the famous violin-player, was asked what time it would require to attain perfection on that instrument, he answered, twelve hours a-day for twenty years.

"Northcote thanked God that he had outlived Opie, Fuseli, and Wolcot (Peter Pindar): they would have made pretty trash of his life. 'But,' he added, 'I think in your hands I am safe.' He then quoted a saying, that the devil tempted everybody but the idle; the idle tempted the devil: and then he said that the inside of the skull was the devil's workshop.

"Blendworth, Feb. 17, 1830.

"Commenced my journey to London with my dear daughter. In the morning, received an account of the death of poor dear Gooch, which took place the day previously. I felt low and oppressed.

"Thursday, 18th.—In the evening I visited poor Mrs. Gooch. She was devotedly attached to

her husband, but seemed resigned and tranquil. Described to me Dr. Gooch's two last days, which were, perhaps, inclined to delirium, from the exhausted state of the brain. He dwelt on concerns connected with the well-being of his children, but said little respecting the awful change he was about to undergo.

"Friday, 19th.—Went early to Windsor in the morning. The King was particularly glad to see me. His Majesty inquired for my daughter. Complained of his health. There was great irritability in his frame, which was expressed also in his manner. Returned to town, and found Lady K. and the rest of my family arrived.

"In the afternoon I visited (with Lady K.) Mr. Northcote. Told him I had purchased, the day before, a picture painted by him in 1793,—Henry the Second taking leave of John of Gaunt. He said it was painted for one Wimburn. This man's house was burnt down; and the whole of his family, consisting of seven children, perished in the fire. Yet the man recovered his spirits; and his wife had two children afterwards, one of whom was painted by Northcote, and the other by Opie.

"Northcote talked of the value of time. He said that time was an estate to every man, and intended to be so by Providence; and if we made a right use of it, we should be certain to have the full benefit of the profits."

The following are among the letters received by Sir William Knighton about this time:—

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

"Kew, Feb. 24, 1830.

"DEAR KNIGHTON,—Ever since I saw you, I have been more or less confined, as are most of us here; and this has prevented my coming to Windsor. I therefore now take up my pen, to remind you of the business upon which our vicar called upon you. We do not want at present the money; on the contrary, I wish, in case my brother chooses to give it, that you would keep it till when really wanted. All we want to know is, what sum he is gracious enough to give to the intended enlargement of our church, as we are at a stand-still, and cannot make any further progress, because it is requisite, previous to our addressing ourselves to the commissioners of church edifices, to know precisely what sums we can state to have been already given us. After this explanation, I trust you will perfectly comprehend the reason of my troubling you with these lines.

"Yours sincerely, "ERNEST."

FROM THE SAME.

"March 2d, 1830.

"DEAR KNIGHTON,—Having hoped to see you yesterday at Windsor, I did not answer your letter on receiving my brother's really noble and kingly donation to our parish; and I have given notice for a public vestry on Friday next, in order, to make it known to the parish, and then thank him officially for his generosity, which has exceeded

my most sanguine wishes. I am sorry to say, I found him not so well as I could have wished: he looked pale, and seemed to labour under oppression in his chest; otherwise he was cheerful.

"I find the tour has done me good, for I have had a better night, and my late complaint has not troubled me so much since yesterday; but Saturday and Sunday were very bad days indeed. I wish you joy that your son has stood his examination so well.

"Yours very sincerely, "ERNEST."

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, March 14, 1830.

"DEAR SIR,—I was prevented whilst in London from acknowledging yours of the 11th instant; and equally on my return here yesterday was I so occupied, I could not answer you. I now take up my pen to state, what probably Sir Andrew Barnard may have related to you, that nothing could have come more appropriately than his Majesty's donation to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund. When we sat down to dinner, there was a gloom respecting the subscription generally, and particularly on the King's present, which I did not at once announce. On my giving the health of the Sovereign, I simply mentioned the munificent and gracious recollection of his Majesty, and placed the money in the hands of Mr. Fawcett, which had the happiest effect: and our general subscription

was more than that of last year. It is but justice due to Fawcett to state, that eloquently, and with sincere gratitude, he expressed himself towards the King, who has so long and steadily befriended this fund.

"I rejoice to hear from Sir Henry Halford such continued good accounts of his Majesty; and I am to request you will express my most fervent wishes for the health and welfare of our justly beloved and excellent monarch.

"I am so perfectly convinced of your marked attention towards me on every occasion, that I am fully aware the cause of my not seeing you was your absence at Windsor; otherwise you would have had peculiar satisfaction in personally conveying to me the donation of his Majesty, as it must have afforded both you and me the pleasure of conversing on the kindness and goodness of the King, who is justly dear to us both.

"Ever believe me, dear sir,

"Yours truly, "WILLIAM."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart., etc."

FROM THE SAME.

"St. James's, April 4, 1830.

"DEAR SIR,—I have not sooner acknowledged your two letters of the 30th March, because I was anxious to state the effect of the two gracious donations of his Majesty. The one for the Drury Lane Fund could not be otherwise than most gratefully received. The other, for the Scottish Corporation, I was not certain about, because

* * * * is endeavouring to do all the harm he can. I trust, however, we have stopped him; and the company were most properly grateful to the King.

"I am glad Sir Henry Halford was enabled to give me so good an account yesterday of the King's health; and I trust in God his Majesty will shortly be as well as you and I wish him.

"Adieu, and ever believe me, dear sir,

"Yours truly, "WILLIAM."

FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am induced to trouble you on a matter of great consequence to myself, and which, therefore, calculating on your unwearied goodness, I hope you may not think altogether uninteresting.

"By the Advocate's Bill for making various alterations in the Court of Session, he proposes to lay aside two of the principal Clerks of Session, suffering them to die out without renewing them. Now, in the state of my health, which is much more precarious than I could wish, having had an awkward fit in spring, somewhat like a paralytic affection, and which was treated by the physicians as such, I am desirous to resign my office, on receiving such a superannuation allowance as my twenty-four years' service may seem to deserve. The public will be relieved of me in proportion to the difference between the full emoluments of the office and said superannuation. I am the more inclined to make this proposal to

Government, that I find myself much better since I have been taking great exercise and enjoying good air in this place. It would also give me leave to execute with due attention the periodical work which his Majesty did me the distinguished honour to patronise by permitting it to be inscribed to him. I must make economy fill up the difference, in which I do not fear succeeding.

"Now, my dear sir, as I am asking nothing to shock economy, but, on the contrary, am offering a considerable saving to the nation, being the difference between a clerk on full salary and a superannuated officer, which may be from three hundred to four hundred pounds a-year, I think I may hope such a claim may be listened to, as they only lose the service of an officer whom they have in some degree considered superfluous, since he is to have no successor. I am by far the longest in office of any of my brethren, all of whom have been appointed long since my nomination in 1806; and I served five or six years without salary, which may come to about as many thousand pounds. I am therefore in possession of an evident right, and ought to be considered as having some precedence of these, in any favour to be shown to any one of our body over the rest.

"It would be highly improper in me to suppose that a matter connected with one no more important than myself could be fit to interest his Majesty's attention; but having received so many marks of distinction from his Majesty, I may be permitted to hope his uniform benevolence

towards me will dispose him to concern himself in some degree whether the old *littérateur* whom the King has delighted to honour shall continue to turn the wheel till he die in the harness, or shall be allowed a remission from his labours of detail, which are no longer of any use.

"I have only to add, that my attention to business has been of the most accurate description, as all the judges and persons connected with my department would testify if necessary. I saw it reported that Joseph Hume said I composed novels at the clerk's table; but Joseph Hume said what neither was nor could be correct, as any one who either knew what belonged to composing novels, or acting as clerk to a court of justice, would easily have discovered. My plan is to go a little way on the Continent, if my health will permit, especially as your *protégé*, Charles, has been appointed *attaché* to Naples,—a kind action of Lord Aberdeen, the lad being very unwell with the rheumatism.

"I beg pardon for inflicting my tediousness upon you, and will conclude my homily as I did one of this date to Mr. Peel, *Solve equum senescentem.*

"I have the honour to be, my dear Sir William,

"Your truly obliged and faithful

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Abbotsford, Melrose, 14th April, 1830.

"I need not add my dutiful request, that whether you think it necessary or proper to mention

this matter to his Majesty, or not, you will have the goodness to place at the royal feet my hearty and sincere wishes for his health and prosperity."

CHAPTER XXIII.

General anxiety respecting the King's Health.—Letters from the Duke of Clarence and other Members of the Royal Family to Sir William Knighton, and from him to his Family, on the same subject.—Death of the King.

Soon after the commencement of the year 1830 the health of his Majesty George the Fourth was such as to create very anxious apprehensions; but the alleviations which at times took place in the sufferings of the King excited a hope that the natural strength of his fine constitution might yet retard the fatal result. The anxiety of the Royal Family was great, and letters were daily received by Sir William, expressive of the most affectionate feelings. Such sentiments will be read with interest by all who are susceptible of those tender ties of relationship with which Providence has bound the hearts of the great and noble, as well as those of the very lowest grade of human nature. The first is from the late King, William the Fourth, when Duke of Clarence.

"Bushy House, April 16, 1830. 9 P. M.

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of this afternoon has this moment reached me, and is, I am sorry to say,

not what I could have wished. The vomiting I do not like. However, thank God, his Majesty since that time has been tranquil. I am glad to hear the King thinks himself better; so far is comfortable, and I therefore trust that your anxiety and love for the best of masters and sovereigns makes you consider too highly the single symptom. I must be anxious to have the report of to-morrow of Sir Henry Halford, and trust in God it may be favourable.

"Under the present circumstances of the King's state, I have only to repeat my anxious wishes for that amendment which gratitude of fifty-nine years' standing calls me to express from the bottom of my heart. I remain, dear sir,

"Yours truly, "WILLIAM."

FROM THE SAME.

"Bushy House, April 18, 1830. 9 P.M.

"DEAR SIR,—I have this instant received yours of to-day from Windsor Castle, and lament the report is not more favourable. I dislike still more your expression "that your anxiety is not lessened." I know your sincere attachment to our beloved Monarch, and, unfortunately, I am too well acquainted with your abilities in the medical line not to dread your anxiety for our much-esteemed and valuable King. I shall wait with impatience the statement from Sir Henry Halford to morrow. God grant it may be such as I wish! In the mean time, adieu, and ever believe me, dear sir,

"Yours truly, "WILLIAM."

FROM THE SAME.

"Bushy House, April 21, 1830. 3 P. M.

"DEAR SIR,—I have just received yours 'most secret and confidential' of this day, which I properly value.

"On the whole, the account, thank God, is favourable; and God grant it may continue so, and that on Friday I may have the happiness and satisfaction of finding our beloved Sovereign in a progressive state of improvement. I shall be at the Castle a few minutes before one; and I value most highly and gratefully the kind expressions of the King, and I also thank you gratefully for the expressions that accompany from yourself his Majesty's gracious message to me. I cannot forget the uninterrupted friendship that has subsisted between the King and me for nine-and-fifty years; and I trust, from the bottom of my heart, I shall really find, next Friday, the best of brothers, masters, and men advancing in a favourable way, and your comprehensive and affectionate mind far more easy upon the 'single symptom' which produces with you so much painful anxiety. You may rely on my perfect and complete silence.

"And I now remain, dear sir, yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

Sir William's anxiety respecting the King's indisposition is expressed in the following letter to Lady Knighton, dated Windsor Castle, April 26th, 1830.

"I thank you for your letter of this day, and

for all your other letters, which have been of great comfort to me.

"I am now writing in the room adjoining his Majesty's bedchamber, for he does not like my being distant from him. We are not going on well: depend on it, this will not do; if this illness should be protracted, I see much suffering and embarrassment before us. I care very little what is said or thought of me; my duty is to promote the King's comfort and peace of mind: I will never consent that he shall have a moment's pain, to gratify the idle curiosity of a set of persons whose only objects are to deal in cabal, find fault with everything, and to pull down, if they could, the character of all the individuals who are endeavouring to serve their sovereign by every means in their power.

"I anticipate much happiness from our beloved Dora's return, with her darling little daughter to Blendworth. May God make us thankful for this mercy!—it excites all one's thankfulness. I have heard nothing of dear William, but hope to do so in a day or two. What a marvellous thing is time to look forward! but still more marvellous to look back! This may be exemplified in a very simple manner:—Every year one hears of people living to a hundred years; so that, taking that standard, there would be only eighteen lives between the present moment and our Saviour's crucifixion, and only forty lives from the present time to the Flood. When we reason thus, what a

change it makes in our thoughts in the whole view of this momentous subject!

"Affectionate love, etc. "W. K."

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, May 1, 1830.

"DEAR SIR,—I am to acknowledge yours 'most secret and confidential,' and perfectly understand your silence, as Sir H. Halford daily reported the state of our beloved monarch. Of course I was aware the King had yesterday seen the Princesses, and am not surprised weakness ensued. I am glad the difficulty of breathing is less the last two days, and I therefore trust in God his Majesty will ultimately do well. I highly appreciate the constant attendance of Sir H. Halford and Sir M. Tierney, and shall anxiously await the reports of Sir Henry, which God grant may be favourable! I most heartily and earnestly join with you in prayer that the Almighty may give me in particular, and all his Majesty's loving subjects, the happiness and comfort of looking to the prosperous termination of this very severe illness.

"Ever believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

FROM THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

"Kew, May 1.

"DEAR KNIGHTON,—Many thanks for yours, which I received last evening. I saw my sister on her return, and I own to you her description

of the state in which she found my poor brother went to my very soul, loving him as faithfully as ever one brother did another: for this I can say, I loved him for himself, and never have I had any sordid or interested view in my affection for him, but that of the purest love and attachment.

"I own the accounts of that last severe spasm of Wednesday evening has shaken my hopes much; and I cannot describe to you the anxiety of my mind. God preserve him for us all! I shall not come to-day, as I think, after the exertion of yesterday, rest is necessary.

"Yours very sincerely, "ERNEST."

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, May 2, 1830. Half-past 5 P. M.

"DEAR SIR,—Yours 'most secret and confidential,' and, unfortunately, 'most lamentable,' has just reached me. The only consolation I have, is to know that I have the approbation of the best of sovereigns and brothers, and at the same time the gratitude of my brother Adolphus, for taking charge of his son, whom I will consider quite as my own. I shall write to that effect to-morrow to Hanover.

"Every other part of your letter is indeed a dagger to my heart. Since May 2d, 1771, has the Prince of Wales, the Prince Regent, and the King of this country, my eldest brother, treated me with unvaried affection and friendship, and I must and do feel his last days are arriving.

"I cannot say more on this most truly painful

subject. Still, however, whilst life lasts, there is hope; and God grant the life of our beloved master and friend may yet be spared!

"I shall be most anxious to hear to-morrow, and ever remain,

"Dear sir, yours truly, "WILLIAM."

FROM THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBURGH.

"Hanover, May 3, 1830.

"You may believe the anxiety we are in, and how desirous we are for accounts; and though time in general flies too fast, at this moment the posts appear years in coming in. It is impossible to tell you how every one here is interested in the dear beloved King's health, and how all fly to hear how he is.

"You will have heard by this time, that finding dear Adolphus was decided to go to England, I have determined to go with him; and the next day, after I had written to the King to propose going, I received his gracious and affectionate message through Mary. I hope I have done all he desired, and have not asked too much in wishing to remain till my brother Adolphus returns to Germany next year with his family. By that means I shall have time to enjoy them all, making the dear King my first object. I must tell you how I have been knocked down with all I have heard, yet trust in God that the constitution, being naturally strong, may rally again.

"All my letters, not those of my family, assure me that every soul values and loves the King, and

that the general anxiety is very great. You may conceive that I shall be upon thorns till I reach England. Home I must go, for many reasons; and I hope not to stir till I set out in July. Maybe it will be wiser not to say I have written; for I am so afraid of saying a word too much or too little. You know my affection and devotion for the King; and though I may not express my feelings so strongly as I wish, yet you cannot doubt my sacrificing my life for him, could I save him: and you may be assured, though a very humble being, I will never be in his way, yet ever at hand should he wish me; and you shall never hear a complaint of me from any one in the house, for I will be in nobody's way.

"I feel for all those who are attending the King, for all must love him who know him; and I grieve to find that you say you are a good deal fatigued by all you have gone through. I will take up no more of your precious time, and humbly pray God to watch over that life which is of so much consequence to us all, but to none more than

"Your friend, "ELIZABETH."

FROM THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

"Gloucester House, May 3.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—This moment I have received the enclosed from Elizabeth, which she sends open, that I might show it to you; and if you approve, I was to put it into the dear King's hands myself. She little thought of the real state of things when she wrote that letter; and though

I am sensible the letter cannot be given, I feel I ought to send it you, as desired, and your judgment will decide much better than mine what had best be done.

"God support you, and enable you to go through this heart-rending trial!

"Yours, "MARY."

TO MRS. SEYMOUR.

"Windsor Castle, 5th May, 1838.

"I was so anxiously engaged the whole of yesterday, that I had not an opportunity of writing to dear mother or yourself.

"I received the enclosed this morning from dear William. It is truly gratifying to me, in the midst of all my cares, to have three dear children who have never given me a moment's pain: I am glad to proclaim this, as a happiness for which I ought to be most grateful to the Almighty.

"Dear William seems now to be at work in earnest. The habit only of industry is a prize. I therefore begin to think that if he obtain this, his life will be filled in a manner that will be very gratifying to himself.

"Kiss my darling little grand-daughter again and again. I suppose she will be so grown, I shall scarcely know her when we again meet. I need not add how I long for that time to arrive.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

FROM LORD BLOOMFIELD.

"Stockholm, May 7, 1830.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,—It would ill suit the

anguish of my heart, under the accounts which have reached me of his Majesty, not to address a line to you, who will, I know, enter into all my feelings; and although trembling in my contemplation of the danger, still I will break in upon you, to unburthen myself, and to supplicate one line: I shall not know peace until that reaches me; for I confess, my dear Knighton, that the report on his Majesty's state is what I always the most dreaded. May the Almighty preserve to our country and to the world a life which seems at this moment to be of more importance than at any period of our history!

"My distress is too intense to write in detail on other matters. I must not, however, delay telling you that my letter to Lord L****, of which I sent you a copy, has produced a settlement of that hateful affair. The share of tormenting vexation which it brought upon you greatly aggravated my own suffering. But, as you will have seen, I took my line; and I trust we may both be relieved from a state of embarrassment which we neither of us deserved. Burn, I pray you, the copy of Lord L****'s letter, which ought not now to see the light.

"God bless you, my dearest friend!

"Ever your affectionate and attached

"BLOOMFIELD.

"I trust my dear son will have seen you."

FROM THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBURGH.

"Hanover, May 18, 1830.

"You may believe the very sincere affliction I

am in, and how deeply I deplore the present state of things, for I had feasted on the thoughts of beholding that sweet and benevolent countenance again. It appears as if trials are to follow me everywhere: but I can but submit and kiss the rod, saying with humility and perfect faith, 'God's will be done!' A greater blow could not happen to me than this dreadful illness of the dear, blessed King. Bowed down I am, yet most thankful he is surrounded by those he likes and loves. Affection would have made both Adolphus and me fly; but delicacy made us refrain from doing what might have alarmed him. Confidentially, we have been in a great wrong, as Ernest wrote to Adolphus, and said that the King was expecting us; fortunately your friendly letter of the 4th arrived today, (owing to an accident happening to the packet-boat,) in which you particularly mention that we were not expected till July or August. We cannot be too thankful to you for writing in so confidential and open a manner, for you have thoroughly prepared us for what, to our grief and sorrow, we must expect.

"My heart is so very full, that no words can express what my sentiments of affection are for the dear King, and it is much better not to attempt it. I do not want to plague you with a long letter, for, God knows, you have enough on your hands. May God give you ALL strength to bear up under your severe trial! Grateful must I ever feel to those who have shown such proofs of attachment to one whom I have ever loved better than life, and whose

loss will be so severely felt by all, but by none more than your sincere friend,

"ELIZABETH.

"You must excuse my bad writing: I have hardly eyes to see, my tears flow so fast."

FROM THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"Hanover, May 18, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I have many, many thanks to return you for your three letters of the 1st, 4th, and 7th instant, the two last of which I received on Sunday and yesterday. The accounts of our beloved King are, I am grieved to find, no better; and though I am most anxious to put every confidence in the strength of his constitution, yet, my dear Sir William, at his age, and after the many severe illnesses he has had, I cannot deny to you that I do despair of his recovery.

"No words can express how much I was affected by his very kind and gracious message which you communicated to me in your letter of the 4th. I entreat you, if you can find an opportunity, to say how deeply I feel his goodness to me at all times, and how delighted I am at his approval of my dear boy being under the Duke of Clarence's charge; and that my most fervent prayers were offered up to Heaven that I might find him perfectly recovered on my arrival in England in August.

"You know my affection for the King, and therefore you will easily believe that if I had the slightest idea that my going to England would be, any comfort to my dear suffering brother, I would

travel night and day with the greatest pleasure: but as he has neither sent me a message through you, nor through the Duchess of Gloucester, I own I fear that my going immediately to England, after having petitioned his leave to go there at the end of July or beginning of August, might alarm him, and then my visit would do more harm than good. I therefore have determined not to move from hence, and to wait till I hear from you, my dear Sir William, what I had best do.

"Believe me, yours most sincerely,

"ADOLPHUS FREDERICK."

"May 20.

"I was unfortunately prevented sending off my letter on the Tuesday; but I am now not sorry for it, as I have since that received a letter from the Duchess of Gloucester, containing a most kind message from the dear King, in which he expresses satisfaction at the thought of seeing me in August. My mind is therefore quite at ease on the subject I mentioned to you in my letter. Would to God I could say the same on the state of our dear patient! who, I am grieved to find by your letter of the 11th instant, is getting weaker every hour.

"God bless you! "A. F."

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"Marbrillant, May 28, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I cannot let the mail go out without returning you my warmest thanks

for your letter of the 18th, which contained, thank God, a much more comfortable account of our beloved King than I had received since his illness.

"No words can express the delight I felt at the perusal of it, and Heaven grant that you may be able in your next to say that the improvement continues!

"By the mail of the 21st, which is just come in, I am happy to find that this is the case; and the absence of Sir Henry Halford for a few hours, proves that he could leave his post with safety.

"I will not detain you any longer; so God bless you! and

"Believe me, my dear Sir William,

"Yours very sincerely,

"ADOLPHUS FREDERICK."

FROM SIR WILLIAM TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

"Windsor Castle, Saturday, May 23.

"Notwithstanding I have been up with the dear King, and am very tired and much worn, yet I I cannot go to bed without fulfilling my intention of writing to you to tell you how much I love you.

"I hear that your dear mother and Michael have been painting since I left Blendworth on Monday last. I hope, my dearest Mary, that you have done the same. Do not, on any account, give up an accomplishment in which you are so likely to excel. I hope we shall find that William has not been idle in this respect.

"God bless you, my beloved! Affectionate

love to all, with a kiss to the little treasure, your niece.

"Yours, etc., "W. K."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Windsor Castle, 25th May, 1830.

"I arrived here last night soon after ten, and found things not better, but worse. This morning —— sent me his publication that I mentioned to you. I have not read it, nor shall I, but put it in the box with the other filth I am favoured with.

"What a miserable and wretched life mine is! God grant it was over!—it is enough to destroy my constitution. I did not sit up last night, but I shall do so to-night: I might as well have done so, for I did not get an hour's sleep.

"I cannot tell you with what an aching heart I left you and my dear children last night: the peaceful and heavenly tranquillity of our dear home is too delightful to think of.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Windsor Castle, 27th May.

"Your letter of this morning was a real comfort to me. It is impossible to tell you the efforts that have been employed to make this attack known, and the pains the authors of it have taken that it might not be overlooked by me. The King is particularly affectionate to me. His Majesty is gradually breaking down; but the time required

(if it does not happen suddenly) to destroy his original fine constitution, no one can calculate upon: hence it is better to say nothing about the last days of existence until the painful conclusion is put beyond a doubt.

"I had the enclosed letter from dear William yesterday: be so good as to return it to me. I am sadly unwell; I can hardly hold my pen, my hand is so shaky.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

The period between this and the next letter was passed by Sir William in constant attendance on his suffering sovereign and master, and under all the discomfort and distress which a sensitive mind could experience in circumstances of so melancholy a nature.

For a considerable time previously, Sir William had taken every opportunity of calling his Majesty's attention to religious subjects, and had placed, unordered, a quarto Bible of large type on the King's dressing-table, with which his Majesty was much pleased, and which he frequently read.

In the beginning of June the following prayer was appointed to be used during the indisposition of his Majesty:—

"Almighty and most merciful God, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, incline thine ear, we beseech thee, to the cry of thy people, and accept our supplications and prayers which we make unto thee on behalf of thy servant, our Sovereign Lord the King.

"Vouchsafe, of thy goodness, O Lord, to assuage his pain, to relieve his infirmity, and to strengthen his soul by the consolations of thy grace, that so, resigning himself with all meekness and patience to thy holy will, and trusting entirely to thy mercy, he may be raised by thy power from the bed of sickness, and long continue to govern thy people, committed to his charge, in peace and righteousness.

"And, finally, grant, O Heavenly Father, that when it shall be thy good pleasure to call him from this world unto thee, he may receive a crown of glory in thy everlasting kingdom, through the merits and mediation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

In a letter from the Bishop of Chichester, since translated to the see of Worcester, there is the following mention of the satisfaction with which his Majesty joined in the above admirable prayer.

"With the King's permission, I repeated the above on my knees at his bedside. At the close of it, his Majesty, having listened to it with the utmost attention, three times repeated 'Amen' with the greatest fervour and devotion. He expressed himself highly gratified with it, and desired me to convey his approbation of it to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"R. J. CHICHESTER."

On the 26th, the intelligence of his Majesty's death was received.

FROM SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Windsor Castle, 26th June.

"The poor dear King breathed his last at a quarter past three this morning. The whole of yesterday was passed in a state of great exhaustion; but I thought it possible it might go on for two or three days. About twenty minutes before his Majesty's dissolution, the bowels were acted upon: this gave the disposition to the heart to cease its functions. I hardly had time to get from my room, which is in the next tower to that occupied by the King, before his Majesty ceased to breathe; but I was present to witness the last sigh. His Majesty died without any apparent pain or struggle.

"Thus ended the life of George the Fourth, one of the cleverest and most accomplished men in Europe—full of benevolence! There will be many to deplore his loss.

"It is impossible for me to quit this place at present; I have a weight of care before me not to be described. However, I trust in God that I shall get through what remains in a satisfactory manner.

"My health has suffered much, and I am at this moment more dead than alive. Most of the inmates quit the Castle this morning.

"Ever, etc. "W. K."

FROM HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

"Gloucester House, June 26.

"To have been thought of by you at such a mo-

ment is deeply impressed on my heart; and I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my gratitude for all your attention and kindness to me, and for all your devotion and attachment to your beloved and lamented master. My heart is so full, I can add no more; but pray come and see me after all your sad duties are fulfilled.

"Yours, "MARY."

FROM SIR DAVID WILKIE.

"Kensington, June 26, 1830.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Being myself but lately and in so remarkable a manner the object of his Majesty's most gracious munificence, I feel it particularly incumbent upon me to offer to you my respectful condolence upon the great loss which by this eventful day we have all met with.

"To express my gratitude to my illustrious benefactor for what he has been graciously pleased to confer upon me in the time of his own extremity, is no longer possible; but to you all my obligation continues, and calls for the most earnest expression of acknowledgment at this time, when you yourself are, by the hand of providence, deprived of so exalted a friend.

"If there be a consolation to you, sir, who have in so particular a manner enjoyed the well-merited honour of his late Majesty's favour and friendship, besides the consciousness of having discharged the duties of your important station, it is in the good you have dispensed to others, and in the assurance you may well have in your own

mind of the gratitude and service due to you from those whom, in your high trust, you have, as in my own case, in the time of difficulty, in so remarkable a degree benefited.

"With every feeling of respectful duty and gratitude to yourself, allow me also to offer my respectful regards to Lady Knighton, and to the rest of the family.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir William,

"Your most devoted and faithful servant,

"DAVID WILKIE."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart., etc."

"Windsor Castle, July 3, 1830.

"I was too unwell yesterday to get from my bed till after two,—too late for the post. I am better to-day, but very so-so. My present intention is to leave this on Monday next. The body goes into state on Wednesday and Thursday, and will, I suppose, in the course of Tuesday be removed to the state apartments. I shall return on Thursday for the funeral, and come up again on that night, which makes me take a final leave of Windsor in my present capacity. My movements after this must depend on the progress of my executorship. The instant I can come to you, I shall do so, and feel most happy that I have a home and sincerity and affection to fly to.

"I look forward with comfortable feelings to my future plan of life: this must be a subject of consideration among us. I shall certainly at once part with my house in town, [and break up that

establishment. If I should think it useful to have another, I can find one.

"I hope by degrees to pass into religious old age, remarkable for simplicity of conduct and character, and, if it should please God to spare me for ten years, that this shall be the best part of my life.

"I have endeavoured to do my best for my beloved children; that best has not always succeeded. "W. K."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Letter from Sir Walter Scott to Sir William Knighton on the King's death; other Letters from the Landgravine of Hesse Homburgh, Sir John Nash, etc. upon the same subject.—Sir William's preparations for leaving Windsor.—An easy Journey to Paris recommended for the benefit of his health.—Extracts from his Journal.

Amongst those who had the most sincere cause to lament the death of a sovereign, the patron of genius and the fine arts, was that highly-talented author Sir Walter Scott, author of the Waverley Novels. He was honoured by the personal friendship of George the Fourth, and was most justly appreciated by his Majesty. Sir William Knighton received the following letter from Sir Walter shortly after the demise of the King.

TO SIR W. KNIGHTON, BART.

"Abbotsford, July 14, 1830.

"My dear Sir,—I have not, though experi-

encing considerable anxiety for the consequence to your health in the midst of the distressing scenes and great and continued fatigue which you have been lately called upon to undergo, ventured to intrude upon you my inquiries after your valuable health. I have waited, though not without anxiety, till I learned from your and my excellent friend the chief commissioner, that you had health and leisure to let your friends in the North hear from you. As he thinks you are now well enough to endure what must be at all events a painful correspondence, I trouble you with this intrusion to express my deep sorrow for the loss of a sovereign whose gentle and generous diposition, and singular manner and captivating conversation, rendered him as much the darling of private society, as his heartfelt interest in the general welfare of the country, and the constant and steady course of wise measures by which he raised his reign to such a state of triumphal prosperity, made him justly delighted in by his subjects. You will not wonder that one so frequently honoured by his Majesty's notice should desire to state to his mourning confidant and friend the deep interest which he has taken in the mournful course of events which are so painful in recollection.

"I am convinced that the mere removal from so busy and anxious a scene as that which you have occupied for several years, would rather have been a relief than otherwise; but it has been most painfully brought about, through the loss of your friend and benefactor, whose confidence you so

long possessed. That you rewarded that confidence with such disinterested and attached zeal as a subject has seldom shown to a sovereign, and with faithful services of the character which his Majesty had most occasion to value, is now universally acknowledged; and the comfort that the approbation of the world is well deserved must be your best resource and your chief comfort.

"In offering my sincere sympathy, and the assurances of the deep feelings with which your acts of kindness and friendship will always dwell on my mind, I do not mean to hurry you into writing, which cannot just now be very agreeable. But when a moment will permit you to spare me a line, merely to say how you are after months of fatigue, it will be highly valued by,

"Dear Sir William, your truly obliged and grateful friend, "WALTER SCOTT."

FROM THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBURGH.

"Hanover, July 2, 1830.

"I cannot, after the friendship you have so often expressed in the many letters I have received from you, allow of the messenger's returning without a few lines to try and express how deep is the sorrow I am now experiencing. The loss of the beloved, not to say adored brother, whose constant kindness is so thoroughly engraven on my heart, is not to be told. Yet, believe me, that being no egotist, in the midst of my first burst of affliction, I humbly blessed God that he was, dear angel! at peace, and prepared to appear before

his Maker, through that Saviour who pleaded for him at the throne of grace; and in Heaven will all his noble and generous deeds be registered;—and who ever did more? To me the loss is dreadful; yet I feel it my duty to go to England, being desirous to see all my family and friends once more before I bid adieu to the world and all its cares.

"I have had such trials within these two years, that I have a dread of losing this good opportunity of going with dear Adolphus; and William has expressed himself so kindly, that I am sure I ought to go, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you, and expressing the gratitude I feel towards you for the constant watchfulness, affection, and zeal, which you have ever shown to him whose loss we must ever deplore.

"I will not take up more of your time than to assure you how truly I am,

"Sir, your friend, "ELIZABETH."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart etc."

FROM THE SAME.

"Brighton, Oct. 11, 1830.

"You must think me a very ungrateful person, if you can for a moment doubt my gratitude to you for having remembered my petition, when I really did not think either my spirits or my courage would have brought me to England. I had indeed hoped to see you, and thank you for your very obliging letters, and the two boxes, so very, very valuable to me; but not seeing you in town

was a great disappointment, and the extreme hurry I have been in ever since has prevented me recalling myself to you. Besides, though you well know I never ask questions, and never will, you once said to me you never wished to be talked of or named; so, not knowing your direction, I waited; but having heard that the excellent and valuable Bishop of Chichester had the pleasure of seeing you some short time ago, I shall beg of him to forward this to you. Never can I express my thanks to you for my two valuable boxes, which will be taken the greatest care of; and the snuff will never be taken out, so dear is it to me.

"You may conceive what a very severe trial it was to me to find myself in that magnificent castle, and the being I most valued and loved gone; everything which I saw showing his taste, and every spot calculated to please and delight—his own formation. I give you my word, I went about half dead; in short, it literally struck upon my heart without a bell; and still you may believe the wound is far from healed, though I am able to show myself, and appear cheerful in society. At present I have little; for I have managed to sprain my knee, and am completely fixed to my chair, and all thought of my following the King and Queen to London is over, which is very vexatious: yet they assure me that good may come out of evil, and that I may even entirely recover the use of my legs, which I have nearly lost ever since the shock of the Landgrave's death.

"I do hope one of these days we may meet.

Believe me, I shall never forget all your attentions and real marks of friendship towards me; for no one can be more sensible of kindness than

"Your sincere friend, "ELIZABETH."

During the illness of the King, numerous letters were addressed to Sir William expressive of regard and anxiety for the Sovereign, and containing various remedies for the malady with which he was supposed to be afflicted. The following is a specimen of the feeling excited by his Majesty's sufferings. The amiable writer was herself shortly after removed, in the prime of life, "to where there is no pain and no sorrow."

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—I hope your health has not suffered from your present trying situation. We feel a lively interest in the sufferings of the poor King, a sympathy in your feelings also.

"It appears that his Majesty suffers from want of sleep: the following simple remedy I have known to be very efficacious; it is very safe and wholesome, in case you should be disposed to try it: A quarter of an ounce of the best Kentish hops to be infused in a pint of boiling water till cold, then strained through a cloth; a wine-glass to be taken when preparing for sleep, and to be repeated once, if necessary. It composes to sleep; pray try it.

"May it please God to mitigate the King's sufferings, and give him peace in Him! 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' So many prayers ascend to the throne of grace and mercy for the

Sovereign, that I feel a confident hope that God will have mercy on him, if not in restoring him to health, in taking him to where there is no pain and no sorrow, to a happiness purchased by sufferings greater than his own, and by the precious blood of a Redeemer. In the mean time, he is blessed perhaps more than many in his station have been, by having so kind a friend near him as yourself.

"Believe me, etc."

The following is from Sir John Nash.

"E. Cowes Castle, 6th July, 1830.

"My dear Sir William,—My spirit is quite broken down, and I am very incapable of business. The pain in my head and giddiness continue, and the least exertion of thought, and indeed of bodily exercise, knocks me up; although in every other respect I am in body perfectly well. The necessity of these Palace accounts and estimates being prepared for the Treasury whenever they shall choose to call for them, puts the repose and quiet which I now feel and know to be necessary to my recovery at present out of the question. I have had the clerks down with me, and I hope in two days more I shall be prepared at all points. One of my first wishes is, that those things which our dear King was most anxious about should be carried into effect; and my motive for intruding on your present serious occupations is, to request of you to direct the portfolio of the drawings of the Palace, which is in the custody of the page of

the King's chamber-door, may be sent to me, as I shall be certainly called upon to explain and show what his Majesty had settled upon, and I have no copies of the drawings.

"I also sent for the King's inspection my book of the alterations which I proposed for Windsor. I believe they were in the same custody. Pray preserve them for me.

"I am anxious also not to have to accuse myself of any want of respect which I might have been able to show to his dear memory. I feel that I ought to attend his funeral, and I shall esteem your advice upon the occasion as a great act of friendship.

"Ever, my dear Sir William,

"Your sincerely faithful friend, "J. NASH."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart., etc."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Hanover Square, 21st Aug. 1830.

.. "I am getting on with my business, but I am not able to say at present whether I shall leave this on Monday night or Tuesday morning. I am again to be with the Duke of Wellington on Monday morning, and on that day at two o'clock I am to attend a Duchy of Cornwall council.

"There is a company of more than a hundred persons dining at Windsor Castle, and the routine of the palace is going on as usual. How strange it all seems! The poor King has just been entombed a month! This is a lesson of instruction for silent contemplation. It naturally leads the

mind to various results, and gives a proper estimate of the value that belongs to the transitory affairs of this world. The charities of life, if the exist at all, must be looked for, not in the congregated mass of what is termed society, but in the mutual converse of humble life, where self-love does not so much prevail. It is far from me to say whether such a thing is to be found; but if not, I say live with the dead if you can, and not with the fooleries of the living.

"Kiss my dearest children, always remembering dear little Dorothea.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

Sir William's health was long in a most uncomfortable state after the death of the king: the slightest emotion produced violent palpitation of the heart, and great nervous agitation. The necessity of a journey to Paris for the conclusion of some affairs connected with his late situation with his Majesty, (as rapidity and night-travelling were no longer required,) it was hoped, would prove generally beneficial to his bodily health and nervous system, and he was enabled to have the company and attentions of two members of his family.

"From the fragment of a journal are extracted the following remarks.

"Calais, September 4, 1830.

"We arrived here last night, after a voyage of twelve hours from the Tower-stairs. Amongst the passengers I observed a young man with a

sharp intelligent countenance, but full of desperate and fierce expression. This happened to be the second son of Marshal Ney, of former celebrity.

"I had some conversation with an Irishman, who had been residing for some years at St. Omer. He stated, among other things, that there was little or no religion in France; that the late government was beyond all description ridiculous; that even on the 25th of July, had Marmont, instead of firing blank cartridges, fired ball, the mob would have been dispersed in a very short time; that the mob was of the lowest rabble; that during the night of the 28th they dug up the pavement, barricaded the streets, and for three days the troops were without a morsel to eat; that even when the troops were driven out of Paris, had they taken their station on Montmartre, they might have bombarded Paris, and laid it in ashes.

"Visited Monsieur H. He talked of the present state of things in France; said the French had no constancy; that they were totally unfit to have a constitution. It is evident to me that these people must not be governed by their own *ipse dixit*. They require a master to rule them with an iron hand, but that master must be of a superior order,—one whose character would flatter their vanity as a nation. These fanciful people had nothing to complain of in their late monarch. He was devoted to religion, it is true; but did it affect the mass of the population? Certainly not; for the truth is, that they have no Sabbaths and no religion; at least, as they keep not the one, they do not practise the other.

"I can plainly see that in the present state of things it is impossible that this particular mass can be held together without farther excitement; and when a commotion begins, the end cannot be easily foreseen. There is a readiness in Paris for people to congregate together, which gives a facility to discontent, by cultivating, through the medium of perpetual talk, real or fancied ills. It signifies but little what degree of reality there is in the language they pour forth; they talk themselves into the belief of what at first entered into their imaginations only as a faint surmise.

"The French are clever, inconstant, with much settled thought when bent on a particular purpose; very volatile; externally polite to the greatest as well as the most pleasing degree; seldom unhappy for any length of time; ravenous for the luxuries of the table when they fall in their way, but doing well without them when circumstances call for their absence.

"It is a curious fact, that the lower classes, who seldom or never steal, should have no integrity of mind. How is this? Whilst the English have integrity of mind, they scruple not to thieve whenever a secure opportunity offers. To sum up all, property in France is almost constantly secure from theft; whilst in England, double doors and double locks give you no security.

"Rouen, 14th September, 1830.

"We left Paris at ten last night, and arrived at this place about the middle of the day. We embark this night in a steamer for Havre, where we

hope to arrive about nine in the morning. The night was dark and gloomy. My two companions slept the greater part of the way, and I was left to my own thoughts and feelings. I reflected on what I had left in that city of Paris. A greater abomination of sin and wickedness cannot exist on earth. There is a perpetual tumult and scramble, as it were, for some new device to cultivate and develope with earnest zeal all the base and sinful passions that belong to the worst parts of human nature.

"The road from Paris to this place is picturesque in some parts, and very much varied in all.

"In ascending one of the long hills, we were accosted, among other beggars, by a female idiot, rather advanced in life, perhaps between fifty and sixty. Her face was totally devoid of every expression connected with poverty, distress, or evil purpose. When she accosted you for charity, which seemed to be all the object and business of life, her pleadings always began with a laugh of the most vacant, frightful, and distressing kind, which no words can express. It was something between foolishness and cunning—something between reality and acting. Whatever was said, she pursued her purpose: the end being obtained, she pocketed her alms with that species of satisfaction that is derived from little or great success. This struck me particularly, and here must be a limited reflection. It is the practice to attribute this defect to some mal-conformation of the structure of the human frame. This may

do for the blindness of the anatomist; but it is much more probable that the Almighty has left us these examples to show the truth of those histories recorded in Holy Writ, where the power of our Saviour was manifested in casting out the evil spirit, and restoring the power of the mind to draw reasonable conclusions according to the different degrees and limitations of the human intellect.

"This is an old city, and is wealthy from its manufactures and commerce; but it abounds in filth and wretchedness."

CHAPTER XXV.

Sir William Knighton's arrangements for giving up his town residence.—Correspondence with his Family.—Extracts from his Diary.—Account of his first introduction to George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales.

SHORTLY after the death of the King, Sir William disposed of his house in town, and resided chiefly with his family in the country, where he rendered himself much beloved by his readiness in giving on all occasions the benefit of his medical knowledge to the sick poor in his vicinity, as well as to the higher classes, if requested. His health became less frequently interrupted, and the necessity of his occasional visits to town prevented his feeling that natural dullness which the change from a life of great mental and bodily activity to one of

extreme tranquillity might have been expected to produce.

In October, Sir William went to Oxford to see his son. The following is part of a letter from thence :—

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Christ Church, October 11, 1830.

"I arrived here last evening about five, and found dear William quite well. We are going to Blenheim at one. I shall keep this open till my return.

"We have been much gratified by our visit. Blenheim is indeed altogether truly superb. The interior of the house is in a perfect state of repair, and quite as it should be; but the exterior, as well as the grounds, are far from being equally well kept.

"Connected as this noble place is with historical associations, one cannot but lament that there should exist any cause for its decline from its ancient grandeur.

"I have spent a very happy day, and look with discomfort on leaving my friend to-morrow.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"London, Oct. 28, 1830.

"I have been in my bed an hour and a half, but I can get no sleep; I know not why, for I have been on my legs, I may literally say, the whole day. Under these circumstances, I will give you

a hasty sketch of my proceedings and observations during two days in London.

"Oct 27.—I arose from my bed between seven and eight, and soon after nine went to the Duke of Wellington, for the purpose of transacting business. His Grace was kind as usual: we went through various details in a very agreeable manner.

"The Duke expressed himself very kindly indeed with respect to the state to which I had brought the late King's affairs, as they were found at his death, and added his testimony to the satisfactory manner in which I had discharged the arduous duties of my office.

"From the Duke I walked to Kensington, to Wilkie, who was very glad to see me; and I found he had been busy on his picture of John Knox. We talked of William's painting. I told him I thought he had the germ of talent within him. Wilkie said that genius was nothing more than a propensity to follow a particular pursuit,—all the rest was the power of applying yourself to the drudgery. This I believe to be partly true; but there is an indescribable something to be combined with this, known under the term of various degrees of capacity.

"At five in the evening I again sallied forth, —— being my companion. I first went to Calkin, and gave an order for several instructive books of art. This being done, we proceeded to the Strand, and on reaching Somerset House we saw a vast concourse of people flocking into the church

opposite. Upon inquiry, we found that a sermon was to be preached, and that this was the case every Wednesday evening. The church was quite filled in a few minutes. This was a curious spectacle, contrasted with the movements of sin, wretchedness, and worldly occupations outside the walls. The streets were quite thronged: it seems to me the population increases every week.

"The sermon, which was extemporaneous, lasted an hour and half. The preacher's voice was pleasing, his manner intelligent. Some parts of his sermon were excellent, and all true. He reminded his congregation that the greatest saints that ever lived were liable to occasional sin. He then gave a catalogue from Abraham downward, quite through the Old Testament, as well as the New. He then exhorted his hearers to have no confidence in their own righteousness; that there was but one security against temptation, faith in Christ: that they must ever be on the watch; in short to watch themselves, and that they would have enough to do, without boasting of themselves or decrying their neighbours.

"I was struck with the patient attention of the congregation. It was evident that this mass of people was accustomed to holy meditations. There was a peculiar tranquillity and resignation expressed in their countenances. They were mostly young and of middle age, and appeared to be, from their external appearance, in a moderate way of livelihood.

"Thus ended my day. I will now return to my bed, and resume my pen in the morning.

"Oct. 28th.—I began my day by walking to Bayswater, to look after dear Mary's picture. It remains in the same state; Linnell has not had time to finish it. I found him, as usual, full of intelligence. He showed me Holbein's original Dance of Death, perhaps the very first edition. He gave me a sight of Raphael's woodcut engravings of the History of the Bible. He finished by saying that there were parts in these that constantly kept the mind on fire, and withdrew it from the grovelling contemplation of things connected with the common course of art. I consented to his having Dr. Gooch's picture for a print, he seemed so eager about it.

"I then proceeded to the Duchy Office, where I met Mr. Dickie, and having settled some details, went on to the City, and determined to dine at Dolly's Chophouse in St. Paul's Churchyard. It is a dark, dismal place, and you pass through two alleys to get to it. I counted five persons on my entrance, one of whom was ——. We recognised each other by a simple nod of the head, which seemed to imply that we were too important to be there except *incog.* Such are the many varieties of vanity. Vain of what? A lump of clay, that the slightest thing turns into the most loathsome state, which every living creature, save the worm, would shun.

"Very near me was a plain man in a carefully combed wig. His evident intention was to confine

his age to fifty: but it would not do; three score and ten crept through the deception. He directed, on sitting down, three veal-cutlets to be brought in succession, hot and hot, half a pint of sherry, and a pint of porter. All this was uttered in a sonorous voice, and with a degree of self-consequence that developed much of the character of the individual. In short, it was evident that his had been, in a little or great way, a life of self: his own dear self was the great and leading object with him.

"From this place I crossed over to St. Paul's: it was nearly dark, but I paid my twopence, and was admitted. The monuments of the dead bring to one's mind the thoughts of another and a better world: but the question is important, when you inquire, what are the deeds done in the flesh by these men? I looked round, and found that the history of all I saw was blood and carnage,—in other words, war. The accidental circumstance of being placed in a situation to be killed by a fellow man was the boasted memorial of the perishable marble. When I said, all, there were three that required some skill to find, and who were exceptions to the general rule; Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the great Howard,—he who first taught the world to separate captivity from cruelty—he who entered the loathsome dungeon for the purpose of dividing the weight due to the commission of particular crimes.

"From St. Paul's I paid a visit to Mr. ——, a

man clinging to the idolatry of wealth, who has not, as I believe, many months to live.

"I journeyed homewards. This has been a day of events, all of which time prevents my detailing here. Adieu, etc. "W. K."

Observations taken from a diary, dated Limmer's hotel:

"November 13, 1830.

"I saw Northcote last night. He seemed very glad to see me. I told him I had been at Blenheim, and that I thought Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of the Marlborough Family very fine.—'Yes,' said he, 'the execution of the picture is very fine; but I hate fantastic ideas in the composition of family pictures. I am as great an admirer of Sir Joshua as any one on earth; but if Titian had painted that picture, there would have been a solemn, dignified stillness; the sentiment would have all tended to one point, that is, connected with the parents, who ought to be the essence of everything in the picture; there would have been no child's play, which is all very well for a laughable caricaturist, but does not belong to the grand style. Sir Joshua excelled beyond all the painters that ever lived in expressing the feelings of social and domestic sentiment; that wonderful briskness also, if I may so term it, conveyed by his pencil is quite marvellous: in short, there is something in his pictures which never appeared before.'

"Northcote then referred to that beautiful comparison of Sir Joshua's between a picture of Titian and the same subject by Rubens. He said that some of Rubens's finest pictures were at Blenheim; that Sarah Duchess of Marlborough was fond of pictures, and that presents of pictures were made to the Duke to please her.

"He then spoke of Raphael, his wonderful powers of mind, and that extraordinary capacity for ideal beauty. This he spoke of in reference to Sir Joshua's Holy Family. He said Sir Joshua's Virgin looked like a housemaid; whereas Titian's and Raphael's looked like what they ought to have been, something so dignified and beautiful as to appear supernatural. Nevertheless, Sir Joshua was a rare instance in this island: before him there was comparatively nothing.

"He then mentioned Lord Egremont's visit to him. He said he saw a great difference in his behaviour and in that of others of his order: the distance of aristocracy was quite thrown aside; there was no assumption. I begged to know what he meant by assumption. He said, 'I can hardly define it; but it is a sort of affectation of superiority,—as much as to say, You may come thus far, and no farther. However, in that respect I have been all my life a match for it, returning distance for distance.'

"I waited on the Duke of Wellington, and found his Grace glad to see me, and in good spirits. The ground he took on the subject of the Lord Mayor's dinner was, that he advised the

King and Queen not to go, because the probability was that bloodshed would have happened in their presence.

"'In regard to myself,' he said, 'I had no desire to be massacred; which would have happened. I would have gone, if the law had been equal to protect me: but that was not the case. Fifty dragoons on horseback would have done it; but that was a military force. If firing had begun, who could tell where it was to end? I know what street-firing is: one guilty person would fall, and ten innocent be destroyed. Would this have been wise or humane, for a little bravado, or that the country might not be alarmed for a day or two? It is all over now, and in another week or two will be forgotten.'

"I saw Wilkie. He is proceeding with John Knox. I took him a sketch of the old pulpit, made of stone, remaining in the angle of the court at Magdalene College, Oxford. He did not agree with Northcote's criticism of Sir Joshua's picture at Blenheim: he smiled, and said, 'That will not do.'

"Nov. 9th. — I came to town with Lord Vernon."

The following are extracts from a diary written about this period.

"My acquaintance with his late Majesty George the Fourth began thus:—

"The first interview I had with his Majesty was when he was Prince of Wales, on my return from

Spain with Lord Wellesley. This must have been in the year 1811.

"The Prince had a lameness in his hand, arising from an accident in going to Oatlands, then the Duke of York's. Lord Wellesley recommended the Prince to see me. I saw his Royal Highness once; but as he was under the care of Home, Cline, and Sir Walter Farquhar, I had of course no opportunity of recommending anything; and indeed if I had, I should have found myself without a remedy for his complaint.

"When I entered the room, I knelt down and kissed his hand. Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt was in the room, but did not remain a minute.

"It struck me then that the Prince was very intelligent, with a mind easily roused to suspicion, but with a most fascinating complacency of manner. He inquired if I had been in India with Lord Wellesley; to which I replied no. I understood the praise bestowed on me on this occasion by his Royal Highness was, that I was the best-mannered medical man he had ever seen. This was told me by Sir Walter; and, being made known, did me no good, as it excited the jealousy of my medical brethren, who already supposed that my practice was beyond my deserts, and that at any rate it came too rapidly.

"I saw no more of the Prince till I was made his physician in ordinary in the year 1818, when I was presented. The Prince was then civil, spoke to me, and inquired for Lord Wellesley. The second time I went, he said nothing, and his

countenance betrayed displeasure. This, I afterwards found, arose from his having been informed that I had spoken offensively of him in regard to his conduct respecting the Princess of Wales. This was a falsehood, and, of course, carried to him to stop my progress at court."

The following letter is from the Rev. R. W. Jelf, the tutor of the Prince George of Cumberland. The feeling therein expressed is so gratifying to those who regard the memory of the departed, that it is inserted.

"St. James's Palace, Feb. 14, 1831.

"My dear Sir William,—Having long wished to write to you, I cannot select a day more acceptable to my own feelings, nor more appropriate as respects you, than that which is the commemoration of that crisis upon which the life of my dearest Prince turned, and which your presence contributed so much to bring to a successful issue. I have always felt that, under Divine Providence, you were one main instrument of what I cannot but call a miraculous recovery.

"How vividly present to my memory are all those days of uncertainty and suffering! I see you now still pacing your apartment at the Hôtel de Rome with that terrible symptom of agitation and departing hope: I hear your searching questions to the German physicians, which I had to interpret: the despair of the Duchess, the look and voice of the dear little sufferer himself, are all before me. And now, when I look upon his healthy round face, and his upright manly figure, and contrast

them with the circumstances of feebleness and pain with which he was visited, how can I feel sufficiently grateful to the Preserver of our being?

"I assure you that I am not the only person in this house occupied with these overpowering recollections. The Duchess has just sent for me; and, after receiving me in the most gratifying manner, on learning that I was about to write to you, she desired me to add her kindest regards, and her assurance that she never could forget your kindness and attention upon that occasion, nor the comfort which your presence afforded to us all. Prince George also sends you his best love, and his grateful thanks for the many proofs you have shown him of your affection."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sir William undertakes a fresh Journey to Paris.—Extracts from his Journal.—Anecdote of the Landlady at Canterbury.—State of Paris after the Revolution of 1830.

EARLY in the year 1831, Sir William again went to France. A journal contains the following remarks.

"London, Feb. 28, 1831.

"I this morning left London for Paris with ——. Travelled in the coach with two agreeable ladies, a mother and daughter. In quitting the place from whence the coach sets off, at the Quadrant, Regent-street, the mother shed tears: she ap-

peared about forty, the daughter eighteen, very handsome, and very intelligent. I found, in the course of the journey, that the mother had travelled much; she had resided at Madrid, she was well acquainted with Italy, knew Nice, and spoke kindly of La Croix. When we arrived at Sittingbourne, she had the comfort of seeing her eldest son, a lad of eighteen, preparing for Oxford with a private tutor. I could not help observing how little the feelings of the young man were excited on quitting his parent, but how eagerly the mother watched his last farewell. Perhaps this is too often the effect of that period of life, where all the passions are alive to present gratifications, and but little calculation is made on future consequences.

"We journeyed on to Dover. The night grew calm, although the day had been full of wind; the stars gave a cheerfulness to the firmament; and that beautiful interchange that we call twilight, in passing from day to night, was very agreeable. I could not help observing to my companions how often the casual circumstances of life gave minutes or hours of pleasure, when it was in vain to look for it in the usual and ordinary routine of our avocations. I told them of the beautiful thought of Humboldt, who, in looking at the moon in distant regions, felt a pleasure in supposing that those whom he most loved might also at the same moment be viewing the heavenly luminary. We then talked of religion. I mentioned what I had heard Lord —— propound, (but of course not mentioning his name,) that this planet was under

the influence of three curses,—the curse of Adam, the curse of the Flood, and the curse of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel—so that no two nations had the power of worshipping their Maker in the same language, the same habits, or the same manners and customs. This and like conversation brought us to Dover, where we separated. I caught a glimpse of them for a moment on the other side of the water; and thus ended our first, and probably only acquaintance.

"I may as well mention an anecdote of the landlady of the inn at Canterbury. During the late election, a rocket was thrown into the doorway, where she was standing with others. It glanced by the waiter's ear, and then rested on the eye of the unhappy young person, the landlady. The rocket immediately burst, and completely destroyed the eye. She underwent great torture, and, in the hopes of being less disfigured, (for she was very handsome previously to the accident,) she resolved to have a glass eye put in, which she now wears; and the ladies told me, who saw her near, that there appeared nothing disagreeable or unpleasant in the appearance of this substitute. She has very fine black hair, and contrives that the curl shall pass down as a kind of shade, so as to suppress the glare of the composition of which the artificial eye is made.

"March 1st.—We crossed the Channel. The sea was rough; the passage was quick (two hours and a half), but very unpleasant. I was glad to find myself at the Hotel Bourbon.

"March 2nd.—We proceeded at nine in the morning in the coupé of the diligence for Paris; the fare for —— and myself three napoleons. We dined at Boulogne early in the day—one o'clock. The best diligence is that of Lafitte and Co. The one that we went by is called the opposition diligence, and is not so desirable, from the inferior accommodation on the road.

"Arrived at Paris on Thursday night, March 3, at half-past ten. We proceeded to the hotel of the Prince Regent, Rue St. Hyacinthe, St. Honoré. This hotel is kept by an Englishman and his wife, of the name of Piercey. It is tolerably comfortable. We have a sitting-room and two bed-rooms on the first floor, at eight francs per day. I was dreadfully tired, and suffering from a bad headache. Slept well, and on Friday, March 4, got up refreshed.

"The revolution of July does not appear to have brought many pictures into the market; if they are good for anything, they are immediately bought up.

"Saturday, March 5th.—I paid my visit to Monsieur C——, and delivered Lord T——'s letter. The old gentleman entered into a conversation respecting the revolution of July. It seems evident that Charles the Tenth placed himself so completely under clerical influence, that he came to no decision on any proposition from his government without the advice or the approbation of the priesthood. This influence of the Jesuits extended to the domicile of every family: all their actions

were watched through the medium of the female servants, who made their communications to the priest at the hour of confession. This secret agency gave rise to perpetual jealousies and suspicions. The object of the priests was to get back the influence of days of old; in short that the church might govern the state, and make it subservient to its own purposes of aggrandizement. This Charles the Tenth might not have seen to this extent, or might not have understood the intentions of his church, which was not to serve him, but to serve itself. This machinery, or foolery, brought about the revolution which drove him from the throne.

"At present the change has produced nothing but poverty and starvation. The prosperity of the country is completely suspended; every man inquires what is to happen next, and no man can tell you. Mistrust and suspicion pervade every breast, and there is not one among the sober-minded citizens who does not desire to have things as they were previously to July, and regrets the experiment they have made.

"This present King is a good man, but, as I am told, is too good for a king. If he had, in place of one of Buonaparte's fists, only the knuckle of his little finger, they say things would go on better. They mentioned an anecdote of him. One criminal only has suffered death since he has been elected King, and that was for the foul crime of having murdered his father and mother. The law of France requires, before such a criminal

is put to death, that his hand should be struck off. The King of France always signs the death-warrant: but to do this, even for such a foul crime, the King was so affected that he almost went into fits; and when he did sign it, the compromise was, that the part of the sentence which related to the striking off the hand was not to be carried into execution.

"This certainly shows a feeling of high humanity, and a great tenderness of sensibility intimately blended with the best affections of the heart; but those qualities are not fitted to govern the revolutionary spirits of France. They say the son of Louis Philippe is very superior; that at his present age of twenty-one he seems to possess the understanding of forty. He attends the council constantly, and his observations are always sensible, and guided by sound judgment.

"If the French go to war, it is supposed they will begin by invading Italy. If that happens, there can be no doubt that the Allies will again reach Paris; but if the Allies interfere by invading France, then they will no doubt be expelled, and retire with half their number. The loss of the allied army in the late struggle was remarkably singular. I am told that there was scarcely a village in which they were quartered that twenty or thirty men were not privately made away with. The Allies also did not like the constant preaching of liberty that was infused into the minds of the officers and men by the French. In short, the state of the world is most awful, and

the dispensations of the Almighty may be expected to assume a new and terrible form. Men talk and reason as if what was proceeding arose from their own doings, and not from the intervention of a supernatural power, to punish that wickedness which so constantly pervades the earth, generation after generation. The tender mercies of God are no sooner bestowed than they are not only forgotten, but turned into derision for new purposes of wickedness.

"The French have, for the last century perhaps, been entirely without religion. At some periods during that interval they have avowed it, and got rid even of the external forms. At this moment they believe in nothing; but they are quite ready to adopt as a religion the Protestant faith, if the King will take the lead. This may be the road to the overturning of that idolatry so denounced from one end of the records of Scripture to the other.

"We dined each day at Very's. In looking round at the various countenances, habits, and customs of those who enter at this particular hour to supply the demands of the body with food, one can almost, by a careful observance, become as it were acquainted with the characters and dispositions of the several individuals.

"An old man, thin, feeble, and altogether debilitated, almost worn out with previous care or present troubles, or his constitution subdued and overcome by a long life of sensuality, is now obliged to look over the bill of fare with scrupu-

lous exactness, that he may be watchful not to give his stomach that which may embarrass or destroy the few remaining months of life.

"The gay coxcomb, on the other hand, enters with that *sang froid* which marks the absence of all reflection, save what applies to his thick head of hair, through which his fingers are perpetually passing, whilst the mustachio undergoes a twirl implying great satisfaction with himself. All that is taken to supply the wants of his frame is used under the same vain influence, and everything bespeaks a mind entirely separated from everything but that which relates to self.

"There is a third kind of person to be found in middle age, who looks to his hour of dinner as the great recreation of life. He eyes the bill of fare with that delight which belongs to transient joy and pleasure. He falls to with avidity, enjoys the momentary sensations of taste, fills his glass, looks at the grateful liquor with an eye that marks his abundant satisfaction, and, when all is finished, seems sorry that the beginning should ever have an end.

"Another sort of individual is to be found in this strange repository of eating and drinking. I mean the young gentleman and his youthful bride, or the beloved object of his attentions; terms that signify pretty much the same thing. You here see the sensibilities of the best part of our nature. A tenderness is observed towards each other which makes them forget everything by which they are surrounded. The greatest

delicacies of food are never thought of; they select what first occurs, and only think of each other, and not of the repast.

"I will describe another character I have observed under the circumstances I have just been mentioning, and that is one who, having seen better days, comes here for a supply of food. Such a being selects the cheapest morsel that will give him the necessary supply for the day, and with a quiet, melancholy air takes his departure, neither heated with food nor charmed with the solace of his necessary meal.

"Sunday, March 6th.—I passed Mr. Lewis Way's chapel and his hotel Marbœuf. People were entering the church; and against the door was announced the publication of a little tract called 'The Pharisee and Publican,' and a printed paper advertising the appearance of a periodical publication on the 1st of April, called 'The Watchman.'

"It seldom happens that the pursuits of life can continue long prosperous, where the excitement of any particular fancy is carried to such an excess as to give it the character and consequences of an extreme point. It is an old adage, but a true one, that all extremes are bad. This may be best understood by observing the result of a sober, straight-forward pursuit in any object that you may desire to attain. Under such circumstances, your conduct is not carried away by any of the extravagances of knowledge, or any attempt to destroy the sober reason of your understanding by those refinements that can have no reality, and

only rest in an imagination that seems to be without the power of controlling itself.

"In the evening of this day we had a sufficient opportunity of observing how much more effectual the quiet, (and if you please so to term it,) cold religion of the Protestant is in conducting the thoughts and actions of men through the proper contemplation of the Sabbath, compared with the superficial worship of the Roman Catholic church.

"Monday, 7th March.—I this day began by calling on Monsieur Henry, whom I found labouring under a severe lumbago. We had this morning the opportunity of seeing Erard's collection of pictures, which are for sale in the month of May. Some of them are magnificent, and all indeed may be considered of the higher class of art of the different masters. We this day dined a second time at the Trois Frères. This place is very inferior to Véry's.

"March 8th.—We visited the Chamber of Deputies. This is effected by purchasing of some fellow about the door a ticket of admission: we gave five francs for two; the man first demanded six. It is a large hall, with galleries all around, lighted from above, and hung round with green cloth. The president sits at a sort of high desk in the centre of the right as you enter, and when he calls the house to order, which is almost every ten minutes, it is by ringing a hand-bell, which much resembles that of a common crier used in the country towns of England. Upon the whole, in

point of decency of appearance, the mass of Deputies exceeded my expectations. When any man wishes to address the house, he mounts the tribune, a sort of clergyman's reading-desk, placed almost below the president. Every man is uncovered, and the whole in appearance has a much more decent aspect than the English House of Commons. When the Deputies assent, they all rise in a body.

"We remained an hour after the proceedings began; but after we left the house, some member announced the failure of the Poles in the battle fought against the Russians. This has produced in Paris a very melancholy impression; because they consider that the Poles are fighting, as it were, for the sake of France. Such is the enthusiasm used respecting the unmeaning word liberty;—a word that they now adopt in conjunction with the memory of Napoleon, when nothing but arbitrary power enabled him to govern and keep the mass of the French people quiet. In short, what the French annually require is excitement, applied through the medium of their unceasing vanity. What I understand the sober part dread is, war with the continental powers; for then they apprehend every species of intrigue and internal convulsion among themselves. I must confess that I myself had calculated upon the direct reverse of this proposition.

"Wednesday, March 9th.—We yesterday passed into several shops containing pictures, and there we could trace the danger that ignorant English-

men must be exposed to in buying pictures. It requires great practice and much intuitive knowledge, as it were, to become intimately acquainted with the true touch of the old masters.

"Thursday, March 10th.—We began this day by going to the French Police-office for our passport, and from thence we proceeded to a flower-shop, for the purpose of getting a few flower-seeds, for which we paid seven francs. We were engaged to be with Monsieur Henry at twelve o'clock; and, in traversing the narrow streets that lead to the Porte St. Martin, we could not help observing the immense population crowded together, ready for any mischief, their countenances denoting a savage barbarity, with the absence of all that retiring expression so strongly marking a restraint of conduct, founded upon those principles which answer to conscience and religion. It was some feast connected with, I believe, the washerwomen and butchers. It is impossible to describe the fiend-like hilarity of those dressed up upon this occasion, without shuddering with horror at what would happen if the power of controlling such lawless crowds was to be lost only for a week.

"To come to more delightful contemplations, we arrived at Monsieur Henry's, and had the delight of seeing my sketch by Rubens in a frame. It is a beautiful composition, and shows how exquisite the first touches of this powerful master were when carefully made. The tone of colouring throughout is so displayed by various folds of drapery, that nothing can exceed it. We pro-

ceed again with Monsieur Henry to the Bois de Boulogne, to the gallery of Erard.

"Monsieur Henry's knowledge yesterday quite surprised me as to the detection of the different points in which the pictures were either not true or had been re-touched. I am satisfied that this power can only be acquired by great application, and almost daily experience, and added to this a gift, or what may perhaps be more properly termed a decided propensity towards this particular contemplation of art. We saw, after our return, a beautiful picture exquisitely painted, called a Raphael, but which Monsieur Henry says is by François, who was a contemporary of Raphael. After one's mind was directed to this, it was easy to trace in one's imagination the difference of the two masters. It was not Raphael, but nearly so. This distinction is very evident to the highly-cultivated mind in pictures, but not so to those who have yet to acquire the exquisite perception to which I allude. In short, there is no language by which these beautiful distinctions are to be made out. There is a copy from Rubens that is called Rubens', in Erard's gallery. Monsieur Henry pointed out to me the servile and laboured touch of the copier, that marked it was not the original of the master. All was labour and littleness; and that touch which Richardson calls a happiness, and not care, was nowhere to be found.

"The contemplation of a fine picture conveys to my mind a degree of holy feeling, as it were, that I cannot define; and, as I live in the society

and domestic familiarity with the picture, all that the painter intended to convey gradually grows upon me. It is a sort of daily conversation with the painter, who has slept in his grave perhaps for centuries, by which the great man's mind is unfolded, until at length it seems to me that I have the power of thinking as he thought, and deriving intellectual resources of a new and high description. The ideal beauty of Raphael does not depend on a beautifully-painted face : you must look for that almost supernatural thought conveyed through the medium of what is termed expression.

"We returned home late at night. The French people seemed angry throughout the day that the Poles had been beaten : and, with that readiness for excitement to which they are so prone, were glad to make a tumult in the evening, which they did by breaking the Russian ambassador's windows.

"Friday, 11th March.—We had this day the satisfaction of seeing Monsieur Valdo's pictures on the Boulevards. He is a stock-broker. He has a very fine but small collection of the Dutch school, several Teniers of the most magnificent description, and, above all, he has Sir Joshua's picture of Samuel kneeling. This exquisite painting, for tone of colouring, for the expression of mind, is almost supernatural : it oloked magnificently. He had a beautiful Paul Potter, and several other exquisite specimens, amongst which was the original of my copy of the Magdalene, or, in other words, a female kneeling in the attitude

of prayer, several Berghems, beautiful, and a Carl du Jardin. In short, every picture in his small collection is of the first description.

After leaving this, I could not help reflecting how little the Dutch school gave you the opportunity of carrying away in your 'mind's eye.' When you view the exquisite touches of those masters as you stand before their pictures, you are overpowered with delight; you had been surprised with the power of Paul Potter in transferring his cattle to the canvass; you are filled with admiration in observing the delightful transparency in the colouring of Berghem; you are overcome with enchantment at the rich, indescribable touch of Carl du Jardin, and equally so with Adrien Vandervelde; but contemplate the pictures of Titian, the Caracci, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Raphael, and masters of that class,—with what particular feelings do those inspire the educated mind —I mean the mind educated to the true feeling of contemplating works of art,—that nicety of perception which tells you what the powers of the painter's mind were,—that almost supernatural thought which instructs you, under that movement of the imagination which separates you, as it were, from the grovelling habits of this planetary system, by which, for the most part, all your pursuits and actions are influenced.

"This day was wet, cold, and gloomy. In the evening we made a few insignificant purchases, and then retired to our inn.

"Saturday, March 12th.—I went to the prefect

of the police myself for the purpose of observing the details used in obtaining the passport. You walk through a long room, in which fifty persons perhaps, miserable objects, are waiting for passports to go from one part of the country to the other. Having presented my passport at the head of the room, the clerk wrote the number only; it was then passed to the next desk, when another man wrote all the details, such as my rank, and that the passport had been viewed by the English ambassador. I was then ordered to hand it to a man who seemed to be the head of the department, who put his name to what the last man had written. Fourthly and lastly, I took it to another desk, where it was stamped. By this process four persons are witnesses to the examining of a passport, which is, I suppose, intended as a security against fraud.

"In observing the French character, there sometimes appears to be a greater degree of mutual honesty betwixt man and man than belongs to the English character. The failure of the French is vanity, which removes all solidity of judgment, and separates the mind entirely from that which is real, and leaves it to indulge in that which is visionary. But they are clever, intelligent, quick, and ingenious. As soldiers, they are lively, active, and regardless of danger. They have the power of detecting the capacity of their leader; and if he has their confidence, he may rely on their fidelity.

"We visited several of the courts of justice.

There is less of dignity observed than in ours, but not less of formality. The client sits by the advocate who argues his case.

"We passed through the flower-market, which is beautiful. How delightful did this pure and beautiful emblem of Nature look, in comparing it with the mass of filth with which the streets of Paris are crowded! The soil of France seems very favourable to the beautiful colours of nature. I could not help observing that the common primrose had more of beauty in its colours than ours.

"Sunday, March 14th. — In walking through the different streets of Paris this day, we remarked that the crowd was immense. It seemed as if the whole of Paris had come out of the houses. The varied countenances were animated, and free from the expression of restraint. The shops were open; all religion, and even the ceremonies, have vanished: there is nothing left to remind them of their God. It was the whole day the same. We went into one church—it was desolate. A few old women entered to say their prayers, which lasted but a few minutes.

"In passing through the Tuileries this morning, a little before twelve, the place was crowded. There was a grand parade of troops that had arrived in the course of the morning from Vincennes, where Prince Polignac and others had lately been confined. The distance is five miles, and they must have left early for the purpose of this parade. The Duke de Chartres, we were

told, was present; but I felt no interest, and walked on the other side of the Seine, for the purpose of changing the glass of my spectacles, which I now find necessary, so rapidly does my sight fail. I trust the Almighty will give renewed strength to my mind, by means of grace of his holy spirit, as this earthly tabernacle falls to decay. They say the glass of Germany, whence the opticians get their glass, is better than is prepared in other countries. This may be true, as it depends on the laboured care of grinding the glass, which is more likely to be done properly by the careful, laborious, and industrious German.

"We dined this day at Grignon's: it is by far the best place. There are three coffee-rooms. They were all full. We were amused by the insolent pretensions of a young coxcomb who entered to dine. Two very dignified superior old Frenchmen sat next to us. Each moment bespoke the long-continued habits of the old school, whilst the new pretender carried nothing but disgust to the mind, not only from what he did, but, as might be conjectured from his countenance, evidently from what he thought. He had a 'decoration' (if decoration that can be called, which ought to imply something connected with merit.) He was constantly passing his fingers through his hair, in order that it might lose nothing of the brilliance of its quality, and the self-satisfied air, after the aforesaid operation, gave the distinguishing characteristic expression of this poor wretch's mind. Added to this, he hawked and spat every

five minutes, to the disgust and contempt of all around."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sir William invited to dine with the Knights of the Guelphic Order.—Undertakes a fresh Journey to Paris.—Diary of the Journey, and Observations on the state of Paris.—Return.—Conversation with Sir Walter Scott.

SIR WILLIAM was present in March, 1831, at the dinner given by William the Fourth to the Knights of the Guelphic Order. It was the first time he had had the honour of personally meeting many of the distinguished characters with whom, from the important situation in which Sir William was placed with the late King, he had had frequent and confidential communication; and he had as much reason to be as fully gratified as his just appreciation and experience of the value of such attentions would allow. He was particularly noticed by his Majesty, received the most friendly greeting from the noble guests, and what he dwelt on with peculiar satisfaction was, the extreme respect and attention of the servants at the dinner; to use his own words, "they seemed to vie with each other who should bring me the most acceptable delicacies. It was so remarkable, that it did not escape the observation of those who were near me."

Early in September, it will be seen from the subjoined remarks, Sir William went again to Paris; and the journeying at his leisure, with the

comfort of being accompanied by an attached relative, and with a mind free from care and anxiety, had apparently a beneficial effect on his constitution; the nervous system was strengthened, and there were times of such renovated health, as revived the hope in his family and friends that the symptoms of a disease which he himself so fully believed was of the heart, arose from derangement of the digestive organs, or from some other less dangerous cause.

"Sept. 14, 1831.

"—— and myself left the Tower-stairs at five in the morning for Calais. There was but little sea; but the sensation produced by the paddles made me very uncomfortable. We reached Calais in eleven hours.

"A young person of twenty-nine was placed under my care by her brother, who begged the favour of me to lend her any assistance she might require, having no friend on board. It is curious to observe how particular situations establish a confidence by momentary impulse, as it were, which, in other circumstances, would not for a moment be thought of. Had this young woman been in the street, and had the brother been called from her by any particular business, he would not for a moment have thought of addressing a stranger to take care of his sister, nor would she have had the courage to accept it. She was intelligent, but not handsome. The object of her expedition to France was to visit a schoolfellow at St. Omer, with whom she had constantly cor-

responded since the year 1818. Her friend was married, and they had never met since they had parted from their school.

"The passengers on board were all of a decent description. One young man was very interesting. He had been a short time in India, and was obliged to return on account of health. He was now about to visit the south of France, principally for the purpose of acquiring the language and living cheaply. There was a degree of despondency in his countenance and manner, that gave one a certain assurance of much under-thought, and contemplation of ultimate results. There was also a country esquire on board, wearing the insignia of his order on his button, that of a hunter in full speed. He was on his travels with his wife and three daughters, not yet grown up, but very elegant children; and the wife sensible, intelligent, and with an interesting cast of countenance, without being handsome—quite a gentlewoman; and I could see that the whole intellectual part of the family management rested upon her, without its appearing to the husband that she ever interfered.

"Arrived at Paris in the evening.

"Saturday, 17th.—This day opened with some confusion, in consequence of crowds of people assembling in the principal streets, more especially in the Rue de la Paix, Place Vendôme, the Boulevards, and Palais Royal.

"In the Rue de la Paix, the mob, with not more than thirty leaders, made Casimir Périer and Sebastiani alight from their carriages and explain

why the brave Poles had not been assisted; for this is now the pretext under which the Jacobinical brawl is raised. The ministers, after an harangue, were permitted to re-enter their carriages; but, on getting away from the mob, they called out the troops. The streets in the Palais Royal were filled with the National Guards and troops of the line, and regiments of horse patrolled the streets up to a late hour in the night. There was no firing, and up to this time the affair has ended with a sabre cut or two.

"It was impossible not to observe, from this day, how easily the Parisians appear to be quieted by the presence of troops. They shut up their shops in peaceful submission, and to us seem to care no farther about the concern. It was vain to inquire what this meant; the only answer was a shrug of the shoulders, and that they believed it was about the Polonais. The truth is, the mobs of Paris, which are always led on by thirty or forty young men, principally students, or speculators in the Stock Exchange, require a schoolmaster at their heels. The by-word is, that the people require this or that; whereas the mass of the population neither care nor know anything about the matter.

"France can never be governed without military power; and whoever has fairly possession of the army will always govern the country. This kingdom is only fitted for an absolute monarchy, and that of course through the agency of military power. It should have no other freedom, because it tends only to unsettle, by their tumults, the peace

of other states throughout Europe. It is particularly unfortunate for England, because, by our contiguity, we are almost, as it were, one family, and the interests of both are so intimately joined, that what one thinks and does, the other will do, and thus is the infection of discontent generated. We English copy all their fashions, all their habits, and all their fooleries ; and every boarding-school miss, from the baker's daughter upwards, must now know the French language, and the boarding-schools, from one end of France to the other, are full of English girls and boys for the purpose of education.

"The Parisians are always delighted with any movement that begets idleness. This was observable yesterday : in the evening every one appeared in the street, and every one was gay, without knowing why or wherefore, for they had nothing before them to produce either pleasure at the moment, or that could give assurance as to the future.

"Sunday, 18th.—This day has again been one of riot and confusion. I do not know what the mobs usually are at Paris, but this did not appear to me to be very formidable; a small detachment of soldiers seemed to drive numbers before them. It is difficult to understand what they wish or require: war, idleness, and confusion, seem to be their momentary objects. Many hot-headed young men, in reading the history of times past, desire to become heroes in their turn, and to derive this benefit from the effect of revolution. The women

seemed to be foremost in the mob yesterday, and to derive great pleasure from the excitement.

"We dined at Grignon's, and were well pleased with our dinner, both for comfort and cheapness.

"Monday, 19th.—This city has again been in great confusion; large detachments of military are to be seen in all directions, and dense assemblages of people are collected. From what I observed, however, in the evening, I suspect that the present day will see the termination of this state of agitation. These disorders must produce want and beggary in this capital. It is curious to observe how little the contemplation of the future affects the generality of people.

"Tuesday, 20th.—Dined at Grignon's, one of the best restaurateurs in Paris; the company good. Near us was a deaf gentleman, about sixty, and apparently a newly-married wife about forty. It was curious to see how the habits of their past lives appeared to be engrafted upon all their movements and thoughts. The old bachelor visible in him, the old maid exemplified in her; each of them disagreeably attentive to the other, whilst a man of observation could perceive they were only thinking of themselves. This arises from their having no offspring: there is something produced by Providence in the tender parental feeling and sympathy, which obliterates that extreme selfishness. 'My dear,' said the old bachelor, 'won't you take a glass of the liqueur?' 'No, indeed, my dear, I cannot; and I will tell you why another

time.' 'You must,' (he drinking quietly all the time.) 'I cannot,' (stuffing something at the same moment into her mouth.) The intonations of her naturally shrill voice were much increased by the want of modulation occasioned by the husband's deafness.

"It is very remarkable, in dining at a place of this kind, to observe how very superior the manners of the French women are to those, generally, of English women. The grace with which they take their seat, and their gentle mode of addressing their companions, are particularly striking.

"Friday, 23rd.—Left Paris on our return to town."

There are not many letters about this period which would excite any interest, as Sir William was very little absent from his family. The following one is to his son.

"Blendworth.

"I made my journey safely, and found all well, particularly dearest M. It seems weeks, instead of days, since we parted, so much do I miss you; but my comfort is that you are most carefully employed in your present avocation. There can be no doubt that any man who can arrive at excellence in this or any other branch of art, so as to chain and rivet the attention of his fellow men, places himself, as this world is concerned, in a high and commanding station. Great application, added to the desire of a virtuous and prudent life, will overcome most difficulties. This is a great

comfort to contemplate, when difficulties of real magnitude appear before you.

"I heard Paganini: he is marvellous. You are right in saying that he is a Michael Angelo in his way.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

"October 3rd, 1831.—I this morning paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at his son-in-law's, Mr. Lockhart's, Sussex Place, Regent's Park. Sir Walter was come to town to proceed to Italy for the benefit of his health, the detail of which I shall give. Some months since, the daughter of a Scotch clergyman called upon him to receive his opinion on a work that she was desirous of publishing. He was obliged to tell her the truth, that the work was unworthy of being printed; but he found, on conversing with the young lady, that, instead of expressing what he intended to say, he uttered nothing but nonsense. Sir Walter was conscious of this, and immediately went to his daughter to make known his situation. His medical attendant immediately had him cupped, with all other remedies usually resorted to for seizures of the head. The query is when this mischief of the brain occurred: was it during this conversation, or from some previous seizure, of which he was unconscious? I say unconscious, because it might not have been evident to himself or his family, for it might have happened in his sleep. Since that time, however, he has had two or three distinct seizures, which produced an unconscious-

ness of four or five months, during which period the intellectual faculty was quite suspended.

"I observed him much changed. He was considerably thinner; his countenance expressed doubt and dejection. By doubt, I mean a consciousness of his decay of intellect, and which was evidently accompanied by a mistrust of his own powers even in conversational intercourse. When he laughed it was excessive: I cannot say whether this was his natural habit.

"He talked to me of George the Fourth, of whom he was very fond. He spoke of his intellectual faculty, which he considered of a high order. He said his exalted and good breeding bespoke nothing but kindness and benevolence: but he also observed, that when he was roused every inch of him was a King. He said that, when he went to his Majesty's levee, when he came up to him he was about to kneel, which, on account of his infirmity of lameness, was inconvenient. The King immediately said, 'My dear Walter, don't kneel; I am delighted to see you without that inconvenience.' Sir Walter saw that Lord ——— was to follow to present some address, and he was curious to observe the change of manner which followed; and he said everything was expressed by the body being drawn up quite erect, by which, and the turn of the head, everything was conveyed that could imply kingly contempt. He then said that Lord ——— observed, 'I deserved this, for I ought not to have placed myself in such a situation.'

" Sir Walter said that a good account of George the Fourth's political reign would be very useful and amusing; but it must be engrafted on some previous account of what happened in the reign of George the Third. He then said, in a sort of ejaculation, 'The world is a sad wilderness!' He told me that he expected much amusement from Malta, and seemed to enjoy the thoughts of some chivalrous tales relating to the ancient order of the Knights of Malta. He said, moreover, he should meet Lady Northampton at Naples, who was originally a ward of his. He mentioned with delight the following anecdote, as an instance of her playful cleverness. 'When she was about to be married,' said he, 'I thought it necessary to write to her on the subject of pecuniary matters, and as to what settlement was to be made for the benefit of younger children, etc.; upon which she answered me by reminding me of a story that I had told her many years before:—A poor man in Scotland was about to be executed, and when the procession reached the gallows, those about him said, 'Now we will sing any hymn or psalm that you may have a fancy to.' Upon which he replied, 'Sing what you please; I shall not meddle in those matters.' Sir Walter laughed heartily at the conclusion of his story.

" He related also that Lord Melville told him, in allusion to Sir William Grant's taciturnity, that Mr. Pitt and himself once decided, in order to make Grant talk, to remain quite silent, and only to pass the bottle quickly. This had the effect; their

silence, with the assistance of the bottle, made him talk freely.

"Sir Walter is fond of a few glasses of wine: his favourite wine is Champagne. He thanked me much for coming to see him. I took leave of him with regret, and never expect to see him again."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Letters from Sir William to Lady Knighton.—Sir William undertakes a fresh Journey to Paris.—The old Gentleman and the French Courier.—Extracts from Family Letters.

THE following letter relates to the death of a very amiable person, who committed suicide when under the influence of insanity, and which (as is too often the case) was most ignorantly attributed to religion.

"I thank you for your kind and interesting letter. It never entered into my head to believe that the afflicting malady which destroyed poor —— had its origin either in the exercise of religious duties or in religious contemplations.

"He was born, unhappily, with a constitution which gave him the hereditary materials, whatever they may be, and which fitted him at any moment for that which ultimately happened.

"I hope his poor wife's confinement will be safe; miserable it must be; but that belongs to this world.

"Believe me, yours, etc. "W. K."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"London, Oct. 14, 1832.

"Dear William, as I mentioned yesterday, left me at two o'clock for Oxford. You may suppose how dreary I feel without him. I imagine his stay at Ch: Ch: will be about six weeks. I shall be glad to see you all again after this long absence. This town although quiet and tranquil at present, is in a curious state; every shop is shut as if it were Sunday, and in some instances perhaps more scrupulously. I believe there is scarcely a tradesman, journeyman mechanic, or a labourer in any of the warehouses that has not this day left his home and employment.

"It requires very little knowledge and foresight to tell that this cannot mean reform; that is, to have the power of voting for a representative to be returned to Parliament. No; it means riot and revolution: because the necessary consequence would be to give them an easy chance of getting (as they suppose) something in the confusion; whereas the other concern would be worse than nothing. This they well know; for the blessings of too much education have placed them quite beyond their once happy sphere of life. The Duke of Newcastle's castle at Nottingham was burnt down yesterday, and several other important places in Derbyshire. Such is the present state of this once happy country."

In November, Sir William went to visit his friend the Bishop of ——, who was dangerously ill,

and remained until his Lordship was recovering. His last letter from thence says,

"Thank God I am enabled to give an improved account of the dear good Bishop. The night has been passed with much refreshing sleep, etc., and everything looks favourable. As soon as I can leave him with comfort to his feelings and my own, I shall do so. This has been a very painful anxiety; but to observe the movements of a family swayed and awed only by religious feelings is truly refreshing, and puts, with scarcely an effort, all the fooleries of the world in the back-ground.

"This is a very agreeable residence; for although it has the breadth of a castle, yet there is no room that you cannot live in with comfort. The view from the castle is singular, and in some respects reminds me of Osnaburgh, where I slept with the King in our way to Hanover, and whence I saw from my bed-room the Westphalian mountains.

"I was delighted to see dear W. Every time I see him he brings to my view some new improvement of mind and conduct. God grant him health and peace in this life, and a happy eternity when the awful hour arrives!

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

Occasional travelling was thought likely to be beneficial to Sir William's health, and in January he again went to Paris, accompanied by his son. There was nothing unusual in the journey, except

the acquisition of a hint to the sufferers from sea-sickness, which is thus related.

"We had not many passengers, but among them below stairs, opposite to me, was an old gentleman with his courier, dressed out in new gold lace, who came down to see how he was. 'How you do, sare?' he inquired.—'My head is too low.'—'Here is my trouser, which I will poke under your head, sare.—Be so good as not lie on left side, sare.'—'Why?'—'Because, Monsieur, your heart is on left side, and you more ready to vomit.'—'Poh, poh!'—'It is quite true, sare, I do assure you. I can speak from former times, from my own experience.' This being settled, Monsieur le Courrier began to make himself comfortable by arranging himself on the opposite couch."

Extracts from family letters

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Paris, 12th January, 1832.

"I should have written sooner, but I was anxious to settle dear William in his studio. He commences to-morrow . . . . .

"I propose to remain ten days, and then proceed homewards. Paris looks desolate: there are no nobility here, and you scarcely see a splendid equipage. So much for revolutions! I wish we may take a lesson from the folly of these Parisians.

"We have been every day at the Louvre, which William has enjoyed much. The weather is damp and mild: we hear nothing here of the cho-

lera: the French seem to have forgotten it. There are no books, nor any information on the subject."

"Paris, 20th January, 1832.

"I must begin by wishing you many happy returns of this day, it being our dear William's birthday. He sets off early every morning for his studio. ..... I at present propose leaving this on Tuesday morning next; and if so, I shall cross either to Dover, or at once to London, on Thursday morning. It is very painful to me quitting dear William; but I hope he will be protected and preserved to us. He is indefatigable in his application. He meets me at the Louvre this afternoon, for the purpose of seeing the part appropriated to the Italian school, which has been shut up since our arrival, in consequence of a large ball given by the King.

"Mrs. —— has gone on well since her confinement. We continue very comfortably with ——. We attend the prayers every night. Mr. ——, the clergyman and tutor, always read a chapter, and expounds. I have no objection to this; quite the contrary; such habits are useful in keeping one's thoughts above the dross of the world.

"I saw the French King walking in the streets yesterday. The people seemed scarcely to recognize him as he passed. He looked worn, and think older than he ought for his years.

"Give my best affections to my beloved children, not forgetting our dearest little grandchild, and kindest regards to all around you.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

"Paris, 24th Jan. 1832.

"I wrote to you on Friday, stating that I proposed, God permitting, to quit Paris on this day; but on Friday night I was suddenly seized with a violent cold. On Saturday and Sunday I was indeed very ill; but yesterday I grew better, and to-day I left the Hotel de Londres, and came with dear William to his little lodgings, the woman of the house having provided me with a bed, so that I do not intend leaving this for a day or two yet to come.

"We had the comfort of receiving your letter yesterday. The fogs in Paris during the last week have been much worse than what are witnessed in London at this season of the year. They are by no means favourable to health. I thank God dear William is well, and proceeding most favourably in his studies.

"—— and Mrs. —— are quite well. Little William, the King's godson, is very beautiful, and our William says, has a very remarkable head. The cholera has not appeared here: and the French seem to have no dread of it; in short, they think but little.

"I am inclined to think that poverty begins to pinch the trades-people wofully. In short, as I said in a former letter, Paris seems quite an altered place when once you analyze it and look closely into it. The world is unquestionably in a strange state; and depend upon it the next few years will show 'a tide in the affairs of mankind' that the inhabitants of this planet have never before witnessed.

"William gives the following account of his studio. 'It consists of very polite republican blackguards, who made me an apology for any abuse I might hear of England and the English, saying, that though as a nation they were not generally liked by the French, yet the individuals among the English were generally amiable enough. I thanked them for their politeness, and assured them that no abuse of the English which came from them would have the slightest effect on me. They are, however, on acquaintance, good sort of barbarians enough, and perfectly obliging in giving their advice with respect to one's drawing, which is useful, as many are competent to assist.'"

"Paris, Jan. 26, 1832.

"I write, in the name of dear William, to thank you all with his best and warmest love for your kind and affectionate letter written on Friday last, which we had the pleasure of receiving this morning. I do assure you that our hearts were with you on that day, and we often wished many things in talking about you. My cold is now nearly well, and I am moving about as usual, although I feel as weak as if I had been confined to my bed a month.

"I propose to leave this on Monday next; but I shall look forward soon to return, I hope accompanied by you. This delay has given me the comfort of seeing dear William happily settled in his new habitation.

"I will transcribe from my journal my thoughts

on entering this abode, that you may understand it. January 24th.—I have this morning entered the little lodging with dear William, and feel truly happy to have left the large rooms of the Hotel de Londres, where one pays the utmost for everything. In this little place one knows that the wants of the day are supplied at a moderate rate, and everything teaches humility, and that contentment which implies the peace of God, which is something very different to the happiness so usually expected to be derived from the world. My little chamber is clean; the floor is laid with red tiles well waxed, so that it has a glassy surface, and gives one the consequent disposition every now and then to a feeling of unsafe footing. But that is nothing. It reminds one, indeed, of the dangerous footsteps attendant on this life, and how often we lose our balance, and even fall, where the ground we tread upon seems quite secure, and free from that ruggedness which might give warning of an uncertain and insecure path.

"My bed is in the midst of this little room, looking clean, and having the appearance of comfort. What more can I desire? The lady of the house is kind and obliging, very glad to have us here, because it is her little all—her livelihood. She is, I suppose, a widow, about fifty, very intelligent, and apparently industrious.

"I have since Friday been very ill. On Saturday and Sunday I had much fever; to-day, I thank God, I am better. I feel aged both in mind and

body, although I have only completed my fifty-fifth year on the 5th of this month. I well know that the age of man will prematurely fall upon me; I must therefore endeavour to strengthen myself in grace, and pray for the influence of the Holy Spirit, that my repentance may be made acceptable to God, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour, before the hour of the death-bed arrives. God grant that I may be assisted by his grace, which enables the Christian to pray in spirit and in truth. I hope now to live with God. The vacuity of time which should be occupied in this life it is difficult to fill satisfactorily.

"It seems to me dear William has fixed on an occupation at once innocent and intellectual. It does no harm, if properly employed, to the morals of human nature; it elevates and offers a solace to those whose affections are pure, and free from that malicious tendency which only seems to produce unhappiness within their own bosoms, and to afflict and wound others.

"Wednesday, 25th.—This little lodging, with which I am still very content, serves to show how little is required to sustain one 'in a calm, modest, comfortable independence.' And, after all, this is the most desirable station to hold in this weary pilgrimage of life. A man, by his own exertions, (for merit surely belongs to no one,) may have the power of forcing himself into wealth, and hence the means of living luxuriously. But what does it bring him beyond cares, and even the dissatisfaction of his neighbours? Let him return to the

place of his birth, and if there be any yet alive who formerly knew him, they bestow on him no admiration, no feelings of friendship. They silently mutter, 'a fortunate man,' in a tone evidently implying that they consider themselves much more worthy of the worldly prosperity that he now enjoys.

"I have been reading some account of Richardson, Fielding, Le Sage, De Foe, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith, etc. I consider De Foe the most extraordinary amongst the whole list, as possessing greater originality of thought, with a surprising force of understanding. On the approach of age, the decay of the finer powers of observation, as well as of expression, begins to show the hand of time. It is supposed, in the melancholy days of bodily decline from age, that the atmosphere has a great effect on the then feeble intellectual faculty; that at noon, and when the sun shines the brightest, the mind is evidently influenced by this heavenly luminary; that when the sun declines, the light of the intellect seems to go down with it. This was certainly the case with Le Sage.

"Friday, 27th.—In passing a church this morning, being hung with black, I went in for the purpose of being present at a funeral dirge, or mass for the dead. The coffin was placed in the choir, close to the altar. They were singing when I entered. The whole of this ceremony seems so inconsistent with that religious influence connected with the heart of man, that it is impossible to

imagine how it can be received as an atonement for a sinful life.

"Madame de Staël lived, and may be said to have died, in the belief that revolutions were effected, and countries governed, by a succession of clever pamphlets. This is very near the truth. The powerful newspapers of the day, with what is called the leading article, are nothing more than a succession of clever pamphlets. It is said that three newspapers in France effected the revolution of July 1830.

"It is curious to observe, under some circumstances, how ready and willing the mind is to reason from false premises; it passes by all natural causes, and seems to dwell only, if one may so express it, upon the most improbable consequences. On returning from viewing the carpet manufactory this morning, we desired dear William to precede us for the purpose of ordering breakfast. We missed our way, but at length found our hotel; no William had arrived, however. It was full twenty minutes before he came. During this interval, such was the state of my nerves, that I could not persuade myself I should ever see him again. There was no horror I did not imagine, and no evil I did not anticipate. There are certain feelings and certain things one can only intimate, not write."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sir William's great interest in his Son's progress in painting.—Letters to his Family.—His trip to Paris prevented by the appearance of the cholera in that capital.

THE interest which Sir William took in his son's progress in the pictorial art will be evidenced in the following extracts from letters addressed to him.

"I had the comfort of your letter this morning, which, as usual, gave me the greatest pleasure. You tell me you are obliged to cudgel your brains to give a different turn to your letters, as one week is so exactly like another, that you have nothing new connected with the arts to communicate.

"This might be obviated, if you would only give five minutes (quite enough) from day to day, and put down every thought, feeling, or occurrence, for every little bit is interesting to me. But your letters are always interesting to me, and I only mention this suggestion to prevent you from feeling that it is a penalty to write once a-week. Alas! my dear William, time passes with such rapid strides, that we shall soon, too soon, be separated from this mutual enjoyment.

"I must begin by telling you that your dear mother is much better. She doats on your exertions in the progress of the arts, and feels a great satisfaction in believing that you have derived this delightful propensity from her.

"Du Fresnoy says, 'There was a time when only they who were of noble blood were permitted to exercise this art (painting), because it is to be presumed that the ingredients of a good painter are not ordinarily found in men of vulgar birth.' He says this in relation to that which debases painting, in the great multitude of painters who have neither faculty nor any talent for the art, not even so much as sense; and hence it descends to the vilest and most despicable kind of trade. I mention this in reference to some observations in your letter, most just and applicable to the persons whom you see attempting this sublime and exquisite art. Du Fresnoy gives some necessary heads, which I will quote, that you may judge of his thoughts.

"'A convenient fortune,—that he may give his whole time to study, and may work cheerfully, without being haunted with the dreadful image of poverty ever present to his mind.

"'Labour,—because the speculation is nothing without the practice.

"'A good judgment,—that they may do nothing against reason and verisimilitude.

"'Health,—to resist the dissipation of spirits which are apt to be consumed by pains-taking.

"'Youth,—because painting requires a great experience and a long practice.'

"I could go on quoting to you; but it is evident that they who have lived before us have passed through all these difficulties to arrive at that perfection which we discover in their works.

"It is a curious fact, if you trace it, that the

birth of individuals of gentle bood seems to have had an influence in the superiority of their exercise of the art. I will only give you the names of a few of the successful side that answer to this; because comparisons are odious : Raphael, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Vandyke, Reynolds. You see I have taken but few names, because these are enough. I might have mentioned Julio Romano, and many others.

" I find no observations relating to the arts in Northcote's mention of David. He only says that he spent many long summer days with him in the Vatican Palace in the pursuit of their studies. He says that all David's conversations were then tinctured with blasphemy. This perhaps led to conduct in after times, in the cruel days of Robespierre.

" Friday, Horndean, March 16.

" We last week got your welcome letter, and agreed to have our eyes open by seven on Friday and this morning, in the hope that we might have the same comfort of receiving one to-day; but it did not arrive, and we now look forward to to-morrow, and trust we may not be disappointed.

" I begin my letter to-day, because I am obliged to go up to town to-morrow, after an absence of a month, which has been very agreeable to me.

" I look over, regard, and read what I can respecting the arts, in the hope that I may collect many bits that may be useful to you. It is stated that Zeuxis, who lived three hundred and ninety-five years before Christ, and who was famous for being

the most excellent colourist of all the ancients, could have used only four colours, as four then were only known, white, yellow, red, and black."

TO HIS SON.

"Blendworth, April 1.

"I had the happiness and comfort of receiving your letter of the 27th on Friday, and on the same day one from dear John, announcing his safe arrival in London; and last evening we had the pleasure of seeing him, accompanied by your portfolio. You may judge of our delight in hearing all about you, and so late as Tuesday last. Indeed, the bliss of the real feeling of true affection is only known to those who by purity of sentiment or desire are able to estimate and enjoy it.

"I have decided, God permitting, on going over by the way of Havre on Tuesday the 17th. You may therefore kindly have my room ready for me. I hope you will also see your dear mother in the course of this month, April. But I do not wish the rooms to be retained for me at the Hôtel de Londres. If they should be vacant on my arrival, well and good; but we shall want more than the rooms contained in the suite, because darling —— and little —— will also be of the party. In short, your dear mother said she should be miserable without them; and I have no choice but to yield to her wishes. We will be as happy as we can.

"All that you state of and draw from Sir Joshua as conclusions in regard to genius is true.

You have put it before me in a new and very striking shape. It is perfectly intelligible; and the power of mind which enables you to bring forth such thoughts will, depend upon it, make you a painter.

"I cannot tell you how much I contemplate peace and happiness with you, to clean your pallet, look after your gallery, and to find fit subjects to sit to you when you are engaged in historical composition. Perhaps all this may be a dream or vision; but should it be so, it at the moment produces a certain happiness to the mind. God bless you!

"Ever yours, "W. K."

TO MRS. SEYMOUR.

"Limmer's Hotel.

"I begin my day by writing to you. I was very much hurried when I wrote two lines to you the day before yesterday: I had quite forgotten the magnesia water.

"I went last night to hear Mr. Blunt. It was the anniversary of the consecration of the chapel. The church was quite full, the discourse excellent. I should say it was rather an exhortation to his own parishioners, than a sermon, in the true meaning of the word. He was very strong in warning them against what he termed 'tempting God;' by which he meant the danger of those who joined different classes of society, where they heard improper conversation, or witnessed habits of pleasure that inevitably deteriorated the mind, and withdrew it from its duties to God.

"I shall be delighted to see the little darling again. We shall, I trust, in August, have the comfort of her picture by Stewart, who will finish it in three days, by having two or three sittings every day.

"I am afraid, my beloved Dora, that I have no news to amuse you with. London is full; but it seems dull notwithstanding: in short, I have no relish for it. Pray, my dearest, can I bring you anything from town?

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

The sudden breaking out of the cholera at Paris prevented Sir William and his family from making their intended visit, and caused them the greatest anxiety respecting Mr. Knighton. He wrote, however, that he was perfectly well, and free from all apprehension respecting it; but, knowing the alarm which would be excited amongst his friends, he had decided on immediately returning home. His relations and many of the English had already left Paris, the deaths were increasing so alarmingly.

The idea of cholera had been laughed at by the Parisians; it had been a subject of joke and ridicule amongst the young men in the studio; but their mirth was soon completely checked by its appearance. The rich forsook the city, trade and commerce were at stand, and the terror was universal. There was no support from religion, and no control over panic and apprehension. The anxiety and agony which followed even the slightest

attack, by aggravating the malady, caused a fearful mortality. The hospitals sent out their dead by cart-loads. In the Hôtel Dieu, it was said there were thirteen physicians employed; and they appear, by all accounts, to have had no settled plan for cure: therefore the unfortunate persons that were carried there were subject to much experimental treatment. Before Mr. Knighton left Paris, two persons had died in the house he inhabited, Various were the schemes suggested to disinfect the air. Some proposed the firing of cannon, others the manufacture of quantities of chloride of lime: there seemed to be no remembrance of that Power which could stay "the noisome pestilence," and deliver them from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO LADY K.

"May 18th, Limmer's.

"I have picked up Law's delightful old book, called 'A Practical Treatise upon Christian Perfection.' It is very quaint. He says, "There is no more happiness lost by not being great and rich, as those amongst whom we live, than by not being dressed and adorned as they are who live in China or Japan.' Again: 'You do not think yourself imposed upon or talked out of any real happiness, when you are persuaded not to be as vain and ambitious as Alexander: can you think that you are imposed upon or drawn from any real good, by being persuaded to be as meek and

lowly as the holy Jesus? There is as much sober judgment as sound sense in conforming to the fulness of Christ's humility, as in avoiding the height and extravagance of Alexander's vanity!'

"Nothing can be more conclusive or instructive than the religious application of God's word put in this way. How happy it would be if our young clergymen would look into works of this description, and learn what the true way of communicating instruction and giving advice from the pulpit really is! Proper words in proper places is the true style."

"8th May, Limmer's Hotel.

"I went with Mr. J. Seguir to have a private view of Lord Mulgrave's pictures. There are some useful studies for dear William, which I hope we may get. I can well understand how much you miss our beloved son; but he must come down for a day or two once a-month, at least. There is a prodigious opening for his talents in the arts, should he succeed.

"I heard poor old Rowland Hill's last sermon, on Sunday morning. It was very affecting, when he used the painful word Farewell! He reminded all those that were the true followers of Christ that their separation was but temporary,—that they should all meet again in heaven. The sobs in the church could then be heard, and they were very general.

"There was a magnificent sermon in the evening, in allusion to the last sermon of their venerable pastor in the morning. The text very ap-

plicable; our Saviour's words to the Apostles when he was about to quit this earth, 'I will not leave you comfortless.'

"The good old man used this remarkable sentence in the morning:—'I do think,' said he, 'a young idle clergyman to be numbered among the most wicked upon earth: and to tell you the truth, I should have been ashamed to have lived so long (eighty-eight years) if I had not worked hard, and done my utmost, and used all my strength in God's service. I am now in the valley; but in all my travels, I could never see the top of the mountains until I got into the valley.'

"I am more and more satisfied, that to live a holy life is to be as much as you can in retirement, and constantly to contemplate that awful change that sooner or later must come upon us.

"My friend old Law says, 'The fall of man consists very much in the fall of the soul into the dominion and power of the body; whose joy, and health, and strength, often causes the slavery, weakness, and infirmity of the soul.' I believe there can be no statement more true than this: whenever the body is weakened, if there be any holy desire within us, the soul seems to be set at liberty, and to gain strength!"

"Sunday, 13th May, 1832.

"I received your letter too late for the post of yesterday; but had it been otherwise, I could have done no good by writing. If this erysipelas depends upon the tumour, it will, I fear, prove

fatal; but if it arises from a cause independent of this, our poor dear friend may get over it. The absence of delirium is favourable; and as they write, she is 'quite herself,' I take for granted that such is the case. The complaint runs its course so rapidly, that her recovery, if it should please the Almighty to grant this mercy, will be decided by this time. I do not know why I began my letter to-day; it is, I think, to relieve my mind: I thought of her all night, and so I have done all day.

"I have heard Mr. Blunt this morning. His sermon was very applicable to one's state of mind at this moment. He described the mournful words of our Saviour, 'the little while.' God knows, our earthly separation from each other comes so like lightning upon us, that in looking back we seem scarcely to have lived at all. It appears but yesterday we went to Combe Royal on our marriage; and yet, alas! how much has happened to us since that period of time!

"Dear William is quite well; he has also been to hear Mr. Blunt with John: but I went alone, as I had to call on the Duke of Wellington by the way.

"We were tolerably lucky about the pictures. They sold very unequally, some cheap and some dear. Wilkie's Rent-day fetched seven hundred and fifty guineas, and all his sketches in proportion. When his picture was put up, the room was quite full, and the company simultaneously cheered the picture by clapping their hands.

"I trust I shall see you in the course of the week, but I am unable to say when. There is a good deal of movement to-day, but no excitement likely to end in riot, although the agitators are doing all they can to produce tumult and dismay. I shall be delighted when I can turn my back upon this, to me, comfortless place.

"I hope Mistress Pat does not forget me. She must have a little rake made against the hay-harvest, or something to tumble about the hay, as I suppose her assistance will be required. Tell the darling that I bought her this morning twelve little Kitties (dolls), and also a steam-boat, as she had been lately on the water, the cost of which was three shillings and sixpence; and when I observed to the young person that it was throwing money away, she said, 'Do not say so, sir; by buying these things you are giving bread to the poor.' So I had not another word to say. Love, etc. "W. K."

CHAPTER XXX.

Sir William Knighton's Visit to his native place.—Account of his Journey.—Death of Friends since his previous Visit.

As Sir William's health still appeared to derive benefit from occasional travelling, he was persuaded to visit his native place in September of this year. The following is an account of the journey, and some observations.

"September 15, 1832.

"I got into the mail at Cosham, for the purpose of proceeding to Salisbury. In the coach, as I soon found was the son of Lord ——. He was just returned from India, after an absence of three years and a half, and was returning home. He spoke with horror of the climate of India.

"The mail reached Salisbury at half-past one in the morning; and the down mail from London to Exeter does not come in till half-past four. I sat quietly by the fire in the common dirty room appropriated to coach passengers. For twenty minutes I had a companion who had just disengaged himself from an irritable rencontre with the coachman of the mail. He had waited from two in the afternoon to go on by that conveyance to Bristol; but when the time arrived, he quarrelled with the aforesaid Whip about whether he should pay nine shillings or twelve, the gentleman insisting upon nine, the Whip twelve; upon which the gemman declined going, returned to the coach-room, and ordered his bed. 'I hope the sheets and bed are well aired?' 'Very well, sir; a gentleman has just turned out.' Very refreshing! thinks I. 'You have put in fresh sheets, I suppose?' 'I will do so directly,' said the maid. In the interval of the bed-making, I ventured to say, 'Would not the three shillings extra, if you please, have been cheaper?' 'Yes; but not to my feelings,—I hate being imposed upon; besides, by daylight I shall see the country.' But have you not sat up all night, at least until two in the morning, for the purpose

of going by this coach?' 'Yes; but the fact is, I thought the fellow would not stand out; so, to be plain, we have both been taken in. Good night, sir.' And so away went my irritable companion to his bed, and I was left to my reflections again. My first thoughts were on the unhappiness of an admission into that excitement which leads to the uncontrolled influence of violent passions. This before us is a proof how all the reasonable part of our nature is put aside by such indulgences. The coachman drives all night without his money; the tradesman (for such no doubt he was) lost his engagement the following day, and spent his money into the bargain, by his delay at the inn.

"Recollecting where I was, my thoughts were naturally directed to the excellent bishop of this diocese, with whom I had formerly been engaged in some correspondence. As a due reward of his learning and piety, he was translated from the see of St. David's, and, I have reason to think, was gratified at the additional dignity thus conferred on him. But the situation of his residence proved to be so damp, that it is with difficulty the family contrive to live here. Such is often the unsatisfactory result of the attainment of human wishes, and the insufficiency of earthly objects of desire to confer any permanent happiness.

"The hour of half-past four arrived; the mail was empty, and I had the comfort of travelling with as much pleasure as if it had been a private carriage of my own. We stopped at Yeovil, where the landlady presided, and gave me a most

comfortable breakfast; a beefsteak of the most delicious kind, such as dear Dora will recognise when I say it was like the one we had at Halle, in Prussia, for breakfast.

"There is a good deal of ready wit among the attendants upon these coaches. This dialogue occurred between the Whip and the ostler. 'Jim, how is Joe?' 'Coming fast to his end.' 'Why, is he going to die?' 'They say that's to be the end of it.' 'That's bad; five children, is it, there?' 'Six: some work for our precious overseer!' 'What's the matter with him?' 'Blow him up, that's all I says.' I observed at Yeovil that the mail passed through Chudleigh, but I had paid my fare only to Exeter: I inquired of the guard what more I should have to pay. 'Four shillings, is 't, Charley?' 'Why, no; a crown, to be sure; it 's all royal.'

"'I arrived at Exeter at half-past two. This is said to be a radical place. I believe it is generally much the same in all places. The character of the people is changed: the simplicity and modesty of demeanour is gone. Is it possible to suppose that any reasonable set of men, who knew anything of human nature, would for temporary motives give encouragement to excitement already so predominant?

"The mail started again for Chudleigh, after waiting twenty-five minutes. Here a new scene opened. Sir L. P. drove us: he took the place of the coachman. Such are the vagaries that pull down the aristocracy, and place all on a

level! A sharp, intelligent young man was my companion. He explained to me that a good many of the thinking part of the county were anti-reformers; that they began to see they should get nothing immediate, whatever they might do hereafter, by the Reform Bill.

"I arrived at the Clifford Arms. Western, the landlord, whom I long remembered as a most respectable man, was buried a week since. The dreadful fire which had been so destructive in this place is supposed to have originated with an old man, who had contrived to build two houses, which he insured; and, in order to get the insurance, he was thought to have set fire to these. The man is sent to gaol; but many believe he is innocent of the crime. Twelve houses were altogether destroyed.

"I slept well, and proceeded on Wednesday the 17th in a post-chaise for Newton Bushell. In this melancholy town, I spent upwards of four years at a school—I am sorry to say, without much benefit. It gave me pleasure, however, to walk over the ground that I so well remembered as a boy. Every tree seemed familiar to me; even the lanes and hedge-rows had to my mind undergone no change. Not so with the town itself: there all was changed; old houses pulled down, new ones built up. There was a striking alteration also in the impression produced on my mind by this place, compared with that existing in early memory; everything now seemed so small and meagre. It was market-day. I remembered

many faces that I saw, though now under the countenance of age. One man I quite recognised. I had left him in the beauty of manhood: he now wore a little old curled wig, and his aged face for a moment made me stare with wonder, until I recollected the change that had taken place in myself.

"In making a visit to the churchyard of Highwick, I wandered among the grave-stones and read the sad details of many whose names I remembered in my boyish days. I had been looking down into the valley upon the house where I recollected a boy of the name of Segur lived: he was, if not my bedfellow, one of the same bedroom. In a few minutes my eyes rested on an iron railing, within which was his tomb and that of his wife. He seemed to have lost his wife first; but it did not say in what year he died. Can anything bring more forcibly before one the truly wretched and vain pursuits of this life, and insignificant avocations in which we are engaged? It made me melancholy. There are moments when eternity and its consequences press upon the mind with a prophetic force, and give rise to reflections that make the heart ill at ease. I wandered everywhere; I had a full dose of melancholy musing, and I cannot say that it was gladdened with one satisfactory impulse of feeling. I had, it is true, a particular thankfulness to God for all his mercies; but no settled conviction that I deserved the most trifling blessing I now enjoy.

"The subscription coach passed about half-

past three: I got into it, and proceeded to Devonport. In the coach I found two Portuguese officers about to proceed to Oporto. We had but little conversation, as one only spoke imperfect English, the other no language but Portuguese. I considered one of them a nobleman: he looked worn, and spoke of Miguel as an unhappy tyrant.

"Twenty-nine years had elapsed since I last visited Devonport. There appeared to me but little change in its appearance,—that is, in the principal streets. I went up in the dusk for the purpose of having a glance at the house I once occupied, and was naturally carried back to the various and early anxieties I had suffered in the beginning of my life at this place. I contemplated with wonder all I had gone through since I left it. The mixture of pleasure and pain that this called forth cannot be easily described; nor was there the enjoyment of any real satisfaction at the change produced in my relative situation now and then: but yet, strange as it seems, notwithstanding, after having stated what I have, I felt a horror at the thoughts of what I then was. Alas! alas! it is impossible to explain this strange contrariety of feeling.

"Thursday, 18th.—At an early hour in the morning, I proceeded by water to Hole's Hill. The last time I passed up the river was with my beloved Dora and William, who were then children, and were for the first time introduced to my dear mother. As I proceeded up the river, the various spots that had been so familiar to me

in my days of boyhood were welcome to the eye, and with an intensity of remembrance as to the events of those days that quite surprised me. The morning was wet and gloomy : the fishermen were in the Tamer trying for salmon, but had caught none. After ascending the hill, I looked down upon Lockeridge, once the residence of my beloved mother, where I had spent the first years after my infancy, which was passed in an abode of a very superior description. Lockeridge is now no longer what it was: time and the hand of the mason have given it a character that no longer suits with the recollections of the past. In a few minutes I was in my sister's house.

"Friday, 19th.—I awakened not refreshed, for I had slept but little. I swallowed my breakfast hastily, and felt it a relief to begin a walk to visit the grave of my dear mother. This may appear a strange relief; but nevertheless it was so. The church of Beer Ferris is more than three miles from my sister's residence, close to an arm of the sea and the mouth of the river Tavy. Every step I took seemed to be bringing me to the first and dearest friend of my early years. How quickly time passes! I was surprised that twelve years had nearly elapsed since the remains of this pure spirit were deposited in the grave. May my end be like hers, and may I be so prepared to meet my final judgment at the throne of my Redeemer!

"In wandering over the churchyard, how many of the companions of my boyish days did I find numbered with the dead in this melancholy place!

The tombstone of poor P. S. is almost obliterated. She was an only child, and died in the prime of life. Her parents long survived her, but never ceased to lament her. She has now been in her grave since 1795.—The clerk of the parish, Thomas Wells, whom I remembered as a boy, was buried only the year before last at an advanced age.—There is a person buried in this churchyard who, in taking sketches of some remains of antiquity within the church, fell from the scaffold and was killed on the spot. The widow planted a yew-tree to his memory, and continues to cultivate the autumnal rose over his remains : there were two blooming in great perfection. I ought to mention that she has since married the Rev. G. B. They are both talented persons.

"In the evening of this day we returned to Devonport by water ; and, on Saturday the 20th, started, soon after nine, in the subscription coach. On our way to Plymouth we took up a respectable woman. She was accompanied to the coach by three or four daughters : they were all in tears. It struck me there was an anguish in the whole party beyond the distress of separation : so it proved. She, poor woman ! told me she was proceeding to Exeter for the purpose of delivering herself up to the commissioners, as the law required her committal to prison. I inquired if it was for debt. She said, no ; it was a suit she was advised to prosecute relative to a mining concern. She was cast, and the joint expenses of the lawyers on each side amounted to nearly four hundred pounds.

She was a widow, and had only thirty-two pounds a-year to live on: she could not pay it, and therefore was obliged to go to prison. By the time we had arrived thus far in our conversation, we reached Plymouth: she was then to get on the outside of the coach, and, poor woman! I saw no more of her.

"What a wretched concern is what is called law! How iniquitous are most of the details! It is, in truth, a machinery of warfare of the most painful description. Generally speaking, all the bad passions are kept alive in its progress by all that artifice of invention which invariably usurps the place of just principle.

"At Totness I had a companion of a different description, who was journeying as far as Newton Bushell by way of a frolic. This was no other than Mr. J.'s cook. She soon gave me the whole history of the family. She was a mild, sensible person. The family had been in London whilst the house was painting; the house was not ready. They were afraid to stay at Exeter on their return, on account of the cholera, so that they are all now at Kingsbridge. They were terribly frightened there. 'I said it was nonsense; and I told master, who is a good sort of queer man, that running away from the cholera was like running away from the French. I suppose you know Dr. M.? I lived three years with him at Chatham. I hate to be long in one place, so I move about. I am not a professed cook; I please moderate people, and that's all I pretend to. To be sure, sixteen pounds a-year is no great

wages; but it is very well for a country place. The W—ds wanted me: I tried it—'twould not do: company three times a-week, and away to market in the morning: I fainted from fatigue several times, so I cut and ran. We are fifteen in number; breakfast at nine, lunch at one, dine at five. Master sadly wants a boy: two girls running; the first is dead; but for this last they have got a wet-nurse. I tell master to persevere, and he will have a son at last: he laughs at my sayings.'

"On our arrival at Newton, my friend bolted out of the carriage, and I saw no more of her. She had a male companion on the top of the coach.

"In this place I waited for John's arrival. I had the satisfaction at eight o'clock to hear the curfew ring, a custom still preserved in this town. It must have been forty years since I heard it; and so perfect was the memory as to the tone of the bell, that it appeared as if I had heard it every night during this long lapse of years. How indescribable are the intellectual powers of man!

"I ate my solitary dinner, and in the dusk of the evening wandered to the churchyard of ——. It was getting dark, but the evening was beautiful in the extreme. After wandering among the graves for some time, twilight commenced. All was stillness, when I distinctly heard the sound of a human voice within the church, and every now and then a thumping noise. I was determined not to be frightened: I tried to open the three doors belonging to the church on different sides, and I

knocked gently with my umbrella : there was no answer, and all was still. I waited and listened; the sound was renewed. I got up on one of the tomb-stones, and looking in at the window, beheld a young female. She saw me, and at first was startled with fright. She opened the door, and I found the little damsel and her sister had been overtaken with darkness before they had accomplished their task of lining a pew with green baize. Such is often the foundation of ghost stories; and certainly all the first principles were established in what I have related, had I not gained admittance into the church.

"At half-past nine my friend arrived in the coach. We went on to Chudleigh and slept. Here everything was clean and comfortable.

"Sunday morning we made our journey to Exeter in the mail, where we were obliged to pass an unprofitable day. Went early to bed, and at five in the morning proceeded in the fast Telegraph Coach to London, which we accomplished in seventeen hours,—one hundred and seventy miles. Fare inside, three pounds ten shillings; four coachmen to pay, one guard; breakfast at Ilminster, and dine at Andover. The French may well say the English are always in a hurry, for nothing can exceed the speed with which everything is done. In this respect the breakfast and dinner are quite ridiculous—every man trying as quickly as possible to satisfy the cravings of his appetite. The slow attentions of the waiting-maids and the waiter who presides, form a striking con-

trast to the excitement of those who are placed in very different circumstances.

"We were quite full, four inside and three out. Our inside company consisted of a country gentleman, a young merchant, an old man in some line of business connected with horses and agriculture, and myself. The old man was, I should think turned of seventy; he seemed very shrewd in his observations, speaking but seldom; but his eye was expressive of cunning and delight when we talked of the mischief likely to happen to the country from the predominating influence of political unions and mob control."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Letters from Sir William Knighton to his Family and Friends.

The following letter to a friend is supposed to have been written about the year 1826.

"My dear Friend,—You are mistaken if you think me an unbeliever, or even sceptical. I am neither the one nor the other. Remember these words, 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' We are here enjoined by the Apostle to exercise our rational faculties on subjects of religious belief, and not to admit, on vague and uncertain evidence, the unauthorized assertions of men. But having once ascertained that a truth is

divinely revealed, we should hold it fast with all steadfastness.

"I shall now tell you what I think concerning the Resurrection. The sense in which we are to believe that the body will rise again is sublimely conveyed to us by the great Apostle as a mystery! 'This mortal must put on immortality!' words as strongly implying as words can do the mysterious fact, that the very body we now inhabit, and which constitutes, in conjunction with the soul, one man, shall meet again in union with that divine principle from which it has been separated for a time, and shall form with it the very same intelligent and conscious being as before, though in a purer and higher state of existence. Some men will say, 'How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?' St. Paul returns a similitude in answer, which for cogency and application to his subject could not be surpassed by the most renowned efforts of philosophical reasoning: 'That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. Thou showest not that body that shall be, but only grain: God giveth it a body, and to every seed his own body.' No illustration could more accurately convey or explain all we should aspire to know of the miraculous transformation which is implied in the notion of the resurrection of the body. It expresses that important point, a certain and fixed identity between the risen body and the body dead. It depicts the boundless possibilities of superior excellence in which the vivified substance may surpass

its previous condition, just as the splendour of the oak in its highest glory infinitely surpasses that of the parent acorn, or the very same tree in its death-like garb of winter.

Upon the duties which our newly constructed bodies will be qualified to discharge it is not possible for us to pronounce. It is, however, obvious to remark, that no intimations given in Scripture on the subject interfere with our notion of a corporeal existence in the future world. 'In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like the angels of God.' But for this the reason is immediately given: 'Neither shall they die any more.' The first end of marriage, the renewal of our species, being thus abolished, we are not to expect a revival of those personal and domestic ties necessary here for that purpose. But, on the other hand, in the delineations of our future state, the use of our several corporeal senses is so distinctly alluded to, that if these are not restored at the resurrection, we cannot help at least expecting something greatly analagous to their exercise. We are to '*hear* the voice of the Archangel and the trump of God.' We are to '*see* eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.' The future scenes will give us the savour of the tree of life, and its reviving fragrance. The identity of our future with our present bodily habitation will doubtless be confined within such limitations as will admit of the Christian's hope respecting a state of perfect happiness, purity, and absolute immortality.

"It is pleasing to think that the soul that looks through eyes upon objects that please us here, will look through the same identical eyes in another world, and will produce the same feelings, 'though purified.'

"I send you the book I mentioned, which you will be so good as to keep as your own.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

In the beginning of the month of April, Sir William, after having spent some time with his family, paid a visit to his friend Lord V. at Sudbury, whence the next letters are dated.

TO HIS SON.

"Sudbury, Derby, April 9, 1832.

"I had the comfort of receiving your letter this morning, which gave me very sincere pleasure. Lord V. was very kind in wishing you to come here; but although I should have liked it much, yet I did not encourage it, because I thought it would be inconvenient to you, as interfering with all your plans. I am as to health tolerably well. I saw a fine old man yesterday, upwards of ninety, who was shot through the body at the battle of Bunker's Hill, during the American war, which must now be seventy years ago. He would have made a fine picture.

"I am glad that the pictures at B—— looked so comforting. I quite agree with you, that when the hour arrives for your present studies to meet their reward, then indeed the tranquillity and peace of your home at B—— will be truly delight-

ful. I may be dead, which is most likely, and in my grave, before that period arrives; yet to me it is a source of great happiness that this will be your comfort when I am gone, and also, should it please God to spare me, whilst I am living; for everything relating to us is, God be praised! mutual.

"In passing to Paynton, our road lay through Ashbourne; and there I saw the meadow where Dr. Johnson used to walk with his friend Dr. Taylor. This is now mentioned with great veneration by those who contemplate the spot.

"Such is the power of genius! It is quite delightful to look at that species of distinction, compared with empty titles alone, and their concomitant fooleries.

"God bless you, etc. "W. K."

TO MISS KNIGHTON.

"Sudbury, April 11.

"I was much grieved to find by dear mother's letter how very much you have been indisposed; but I trust in God you are now rapidly recovering your usual health.

"What can it all have been? One is disposed to fancy that you must all have managed badly; but I have heard it said that it is objectionable to remove into the country, after residing in London, before the month of May, from the great change there is in the temperature of the atmosphere.

"I went over to Derby the day before yesterday, and visited the spar shop, where I bought a

specimen made into a useful article for your own little room. On my return, I shall have the comfort of bringing it to you.

"This is a very interesting country; and Needwood Forest, which is contiguous to this, is renowned for many interesting and strange stories. All this at an early period belonged to John of Gaunt; and the people say that to this day he occasionally appears in the forest.

"Not long since, a waggoner was driving his team through the forest in the middle of the night; it was beautiful moonlight; suddenly the large trees appeared as if on fire, accompanied by a howling noise, when an immense figure dressed in armour appeared in the front of the horses. The poor carter who drove the team attempted to run away; but he could not get far before he dropped, and continued in a trance until daylight, when the whole team and waggon were gone, and never since have been heard of.

"There is a large oak in Lord V.'s park, which has, it is said, this remarkable feature: whenever one of the family is about to die, a large limb falls, without any apparent reason. I was told that the late Lord V. went to visit this tree, and whilst he was near it a large limb suddenly fell. Soon after this his Lordship died!

"Not long ago, a poor female lunatic escaped from an asylum in Staffordshire, who lived some time without being taken. She took with her a white sheet belonging to her bed; she used to sleep and conceal herself by day, and at night

wandered forth wrapped up in the sheet, and frightened the whole country, for no one could believe but that it was something supernatural.

"Since I have been here, I have visited the coal-mines, and had an opportunity of seeing the coals we use dug from the bowels of the earth. The coal usually runs in strata of four feet in depth, and is, no doubt, of vegetable origin. I saw a large piece of cane, which nothing we have now resembles, petrified. This was dug up three or four hundred yards below the surface of the earth. Such are the wonders of this globe, that there is no end to the extraordinary details which might be collected.

"I go up to town, God permitting, to-morrow morning. Lord V. accompanies me. We start at six. It will take us fifteen hours. Our dinner, in the form of a potato pasty, we take with us, to avoid the delay of stopping on the road.

"Ever yours, "W. K."

Soon after Sir William's return he was attacked by what was then considered the epidemic influenza, which was very general. On the 30th of April, he thus speaks of his indisposition.

TO HIS SON.

"I am progressively, I hope, recovering; but it is quite extraordinary how slow my return to health is. I am still hoarse and deaf; I look ill, and feel altogether out of health: but I trust in God it will not last much longer. I go out a little every day.

"We have been expecting dear John for several days past. I am uneasy, fearing he should also be attacked with this epidemic.

"May 1st.—John's appearance was very agreeable to us, not only in regard to one's knowing that he had escaped this unpleasant influenza, but that you were better, although still inconvenienced by your cough and cold.

"May 5th.—I have the pleasure to acknowledge your letter. Although I hope to have the comfort of seeing you on Tuesday evening, yet I cannot refrain from writing to you by post. I wish that you could more rapidly get over the first rudiments of the art: but that, I apprehend, is impossible. I draw my inferences from what I have read. Sir Joshua went to Hudson when he was seventeen; with him he remained till he was twenty. They quarrelled; and he returned home, and did comparatively nothing for three years. He then began to paint a little; and among his sitters was Captain Keppel, who offered to take him abroad, which he accepted, and at the age of twenty-six, sailed from Plymouth. He was absent three years, when he again made his appearance in London, and painted heads at twelve guineas. We all know that Sir Joshua's productions were at this period hard and uninteresting, except to those who valued the likeness. This continued for four or five years, until, by constant exercise and contemplation, the blaze burst forth which gave us those treasures that

we now contemplate with such pride and delight.

"In one of his fragments which Malone has published, Sir Joshua acknowledges that when he went to Rome, he knew nothing of art. It was long before he could communicate to his mind and feelings the beauties of Raphael. At length new perceptions and new taste began to dawn upon him. Upon this Sir Joshua comes to this conclusion—that a relish for the higher excellences of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possesses without cultivation, great labour, and attention. Sir Joshua says we are not to be ashamed at our seeming dulness, for our minds are not like tinder, instantly to catch fire, and produce those sparks of power and excellence either in the execution or composition of what we undertake.

"In another fragment, Sir Joshua says, 'Not having had the advantage of an early academical education, I never had the facility of drawing the naked figure which an artist ought to have. It appeared to me too late when I went to Italy, and began to feel my own deficiencies, to endeavour to acquire that readiness of invention which I observed others to possess. I consoled myself, however, by remarking that those ready inventors are extremely apt to acquiesce in imperfections, etc.'

"As you have the power of application, I have no doubt of your success.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

TO HIS SON.

"Horndean, May 21.

"I look forward with great delight to the pleasure of seeing you and John on Sunday morning. Go to bed on your arrival, and have a comfortable sleep.

"I do not wonder at —— being annoyed at the impudence of criticism; but it is what all the great artists in times gone by have been exposed to. It will have no influence on his present prosperity, nor on his fame in times to come. There is nothing, however, so wretched, as the ignorance of criticism.

"I am now reading the Life of Benvenuto Cellini. He mentions an anecdote of Bagiardini, who was a very diligent artist, and left many elegant works behind him both at Bologna and Florence. Michael Angelo, who was fond of being in his company, used to call him "the happy man;" because, when he had bestowed his utmost pains upon his labours, he appeared perfectly satisfied with the result; whilst he (Michael Angelo) was never known to be contented with anything that he did.

"We are enjoying the luxury of May. I have ridden to-day for two hours, my little ponny carrying me very comfortably.

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Sir William undertakes a journey into Wales.—Extracts from his own account of it.

Sir William was about this time with his family in the country, and, at times, in such apparent health and good spirits as to moderate the uneasiness which the occasional embarrassment in his breathing, and his own assurances of the existence of organic disease, were calculated to excite in the minds of his friends. In June some business required his presence in Wales, and, accompanied by his friend Mr. D., he set out to repair thither. The following little detail of the journey has been found amongst his papers:—

"June 8, 1833.

"Left town this morning at seven o'clock for Bath, accompanied by Mr. D. We arrived at five. Our fellow-travellers in the coach were two ladies—the elder, about fifty, a widow, proceeding to Bath for the purpose of visiting her daughter. She talked of her little grandchild. Mr. D. knew her: her husband had been an affluent merchant; but before his death, bankruptcy and poverty had overtaken him.

9th.—We this morning attended Mr. J——'s chapel. He had been visited, as he stated, with a domestic affliction during the previous night: it was supposed to be the illness of Mrs. J——. He preached from the 119th Psalm, 22nd verse—

'I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.'

"He said, this saying by David comprehended three things—a complaint, a dependance, and a resolution. He propounded, in a very beautiful manner, the usefulness of knowledge in Divine things, and stated that there was a qualification not sufficiently preached, but without which we could do nothing, we could not even make a beginning—'Faith in Christ.' His illustrations were beautiful: I wish that I could remember them sufficiently to write them down. He praised the Liturgy of the Church, and said it was to be lamented that the doctrines of the reading-desk were not always preached in the pulpit; and observed, that they (meaning himself and his congregation) did not deserve to be called Dissenters, for they did not dissent from the doctrines of this beautiful Litany,—but that they were called Methodists, enthusiasts, and fanatics, for preaching them.

"The chapel was quite full, and, seemingly, with well-dressed people.

"We went in the evening again to hear Mr. J——, and were disappointed to find he was not to officiate; but Mr. J——, who preached, completely satisfied us. I never heard a more delightful discourse. His text was from the first chapter of the Hebrews, 9th verse—'There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.'

"He drew a most affecting picture of the miseries of this probationary life, and the joys that await the true and holy Christian; for in heaven

there is a day of rest. There was no sorrow, no calamity, no adversity, no deep affliction in this life, that he did not bring home to one's understanding and feelings.

" He brought many of them before one with a heart-rending eloquence, as if the sources were drawn from his own bosom. 'The loss of a child, perhaps an only child'—here he paused, and I fancied I saw his lip quiver as the tongue gave utterance to the sentence.

" When he called upon his Christian hearers to look to that day of rest where corruption would cease, and the joys of heaven supersede all the woes connected with our present earthly tabernacle, his manner of conducting the subject was delightful. He said that he had no doubt, deducing his authority from Scripture, that saints and Christians would know each other in a future state; that the child taken from the disconsolate parent in early life, would welcome the pious and holy Christian parent to heaven. This earthly separation, therefore, as being only for a season, bears marks of Divine love, and not the dispensation which, in our sorrow, we feel as an overwhelming calamity.

" I underwent great emotion as he proceeded, and so did Mr. D., and never felt my heart more under the holy influence of religion. I am sure poor Mr. J—— must have felt the prayer and the whole discourse: I fancy he was in the chapel. Mrs. J—— is alive; but she was struck with paralysis the preceding night.

"This has been a very interesting day, and one I shall not readily forget. The city of Bath is very beautiful; the streets are diversified, the houses well built, and the surrounding hills display a luxuriant verdure. There is an air of refreshment and romance that makes one look upon it as fairy-land; and, moreover, when you couple with it that here is the depository of those springs that give renewed health to the subdued and debilitated constitution, it makes one look with emotions of gratitude to the God of all mercy for his infinite goodness towards us.

"Monday, 10th.—We left Bath at half-past six, by the branch mail that runs between Portsmouth and Bristol. We passed on for some five or six miles by the banks of the Avon: and such is the state of ornamental cultivation all around, that it appeared to be almost a continued garden.

"We by-and-by came to Fox's habitation—an asylum for the unhappy lunatic. This, externally, has the appearance of a splendid mansion. The approach to it is by a handsome lodge. This lodge and its little garden were covered with a profusion of roses; and everything, to the eye, seemed to imply gaiety, gladness, and tranquil happiness. But, alas! I could imagine a different tale within this melancholy abode. Here, no doubt, might be found that wretched entailment of misery, only to be put down to sin. Insanity seems to me to be unquestionably Satanic influence: this horror falls alike on the rich and the poor, but this habitation is for persons of noble

or gentle blood. Great prosperity seems to be the striking external feature of the establishment: the grounds appear extensive. Dr. Fox is, I believe, of the sect denominated Quakers. I have heard the arrangements of the asylum, medical and otherwise, very highly spoken of.

"We reached Bristol about half-past nine. This city bears a remarkable contrast to Bath. Here is dirt, activity, and trade; in Bath, cleanliness, tranquillity, and refinement.

"We breakfasted at the Bush Inn, and then continued our journey by the Milford mail. We took up an intelligent man, who had been, till lately, an inn-keeper. He gave us some account of the Bristol riots, and more particularly of Davis, a man who had moved very respectably in life as a waggon-office keeper, and who was much beloved by all who knew him. He had a wife, but no family. This person said, that, in the course of a very short time after he was taken, his anxiety and painful state of mind brought upon him such an appearance of age, although not past the middle life, that those who had known him could not recognise him. A schoolfellow who saw him previously to his execution found the change so complete, that there was no one point by which to identify him. It is said of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, that in one night, during the perils of the frightful revolution, her hair turned grey.

"The influence of the mind on the structure of the frame is very remarkable, and serves to show

the principle that God has given to us for purposes so very different from those ordinarily required by the natural man: for who can help being struck with the power and grace of God, and that Divine influence of the Holy Spirit, when he contemplates the lives of those martyrs who were led to the burning stake? No change was observed in them in regard to the external man, whilst the power of spiritual holiness gave them strength and grace to die unflinchingly in the cause of their God and Redeemer. Such is the difference of living in the flesh, and dying unto the Lord.

"We reached the New Passage, where the Severn is crossed. Here everything is taken out of the mail, as another coach awaits your arrival on the opposite side. The distance is three miles: it took us an hour to get over. The day was fine, and the sea tranquil; but the guard told us that it was often so rough, that they were frequently four hours crossing. The guard was an intelligent man, and had been twelve years on that station. We reached Cardiff about three: here we dined.

"The resting-place of our journey was to be the Pyle Inn, which we reached about six. We had been led to expect much of this, but were disappointed in our expectations. The inn, a single house, is fast falling into decay, as, alas! is the proprietor, who has been in declining health during the last four years, and is at this moment confined to his bed.

"Towards twilight we visited the parish church-

yard, which is close at hand; and here we recognised the tombstone of the wife of our poor innkeeper, who had died the very day two years previously to our arrival.

"They have here a very innocent, as well as consolatory custom—that of cultivating the daisy, rosemary, box, and some wild flowers that are familiar to one, on the grave of their friend and relative. We observed this custom most affectingly attended to in this little churchyard. The gate was locked, and you had no mode of entering but by mounting up stone steps, and crossing a stile placed on the summit of the wall. All was order and decency; no animal grazing, as is frequently the disgusting practice in England.

"Our attention was caught by the grave of a young man, aged twenty-seven, who had been shipwrecked and drowned on a part of the coast called the Mumbles, about two years since. The tombstone marked the feelings of the disconsolate widow with her little child: the grave was blooming with wild flowers. The recent attention of the mourners had evidently been bestowed on it, for everything was fresh.

"I believe the tear passed down my cheek when I thought that I should like to be buried in this spot, and to have a similar demonstration of feeling from the hands of those children I so much love. 'Perhaps little Dora and Ina,' thought I in my reverie, 'would contribute.' Thus I mused long enough to make me feel that such emotion is painful to the heart. May God, in His mercy,

preserve them and me, and spare me as yet from that awful separation!

"Friday, 11th.—The morning opened upon us with a lowering aspect; the surrounding hills and mountains were overshadowed with large masses of clouds. Every now and then the general hue and tint reminded me of the colouring of Poussin's picture of the Deluge. There was an awful grandeur in the appearance, and everything foretold an approaching storm of wind and rain. But as we had now reached the point where our business (the object of our journey) was to commence, we proceeded upon Welsh ponies, accompanied by our guide, a sensible, intelligent person, who, it seems, had been bred an attorney, and now, with his wife and four children, had buried himself in this secluded spot to work for himself a small coal concern, and by degrees is looking forwards to the prospect of amassing wealth, or, as the phrase is, to gain an independence. His countenance bespeaks past, if not present, struggles with the world. The necessaries of life, he told us, were remarkably cheap.

"We had not proceeded far up toward the mountain before the hurricane began, and the rain came down in torrents.

"We took shelter in a farmhouse. The exterior of the farmhouses have the look of cottages; they are beautifully whitewashed, and, generally speaking, their little gardens are well cropped. I wished for Wilkie's pencil to make a memorandum of the interior of this farmhouse. Fuel here

is cheap, from the easy supply. There was a blazing, cheerful fire, with a very neat grate, over which the crock was suspended, and a young woman, the mistress of the farm, was engaged in making oatmeal stirabout. Her brother, a lad of thirteen or fourteen, was reposing on a wooden settle, appearing to be under the influence of hectic fever. She received us with the good breeding of a gentlewoman, and placed chairs before the fire for us. We expressed a hope that we might not interrupt her: she said, by no means, and continued her domestic avocations. She spoke English fluently, and said she had learnt it at school. She was very good-looking; but her manner, so different from the English yeoman's wife, struck me very forcibly. The Welsh, I am told, consider themselves still a conquered nation, and amongst themselves call the English by the old name of Saxons. The kitchen was well stored with hams and bacon.

"The weather cleared up as to rain, but the wind blew with increased fury from the south-west. Our course lay to the coast of the Bristol Channel. We arrived at Port Cawl. This little port, at present in its infancy, is situated between Newport and Swansea.

"When we arrived, a sloop was in great distress. She had trusted to her anchors for some time; two pilots had gone off to her; she had endeavoured to get into the basin, but could not succeed; and presently she stood out to sea, bearing away for some more favourable port on the Devonshire

coast, to take shelter during the severity of the gale.

"In the evening, we visited the spot where Mr. Talbot is erecting a Gothic castle: Mr. Hopper is the architect. What delighted us much were the remains of the old chapel, which are admirably preserved under the taste of the present possessor. The Chapter-house is very beautiful; and this spot, so completely secluded and shut out by the richly-wooded hills which surround it, affords a feeling of delight to those who love to dwell in contemplations that separate the mind from that which is present, and fix it on that which is to come. The ground upon which the abbey formerly stood is now a rich garden of American and other choice plants. The lawn is beautifully kept; and around the remains of the abbey is a tombstone here and there, denoting the spot where some of the old monks were once interred. There is a fine orangery, and in a large room adjoining are some beautiful specimens of antique sculpture. It was dark before we returned to our inn.

"Wednesday.—Our inn gets a little more comfortable; and although I went to bed nervous and dejected, yet, thanks be to God, I slept very tolerably. How many and how various are the calamities of life! How few individuals escape the wretchedness of affliction in a greater or less degree! I this morning learnt more of the history of those who superintend the management of this inn. The proprietor is almost bedridden, suf-

ficiently wealthy, and preserves the two best rooms in the house for himself. There are two sons; one active and industrious; the other drinks, is indolent and unsteady in the extreme. The one who regulates himself by proper principle and conduct takes care of the farms, for they occupy two, and, for these parts, of considerable extent; the other does nothing, and when not in drink, passes his time in listless idleness.

"But now comes another tale. The house is managed by a niece; and her mother has been labouring for some years under mental derangement. Her father, from great losses on his farm, is reduced to the necessity of becoming a coachman to one of the coaches on the road. The poor mother's delusion is, that she is only on a visit where she now resides, and she expects every day to return to her own home. There is something very melancholy in this delusive hope; but, alas! is not all hope delusive? Who of us ever finds his expectation realised?

"There is a very melancholy expression in the young woman's countenance, as of depressing thought.

"This has been an active day. The wind still continues. The mail was three hours crossing the Severn.

"We were conducted over the mountains by William David, a Welsh bard, a man highly esteemed and respected for his great intelligence and delightful simplicity of manner. He gathered

me a beautiful wild flower, which in this country they call Adam and Eve, because the flower has double roots: it sends forth a rich perfume.

"David is now (1833) fifty-four years of age. He married about seven years since, and has two little girls. He did not intend marrying; but, falling desperately in love, he could not avoid it. His farm costs him twenty-five pounds a-year. He keeps five cows, and these yield him fifteen pounds per annum. He knows all the property and all the traditions of the country, and is a valuable man.

"Thursday, 13th.—The weather was unfavourable in the early part of the morning. We proceeded by the mail to the Black Rock, and thence in a postchaise to Chepstow. We breakfasted at Cardiff.

"Our only companion was an Irish lady, an officer's wife, on her way to London. She was an outside passenger; but she said, by giving the guard a shilling or two, she had coaxed him to let her get inside, as it was wet. She added, 'Soldiers' wives with families are obliged to be economical.' It was curious to see how necessity made this poor lady equal to every difficulty.

"We learnt at Cardiff that a small brig had foundered during the hurricane at the mouth of the harbour at Newport, and that three men on board, brothers, perished. A poor man also had lost his little sloop, laden with limestone, his all. Such is the local misery that in a few hours is

produced, of which the world knows nothing, and, alas! if it did, would care nothing.

"The situation of Chepstow is romantic in the greatest degree, and the wild points of nature beautiful in the extreme. We dined at five, and after dinner wandered down to the Wye.

"As we passed the church, a poor widow was about to be buried. She belonged to a female club, and all the members attended, walking two and two, and preceding the corpse. They were in some numbers, and all appeared to be beyond the middle age of life. The instant the corpse was deposited in the grave and the funeral service ended, the bell tolled, and this continued until the gravedigger had finished filling the grave. This custom was new to me.

"This town was in a bustle from showmen and others coming in, as a wool-fair was to be held on Saturday.

"Friday, 14th.—As Mr. D. had never seen Tintern Abbey, we hired a fly and proceeded thither. The scenery is quite enchanting, particularly from what they call the Wind Cliff. Every one knows what has been said of this abbey. It exhibits the finest relic of Gothic architecture we know; and the proportions, breadth, and delicacy of combination, we can now only imitate, not surpass. This abbey was founded in the time of Henry the First, now above seven hundred years ago; and but for the devastation which took place in Cromwell's time, it is probable we should still

have viewed it in a state of almost perfect preservation.

"We proceeded in the afternoon by the coach to Bristol by the old passage, which is much shorter than the new; and thence we again visited, and were glad to have the comfort of our old rooms at the York Hotel at Bath.

"Saturday, 15th.—We are more and more delighted with Bath. As a place of residence it must be very agreeable. The markets are excellent, the air clear and thin, the people obliging and civil, and, in short, all the necessaries and luxuries of life are to be had on easy terms. From November to May is the time they consider their season; but the bookseller from whom we purchased some books told us that they had more resident strangers than usual.

"We attended the morning service at the Abbey Church. It is delightfully neat and comfortable; but there were not more than perhaps fifteen to twenty persons who attended prayers: they were principally wretched cripples. I could not help lamenting that out of forty or fifty thousand persons, which I suppose Bath contains, so limited a number only could be found to perform their morning devotions. Alas! in what light must this neglect of our church services and religion appear in the eyes of God!

"Sunday, 16th.—We hailed this morning with great pleasure, because we had the satisfactory prospect of again hearing Mr. J—; and we were not disappointed. He preached from Psalm CXIX.

ver. 18—'Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.' He began by explaining what was meant by the law. It was nothing more or less than the commands of God. David saw the gospel in the law. It is in vain to go to this book with any opinions of your own; you must take it as it is: the law of God cannot be changed. If your conscience, when awakened under the terrors of the law, has found comfort under the gospel, you may hope that you are in the right road. But let me tell you, he said, that religion and the knowledge of this book are not of sudden growth. This I would not only address to the infidel and unbeliever, but also to the fanatic and enthusiast. The one adapts everything to his own presumptuous notions and opinions; the other mystifies and confuses revelation from heaven with things not yet revealed. That such states are both dangerous, may be well understood, when David, who knew so much, calls out, not in the self-sufficient language of our times, but in the words of the text, 'Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.'

"Mr. J. adverted to the wonders of the universe; he referred to the chapter he had read before the sermon, in which the miracle is related of our Lord's restoring the blind to sight, and stated, that spiritual blindness was quite as perceptible as corporeal blindness. The man corporeally blind could not, indeed, deceive you; the loss of the sense was apparent: but the spiritual blindness was also evident to the true Christian. The soul

must receive a Divine influence (not miraculous, for there is no such things now-a-days), but a sense of its own unworthiness; then follow penitence and prayer, an earnest desire for the Saviour's image to be implanted in the heart, a life in the ways of godliness according to the law and the gospel. Cicero, the greatest philosopher and the wisest among those of his day, was accustomed to say, that we lived by the power of the gods; but that to live well, and not wickedly, was by our own power. Seneca said, that those men who lived in the rules of virtue were in merit above the gods, because the very nature of their existence did not admit of their being otherwise. Here you have the reasoning of the wisdom of this world. Truly, when you come to contemplate the establishment of Christianity, it strikes you with awe and wonder, that a few unlettered fishermen, without learning, or what we call education, should be sent forth to preach the redemption of mankind to the uttermost corners of the earth.

"In the evening, Mr. J—'s discourse was from the 9th chapter of Job, verse 4,—'He is wise in heart and mighty in strength: who hath hardened himself against Him and hath prospered?' He began by giving the character of God most beautifully; and then he drew the picture of the hardened sinner. I only wish that every sinner could have heard him. In giving the catalogue of sins that belong to the sinful man, he said, it was wonderful with what a degree of complacency words

were found to palliate all the vile passions of wickedness. Covetousness, was a sense of prudence to oneself and family; revenge, a just sense of what was due to oneself on the score of honour; a departure from truth, a necessary observance of the ways of the world; and so on. He mentioned that Lord Bacon had said that 'Knowledge is power;' and this saying had been put forth as Lord Bacon's: but Solomon had said, long before Lord Bacon was cradled, that 'Wisdom is a defence,' and so it is; it gives a power that wealth cannot often give, although Solomon says that 'wealth buyeth all things.' There seemed no end to the beautiful and appropriate truths put forth in this discourse."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Sir William Knighton undertakes another journey to the Continent.—Letters to his Son descriptive of his tour.

EARLY in October, Sir William made a little tour, travelling leisurely, principally with a view to health; and he was again accompanied by his friend Mr. D. The subjoined letter gives some account of their movements.

"Rotterdam, 5th October, 1833.

"We arrived at this place, thanks be to God, safe and well, at twelve o'clock. It is impossible to tell you how interesting this country appears

to me. The weather is excessively hot; the heat is by far greater than in the hottest day in summer in England. I must tell you, that the first thing I did on landing, was to buy some flower-roots mentioned in your list. We dine to-day at the *table d'hôte* at four o'clock, and proceed by boat, at five, to the Hague.

"Write a line to William, to tell him of my arrival."

The following letters were written, instead of a journal, to his son :—

"I have great pleasure in acceding to your wishes, by writing to you in the progress of this journey, and communicating such thoughts and incidents as may occur in an excursion like the present. I shall be glad if I can amuse; to give instruction, I do not expect; but my letters will, at any rate, I have no doubt, afford you and those most dear to us some degree of happy feeling.

"It every now and then happens that one is more vexed at particular moments with trifling things than at other times with those of greater magnitude. Having risen from our beds at five in the morning, for the purpose of being at the Tower-stairs punctually at seven, as the steamer carrying the mails to Holland would start exactly at that hour, judge of our annoyance, upon our arrival, at finding the Thames enveloped in a thick fog, resembling very much, to my mind, the darkness produced by smoke. The captain gave us to understand, it was not safe to move until the sun had scorched up, as he termed it, the fog. He

could not pretend to say when that might be; but until the atmosphere cleared, it would not be safe to attempt going down the river. We saw, however, other vessels moving, and began to suspect there might be some under-scheme. Many crowded about the captain, to whom he gave short answers; but his seeming sulkiness prevented him from being exposed to much importunity. The captain, I have no doubt, was right, as we presently heard that the steam-vessel bound to Hamburgh, which had attempted to go down the river some hours previously, had been exposed to an accident by running foul of a pier.

"At length, about ten o'clock the sun began to have its influence; and at half-past ten we made our way down the river. There is something very cheering and delightful in a bright, beautiful day; and this was our happiness in less than an hour after we left the Tower-stairs; the most lovely sky and atmosphere were given to us in place of fog and smoke. The Thames was crowded with shipping; the wind and tide were favourable for them, and I am satisfied we passed more than a thousand sail in the short space of four hours.

"As the night advanced, we passed the North Foreland; after which, we soon saw the light of Ramsgate in the distance. I remained on deck rather late, and thought much of those whom I had left behind. It was a beautiful night; the moon and the stars shone forth most brilliantly. I retired after midnight for a few hours; I slept but little, and my attention was at length attracted

by the sudden ceasing of the paddles : I of course immediately fancied some misfortune, but on getting on the deck I found the man taking soundings. On such occasions, I understood it was necessary to suspend the use of the paddles.

" Is was five o'clock, and the day had dawned. Two little birds had pitched on the deck; they appeared to be chaffinches. We saw no land, nor did we for some time afterwards. When the wind sets strong from the land, these little birds, the sailors told me, are whirled off to sea, and they often see small flocks of them.

" The captain had some doubts as to our being in time for the tide, so as to enable us to pass the bar. It seems there was but just water enough; but as the sea was quite smooth, the light wind and tide both being from the shore, the captain determined to attempt it. We were all desired to move forward to the bow of the vessel, and there we waited in anxious expectation. It was an affair of six or eight minutes, when the captain pronounced we had passed the bar. This was hailed with great satisfaction, and for the first time I soon began to witness the swamps of Holland, and, at the same time, to admire the virtue of practical industry belonging to this most praiseworthy nation.

" We reached Rotterdam at twelve o'clock, after a delightful voyage of six-and-twenty hours. Rotterdam is a most striking town; and to those who have never seen a Dutch town, it is impossible to convey in words the surprise conveyed to

the mind at the first view of this sea-port. Every street has its large canal, and vessels of different sizes are seen passing and repassing through the streets. Added to this, the extreme cleanliness of the houses, the agreeable demeanour of the people, the active industry of every class—are particularly striking, and much to be admired.

"I must not omit to mention the method, adopted at the Custom-house. The head of the establishment, or the office, with all the politeness of a perfect gentleman, upon being assured that you have nothing to declare, takes your word and gives no further trouble either in opening bags or trunks. You pay five shillings—the expense of landing, and there is an end of the affair."

"Amsterdam, Saturday, 5th Oct. 1830.

"I forgot to mention to you in my last letter that we had the satisfaction of looking at the statue of Erasmus at Rotterdam, which is beautifully executed, and gives (as one can easily imagine) a most happy representation of that learned and pious man. In point of likeness it entirely corresponds with the portrait of him by Holbein, but in dignity of thought and silent contemplation certainly surpasses the delineations of that ingenious artist.

"After having passed a comfortable night at the Hague, we began our day by visiting the Palace-in-the-Wood, or, as I believe it is familiarly called, the House-in-the-Wood. The only interest we derived from this visit, was the examination of one room painted in compartments by Rubens,

and his scholars Van Dyck, Van Toll, and Jordaens. The subjects are allegorical, and all relate to the feelings of the day connected with royalty; but, in looking at the different productions as works of art, you will be surprised to learn that my opinion is, that in colour and effect, Van Toll's performance surpasses that of his master, Rubens. But the truth is, I suspect, that Rubens left the principal part of this work to his scholars; for the execution of it seems to have taken place after his having performed his office of ambassador to the court of Madrid. He himself is painted as a herald in one of the panels: for, as the old gentlewoman who showed the palace told us, Rubens was not only an artist, but a great man; in which she meant to imply, poor woman, that his having been an ambassador to Spain, and not his immortal works of art,—without which transcendent performances we should in all probability have never heard of Rubens's diplomatic qualities,—constituted his greatness. The parts executed by Van Dyck must have been performed at a very early period of his art; for there are scarcely any traces to be found of that master-hand which in after-time gave such a distinguished power to his works. Such parts as are said to be executed by Rubens are faded in colour, and are equally deficient in strength of pencil.

"We made our way back from the Palace to the Museum. Here we found numbers of students employed in carefully copying works by the great masters; but, with the exception of two or

three, the young men were of no apparent promise. In truth, I strongly suspect, from the juvenile appearance of the students, that they were all beginning at the wrong end; and that, instead of painting what they could not be sufficiently advanced to understand, they should have been passing their time in the studio, drawing correct outlines from casts, and getting a facility in that part of the art which may be termed its grammar, and without which it is impossible to obtain that correct language from the pencil, which alone imparts all that is excellent.

"There was great civility and attention in the old men(for they were all old) who showed us into the different rooms. We regretted much that a King who gave so much countenance to the fine arts, should have had his attention withdrawn from them by the painful occurrences of an infamous revolution.

"The Hague is a very interesting town, dull in point of movement, but clean and beautiful in appearance. The King was residing there at the time we were present, as were also the Prince and Princess Frederick.

"The feelings of the Dutch towards the English nation were always those of friends and brothers; but, alas! they cannot now understand the conduct pursued towards them. We are, if not the abettors, the protectors of revolution; and every discontented firebrand claims the privilege of being upheld by the English Liberals. Hence it is that the English nation is no longer thought well of by

those who have no desire for civil war and civil discord. Individually we love to wander; and the scrutinizing care that now attends our passports on the Continent, sufficiently demonstrates that wherever we go, we are suspected, and that our object may be mischief. In Belgium, there was no pretence whatever for revolution; everything flourished—every town and city was gay and happy—the King universally beloved; and it is hardly to be believed, that a few factious individuals, aided by the press and the Roman Catholic priests, should have had the power of disturbing the peace and tranquillity of that once happy people.

"We left the Hague at two o'clock in the afternoon by the diligence, and passed through Leyden on our way to Haerlem, where we slept for the night. Adieu. "W. K.

TO HIS SON.

"Coblentz, 8th October, 1833.

"The business of letter-writing on a long and rapid journey is difficult, and not always practicable; but I shall endeavour to accomplish the intention I had the pleasure of proposing when we parted.

"As I told you in my last, we left the Hague at two o'clock. We regretted much the shortness of our stay.

"Leyden is a place celebrated for its university. It was here that the great Boerhaave taught, and here the learned physician (in times long gone by) Dr. Huxham, received his education.

"Haerlem is famous for the beauty of its flowers. The landlady of the inn told us that, in former times, whole fortunes were spent by the Dutch in this agreeable amusement. As much as four hundred pounds have been given for a single tulip-root, because there was no other specimen to be found resembling in the peculiarity of its beauty this unique flower. She gave us an account of the colour which made it so extraordinary; and I think she described it as almost black.

"We found the people here complaining much of the heavy penalties imposed upon them by taxation. 'But,' say they, 'we have our King; we only wish to know when and how it is to end. We have had in a very limited number of years three revolutions, and for what? Napoleon was our tyrant and our curse. The Belgians are now our curse; we have no desire for them, and only wish to be well rid of them: but we do not like to contribute to the payment of their debts; they are nothing to us.'

"There is a magnificent organ in this church; but although large, the one at Rotterdam is said to exceed it by one hundred and fifty pipes. The organist here is a German, and good musician. The practice of playing to travellers for money seems of doubtful propriety: however, worse things are done!

"We passed on early in the morning to Amsterdam: there we were more and more astonished at the industry of this extraordinary people.

"As you may suppose, we were particularly so-

licitous to give much of our time to an examination of those celebrated works of art to be found in the museum of this place. I cannot tell you my ecstasy on looking at Rembrandt's picture of the 'Garde de Nuit,' so well known and so justly appreciated by all the lovers of art. In point of colour nothing can go beyond it; and the management of the light and the breadth of the shadows produce an indescribable and (if I may so say) a mysterious texture, as it were, and a power of effect, not to be imagined. The picture also of the Regents fully answered my expectations: but that is an affair of portraits sitting at a table, and each in a momentary action of some particular thought. It is just the subject for our Wilkie; and I cannot help thinking that a masterpiece of this kind might be produced by his pencil.

"There are some fine pictures in the palace of the King, which was, I believe, fitted up by Louis Bonaparte, the memory of whom is still much respected and beloved by the Dutch.

"We dined this day at the *table d'hôte* of the inn. We were much amused by the peculiarity of the manners of our company, who were merchants and others from the Exchange. They talked much, laughed loud, and ate heartily; and if such demonstrations be an indication of happiness, one would pronounce them to be thoroughly happy. There were certainly not any of the cares of money-getting marked on their countenances, though there can be no doubt that the individual history of Amsterdam may be said to be the love of getting

money. The people exist for no other purpose: from morning till night they are in the pursuit of this single object. It must, however, be said that many of them, after having acquired their purpose in the possession of large fortunes, spend vast sums in collecting works of art, which are principally of the old Flemish and Dutch masters; and the most exquisite treasures have come before the public in different sales that have taken place, which might otherwise in early times have been lost or destroyed. For example, how much do we owe to the burgomaster Sex for the encouragement and patronage which he gave to Rembrandt! It is just possible that without these Rembrandt would never have produced those exquisite specimens of art in the form of etchings. I am truly happy to say that the name of Sex still belongs to a person in Amsterdam, who is possessed of a very fine collection. An artist told me that he had an etching of the burgomaster by Rembrandt, uncut, and that no sum of money would tempt him to part with it.

"We left Amsterdam at an early hour the following morning, and proceeded through Utrecht to Nimeguen. The road was beautiful. On either side it was studded with respectable country-houses, the lawns adorned with the most luxuriant flowers and shrubs; in short, it appeared like one continued garden, and every instant we could not but exclaim, 'What delightful feelings does human industry induce!' Holland has been well described as one large marsh, which has

been rendered what it is by draining. It is indeed just so; and hence results the variety of pleasurable feeling on passing through this country, and the regret that the inhabitants should be disturbed by the ignorant and the indolent.

"In the early part of the day we crossed the Waal: the diligence drove at once into the boat, and we were conveniently moved across by the aid of a rope attached to boats in the centre of the river. The practice, I believe, is as old as the time of Julius Cæsar.

"At dusk we crossed the Rhine, and entered Nimeguen, the frontier town of Holland. Here was a very rigorous examination of the passports. We were marched to the guard-house by a soldier under arms, and then taken by another soldier with his musket to the police-office; so necessarily strict are they obliged to be at this particular time.

"I must now take my leave of you for the present. Adieu. "W. K."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Sir William's continental tour continued.—Cléves.—Cologne.—Coblentz.—Mayence.—Duke of Reichstadt.—Disordered state of Germany.—Frankfort.—Manheim.—Carlsruhe.—Basle, etc.

"October 10th, 1833.

"We proceeded at once by the diligence carrying the mail to Cleves, the frontier town in Prus-

sia, or, as it is termed, Rhenish Prussia. It was quite dark when we entered the diligence, and consequently we had no personal knowledge of our companions; but we were six in number, and closely packed. One gentleman, who spoke English rather imperfecly, turned out to be an Amsterdam merchant, on his way to Frankfort; he talked with much affection of the King of Holland, but with great bitterness at the conduct pursued by the different powers towards Holland.

"Upon our arrival at Cleves, another process with respect to the passports took place, and we determined, for the purpose of saving time, to pursue our journey onwards to Cologne. The practice in this country is, that when the diligence is full, other conveyances are hired to take on the overplus of passengers. This was the case on the present occasion, and we were put into a wretched caleche, not of an ordinary, but of the worst description.

"We arrived at Cologne about four o'clock, and had the satisfaction of seeing by daylight Rubens's celebrated picture of the Crucifixion of St. Peter. This fine production of art is placed in the church dedicated to St. Peter, which is remarkable for still retaining the ancient font from which Rubens received the sacred ordinance of baptism. It is said that this picture was the last production of his pencil, and that he died before it was quite executed. This may be true; for the time must arrive, sooner or later, when the word *last* is to be pronounced. As Dr. Johnson most

truly says, there is something always melancholy in pronouncing the word *last*; and, under this impression, I could not view this beautiful specimen of Rubens's last efforts without strong feelings of silent emotion. Sir Joshua Reynolds has given his detailed opinion of this picture, and it therefore would ill become me to add anything to the opinions of that great master and high judge of art.

"From the church we passed to a narrow street in which stands the house where Rubens was born. A copy of his portrait has been painted by some one upon the walls just above the doorway, and around the portrait is written 'Peter Paul Rubens.' Such is the veneration paid to this distinguished man, and such is the attention paid by the city of Cologne, which has the honour of claiming the place of his birth.

"We passed on early the next morning to Coblentz, where we arrived soon after it grew dark. We put up at the hotel of 'The Three Swiss Brothers,' close to the Rhine, for the purpose of beeing at hand to embark in the steamboat early the following morning for Mayence. At six o'clock in the morning we were on board, and for a second time we were involved in an impenetrable fog. It was odd enough, and gave rise to some fanciful feelings, that the first among those whom we met on board were faces that were familiar to us when we took our departure from the Thames. The expression of disappointment was not so great as on the former occasion;

and after two hours' patient waiting, we moved off, still in the darkness of fog.

"About ten the sun began to have its influence; at eleven all was bright and clear, and we then had the comfort of viewing the banks of the Rhine in all their splendour and exquisite beauty. No words can convey the impression this romantic voyage has upon the feelings. I know not how to describe it. The language that we hold when we talk of fairyland seems to be the most applicable. It was a lovely day. Every castle brought to one's mind chivalrous thoughts; and the tales of past times, when the chiefs who occupied them were in constant warfare with each other, gave full scope to one's reflections in passing those rugged rocks which must have been so often stained with blood in their ferocious contests. Now all is peace and tranquillity! the angry battlements are mouldering into decay, and the cheering vineyards everywhere appear to excite and gladden human existence.

"It was quite dark before we reached Mayence. We landed, and passed the night at the Hôtel du Rhin. Adieu. "W. K."

"11th Oct. 1833.

"Mayence was the favourite centre where Bonaparte assembled his armies when engaged in his Continental wars. In looking back to that mighty name, one is reminded how limited is the power of man, whatever his momentary success may be, when contrasted with the decrees of the Almighty!

"I have collected from some intelligent individuals who had an opportunity of knowing and witnessing the character of the son of Bonaparte, the Duke of Reichstadt, lately dead, that he was a youth of great intellectual promise. His education had been very much narrowed in the first years of growing up. The name of his father was never mentioned: no ressemblance of him hung in his rooms: all books containing his campaigns and his history were studiously kept from the youth. This plan was continued for some time, when a change took place, the reverse of that which in his earlier years was adopted. The result was, that his father became the object of his absolute idolatry. His actions, his looks, his thoughts, were all fashioned in imitation of his father. He thought it beneath him to attend balls, except upon very great occasions, lest it should bring him into too close a contact with the general mass of society. Upon the same principle, he had no intimacies with women, although those of rank and fashion endeavoured to attract his notice. He had collected knowledge which, from the course of his education, no one knew how he had acquired: he was intimately acquainted with French literature, and, upon occasions, proved how thoroughly he was versed in its beauties, by the most apt and ready quotations. He disliked all those whom he considered as accessory to the downfall of Napoleon, and his confinement at St. Helena.

"When the French minister was accredited to

the court of Vienna from the new dynasty of Louis-Philippe, there was a discussion whether the Duke de Reichstadt was, in conjunction with all the people of rank and station, to pay his compliments to the new French minister. The Emperor said, 'Let him do as he likes.' 'Then,' said the young Duke, 'I shall not go : for this Louis-Philippe is but a thing like myself, and I have no desire to pay my court to him through his representative.'

"The upper part of his face, it seems, was like Bonaparte; the lower part resembled the Austrian family. The Emperor was very fond of him, and there was a general grief throughout the palace when his death took place. He suffered much, but was never heard to utter a complaint: he was only known to say to an obscure servant, 'They little know how much I suffer; but I think it beneath me to make those sufferings known by lamentations.' He died of consumption, which commenced about a year before it destroyed him. It is supposed that, being in the habit of rising at a very early hour to drill his battalion, and imprudently bathing after the execution of this duty, when under the influence of a full perspiration, his chest became affected, which terminated in death. It appears to have been one of his notions that no care should be taken of the body, and that it was unmanly not to run all risks, or to beware of this or that. In short, had he lived, ambition was his ruling passion; and it is not very difficult to foresee what that might have led to at no very distant period.

"Early in the morning we pursued our journey to Frankfort, where we arrived soon after ten. We were delayed the whole day from new difficulties respecting passports. The Austrians have a horror at letting the English into their country; for they cannot divest themselves of the belief that few or any of our nation move about at present without some political object, that object being mischief.

"The whole of Germany seems to be in a disordered state. The late French Revolution, the Reformed Parliament in England, and the liberal opinions so eagerly propounded by the press, have unsettled the minds of the people. The great object of those monarchs whose governments are considered what is termed absolute, seems to be to prevent that general confusion which must always arise from the disorganisation of society. None can judge of those horrors but those who have lived long enough to witness them. The truth is, the great mass of the German people are thoroughly happy, and do not complain. The excitement is produced by a few firebrands, whose only object is plunder and change of circumstances for themselves. Others there are, philosophers and men of that stamp, who live upon the excitement of words, without ever calculating upon consequences that will follow if their theory should be carried into practice. Look, for instance, at the effects of that much-vaunted liberty and equality during the baneful period of the first French Revolution.

" The trade and commerce of Prussia are now rapidly improving : in the towns, dilapidated houses are restored, streets improved, and everything wears the appearance of prosperity.

" The Austrians are proverbially a happy nation. They love their king, and there are no complaints.

" The Italian States are restless, and are fallen into decay by their own sensuality. No example will set the people right, because they have not God in their hearts.

" We were glad to quit Frankfort. We visited the collection of pictures, which is very limited in point of excellence ; but the pains taken to make it better, and the encouragement given to the arts, does the Republic much honour. But one can easily see that the love of art is as yet in its infancy. Not so with the neighbouring kingdom, Bavaria ; for Munich is making rapid strides, and will soon become an emporium within itself.

" It is a practical fact which scarce need be mentioned, how much the arts tend to true civilisation, and how gradually the mind becomes enlarged under their influence. They soften and, next to religious contemplations, promote, to a certain extent, the cultivation of those social virtues which adorn and dignify human nature. I am not overcharging this matter, because it is the result of general observation.

" From Frankfort we proceeded to Manheim. In the middle of the day we stopped at Darmstadt, and dined at a *table d'hôte*, in very good company,

at the trifling expense of two shillings each, including a pint of very wholesome Rhenish wine. This is a neat town, and provisions and all the articles of life must be very cheap.

"Adieu for the present. "W. K."

"13th October, 1833.

"Manheim is a large town. Perhaps the most extensive printsellers in Germany are to be found in this place—Artaria and Fortana: they have also a few pictures, but the prices demanded for them were all beyond their worth. The King of Bavaria gives great encouragement to the arts in Germany, and hence the extreme value, and beyond it, is given for every specimen that passes into the hands of the dealers.

"Artaria spoke of Wilkie's picture of the 'Reading of the Will,' in the Munich gallery, as quite superb. This gentleman appears to have great communications with England. I found many of the prints from Wilkie's works hung round his shop. There never was a modern artist held in such estimation as our Wilkie is on the Continent.

"In passing up the Rhine, a German gentleman mentioned that a certain count, whose name at the present moment escapes me, had a very good collection of modern works of art, 'and, among others,' said he, 'has a celebrated picture by Wilkie—your Scotch Teniers.'

"From Manheim we went to Carlsruhe, where we arrived late in the evening. Carlsruhe is, I

believe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden. It was this principality or sovereignty that Bonaparte so outrageously insulted, by seizing on the person of the Duc d'Enghien, and having him conveyed to Paris, and there shot—or, more properly speaking, murdered, by night. It is a crime so atrocious, that no apology can be offered in justification. There can be no doubt that Bonaparte had but one feeling on the subject, and that was regret, which only ended with his life. The whole of Europe rang with this despotic murder, and the public and private mischief it did this extraordinary man's character is not to be told. It is a great mistake to suppose that any man, however great and powerful, can withstand the censure of public opinion when acts of enormity are committed by him; then it is that the voice of justice is heard in opposition to cruelty. It is remarkable, upon such occasions, what correct sentiments are formed by a large proportion of the community, till at length the nation speaks, as it were, with one voice.

"Ten thousand men were to assemble in the course of the week for the purpose of review. We found one part of the nation full of discontent on the subject of some old taxation in the form of tithes. We did not quite understand the nature of the dissatisfaction; everything appeared cheap, and all to us was flourishing.

"We got into the diligence in the middle of the day, and travelled the whole of the night. As daylight appeared, we were most truly delighted

with the scenery as we approached Basle. We put up at the Three Kings, which is situated on the river. This house and the *table d'hôte* are admirably conducted. We visited the Bibliothèque, and were much disappointed at the collection of Holbein's pictures there. There is a picture of Erasmus, one of himself in the middle period of his life, and one of his wife and two children, whom he has painted as poor and miserable—the mother in tears. This was an interesting production; and although an early picture, and very inferior in point of execution to those of later date, yet there was a sentiment connected with it one could not help feeling. This was Holbein's native place; but he died in England, and was buried at Oxford.

"We here visited the tomb of Erasmus, who was interred in the principal church—'under the ground,' said the man who showed us the church, 'upon which you stand, and, probably, nothing remains of him but a few solitary bones.' This truism brought home to one's mind the littleness of our earthly existence here. 'Alas! alas!' as Shakspeare has it, 'to this complexion must we come at last!'

"We left Basle, and proceeded to the canton of Berne. On our journey we learnt some particulars of the fight that had lately taken place between the country people and the town. Four hundred lives were lost in the conflict. It was some squabble about the payment of duties and the rights of citizenship. The country people bear a

bad name, as idle and worthless. The wretchedness of the villages that we passed bore ample testimony to the laziness of their character; and, moreover, a more ill-looking race we never saw.

"This appearance of ugliness was not mended upon our entering the canton of Berne; but, nevertheless, wealth and prosperity were everywhere apparent. It was market-day when we arrived at Berne, and the streets were literally thronged. Our stay was short, and we proceeded to Lausanne.

"Before I attempt to describe to you the beauties of the scenery that we witnessed in this romantic country, let me give you some account of a supper that a traveller encounters in travelling by the diligence in this country. Imagine to yourself your arrival at a house, the entrance of which is not unlike an English barn: you pass through a long dreary passage, and then ascend to the room set apart for the entertainment of the passengers, adjoining to which is a room containing an assemblage of people like banditti, smoking, talking loud, and drinking; the boy in attendance upon us wearing a red cap; the master of the house at a separate table, helping the soup and cutting up different joints, which are then handed round the table in succession. Then imagine to yourself the various travellers who filled the diligence, usually amounting to twelve or fourteen in number. In our company, I will first mention an optician, and I made the discovery that such was his trade, by his going to a weather-glass at one

end of the room, and inquiring in broken English, if I liked things of that sort, as he could supply me. I bowed civilly, and said 'no.' He then betook himself to his station at the table, waiting the arrival of the supper. Next to him was a young man having the appearance of an adventurer,—poor, but, I should think, very clever. I introduce him for the purpose of describing his next neighbour, who sat near the head of the table; an old French Swiss, between seventy and eighty. He was described as a counsellor of state of one of the cantons: in his outward bearing, he seemed very polite, but was evidently a selfish character. He wiped his knife and rubbed his plate with the napkin; then tasted the wine, which he pronounced to be abominable; then called for other wine, which he pronounced to be equally bad; hurried out of the room, to the dismay of the poor landlord, who supposed he had lost him, and his benefit of the supper. The old gentleman, however, returned with his little flask, which we suppose he took from his bag in the diligence. The soup was handed to him; 'I never eat soup at night,' was his answer, 'It 's really very good,' said the young man next to him. 'It may be for your stomach, not for mine.' Next came two excellent boiled fish of the country; of these he ate heartily; then potatoes, then mutton, then pigeons, then chickens, then plum-cake, then pears, and intermixed with this his little flask (I suppose) of claret and water. By the time he had thus filled himself, his good-

humour began to return; but his fidgets, his great pretensions, his personal invectives against the poor man of the house, and his determination not to be satisfied, amused us not a little. But it was all quieted by the effect of the different things with which his stomach had been filled.

"I mused upon this as we travelled on in the night, and bethought me what a wretched thing was man when under only corporeal influence. It was evident that this unfortunate gentleman thought only of that which was most agreeable to his taste, and hence satisfied himself that all the indulgences of life belonged to him, and to him only. There was so striking a lesson against selfishness in his manner and conduct, that it would be well if I had the power of giving a faithful portrait of this disgusting character. We counted five or six others in our company, most of them young, but all contented and comfortable, enjoying without fastidiousness the wholesome fare put before them.

"Now let me speak to you of the scenery about Lausanne. It is magnificent, and almost beyond description. Scarcely anything can exceed the beauty of the Lake of Geneva.

"October 21, 1833.

"The town of Geneva has nothing to recommend it: the streets are dirty and badly paved, the houses old and wretched. The Hôtel **** is filthy, extravagant, and badly conducted. There are others much superior in comfort:—the Hôtel du Nord, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and the Hôtel des Etrangers. All these hotels are out of the town,

and very superior to that I have just spoken of, which seems to be left entirely to waiters of the worst description. Their *table d'hôte*, was charged six francs a-head to us, and nothing could be worse.

"We were happy to quit this uncomfortable house; and we warn our countrymen against it. It is supposed to be inconvenient to take up your abode at the hotels out of the town; but it is not so.

"We left Geneva on Monday by the diligence for Lyons at half-past nine in the morning, and reached the latter place at half-past ten on the following morning. This is the second city in France; it is full of movement, with all the concomitants of wealth. They have a theatre, I believe, not long since rebuilt. The French think much of their *spectacle*. When they are at their work or their business, they attend most assiduously to their avocation; but the work done, they then think only of amusing themselves. Pleasure is their object; they never cast a thought on the past or the future. Their consummate vanity renders them always satisfied with themselves.

"The country from Geneva to Lyons is beautiful and picturesque in the extreme. We followed constantly the course of the Rhône; on either side we were encompassed by lofty mountains, and every now and then the rich and cultivated ground below them gave a variety in the beauty of the scenery not easily imagined. The night was fine;

the moon gave us her greatest beauty. We passed several lakes, and every now and then the sound of the rushing waters down the rocks gave additional delight to the mind fond of the beauties of nature.

" Our company in the diligence was good; but the French have an unusual dread of much air, and would rather almost suffocate themselves by inhaling again and again their own corrupt atmosphere than admit the pure air, which is so essential to life, much more to health.

" We put up at the Hôtel de Milan, which, though not good, answered our purpose for the time. Our usual plan was to dine at the *table d'hôte* of the inn. Here we saw a variety of character, —the young, the coxcomb, the inexperienced, the cautious, the selfish, the soldier, the man of business, and the man of pleasure—each busy after his own manner—sensible or insipid, filthy or the contrary, pretending or the direct opposite. The most useful seemed to us to be the man of business, and one whose peculiarities interfered the least with the moral observances of our nature: he satisfied his wants with as little loss of time as possible, and away instantly to his vocation. The military man, with his paraphernalia of orders, we observed, always conducted his expenditure with economy, and with an indication that he expected attention from the domestics: whenever he sounded his wants, it was always in the form of command, and with a demonstration of consequence.

"We had a short night, for we rose from our beds at three in the morning to proceed by the steam-boat, 'The Hirondelle,' to Chalons-sur-Saône. The morning was dark; we left the hotel at half-past three; a lighted lantern preceded us. Four or five other travellers from the hotel were bound to the same destination. It was fifteen or twenty minutes' walk to the place of embarkation. Here a new and very extraordinary scene presented itself."—

There is no further detail of this little tour.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sir William's readiness to give professional advice.—Letters to his Friends.—Account of his interview with Andrew Dickie, Esq. on his death-bed.—Delicate state of his own health.—Letters to his Son.—Death of Sir Michael Seymour.

In consequence of Sir William's known ability and long experience in his former profession, many applications were frequently made to him; and he was ever willing to answer the call for his advice, and to give his assistance to any friend or acquaintance who sought it. He was always equally ready to help the poor in his neighbourhood, where many benefited by his superior medical knowledge. From the following letter it will be seen that Sir William would have kindly complied with the request of a friend, even to make a jour-

ney to the Continent, in the hope that his presence might be of service to an invalid, had not his state of health at the time prevented it.

LETTER TO A FRIEND AT PARIS.

"Limmer's, Jan. 30, 1834.

"I am more grieved than I can well express at the contents of your letter, and I cannot tell you what it costs me to be obliged to say that at this moment I am unable to go to you.

"I left Horndean on Monday last; your letter was sent up to me, and I received it after the post-hour. I have been much indisposed for the last six weeks; but by severe discipline, under the blessing of God, I think I am getting better. Under these circumstances, I will put down from your representation, as well as I can understand it, what dear Mrs. * * * *, it appears to me, had better do.

"I shall be most anxious to hear from you again. Have the kindness to direct your letters to Limmer's Hotel.

"That the Almighty may give you grace in a particular manner to support you under this trying affliction, is my most fervent prayer.

"Ever your affectionate and sincere friend,

"W. K."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"31st January, 1834.

"Alas! poor Mrs. ****! I should be afraid, from ——'s representation, that she is probably dead by this time. I have written a long letter to him to-day, and desired he would send for Dr. M. and

read my letter to him. If she is under the influence of inflammation, nothing will be of use; if otherwise, there may be a chance.

"I think my discipline is beginning to answer: I am better, thank God.

"W. is quite well; and the moment I have finished this, we are about to call on Mr. Stewart.

"We have made our visit to Mr. S., and seen dear Georgiana's picture. It seems to me a beautiful work of art: I wish Michael had it safely in his possession.

"I feel better to-night than I have done for some time. I think by walking, drinking only toast and water, and taking little food, I am bringing my digestion right again. This affair has given me a great insight into digestive organ complaints.

"W. has nearly brought his drawing to a conclusion, and with great industry has again begun the study of Laocoon. He told me yesterday that he thought he had chosen a happy occupation for himself; and if he thinks so now when all the drudgery of the grammar of the art is going on, how much more delightful will it be hereafter! God grant him health, as well as His grace, to keep him in the same purity of principle that is so interwoven with him at present!

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

The following postscript to a letter bearing date Feb. 7th, 1834, mentions the results of those apprehensions entertained and expressed by Sir William in a former letter.

"Since I finished my letter, the death of poor dear Mrs. **** has been announced to me: it took place on Monday last. The account gives us the most consolatory information that she was truly resigned and sensible to the last. She is to be buried at Montmartre; and Mr. ——, whose brother is interred there, undertakes every thing connected with the funeral. Alas! poor dear! she was very amiable, very affectionate, very liberal, and a real Christian. I little thought when I took the sacrament with her in November last, that I should never see her more!

"God bless you! Adieu!"

Sir William had a mind very sensitively alive to public opinion respecting the manner in which he discharged his services to his Royal Master. It will not therefore be a matter of surprise that he should have felt peculiar pleasure in hearing and recording the testimony given by one who was well qualified to form an accurate judgment on the subject. A memorandum to the following effect has been found, which was evidently designed for the satisfaction of his own family. It is dated March 7th, 1834.

"Some account of my interview with Andrew Dickie, Esq., at Clapham, upon his deathbed.

"I this morning went to Clapham, accompanied by Sir G—— H——, who was unable to get out of the carriage, for the purpose of seeing my friend Mr. Dickie. On my entering the house, I intro-

duced myself to his brother. From him I learned that Mr. Dickie was delighted at the thought of seeing me, saying there was no man he respected so much as he did Sir William Knighton. In the dining-room I saw my print hanging up, also that of his late Majesty George the Fourth.

"In a few minutes I was desired to walk up into Mr. Dickie's bedroom. He seemed exceedingly pleased to see me, and was evidently much affected. He looked very pale, his countenance considerably pinched, but his expressive eye still possessing its usual force, his mind clear and comprehensive as in the days of his best health. He took my hand, and held it the whole time that I remained with him. He then said, 'I have seen Sir **** here two or three times, full of civility from the present King, in the form of inquiry, and so on,' etc.

"Mr. Dickie then continued, 'It is useful sometimes for a man on his deathbed to speak out. I thought it right to say to Sir****, that no monarch, nor any man, had ever such a friend as Sir William Knighton was to George the Fourth. He managed and guarded his pecuniary concerns with an indefatigable care, and such a peculiar understanding, that had I not myself been a witness, I could scarcely have credited it. There were times when Sir William thought that he was getting over difficulties, when large accounts came in of which he was not aware, like thunder-claps. He has more than once on such occasions, in my presence, most respectfully but firmly remon-

strated with his Majesty upon the impossibility of managing his affairs with any satisfaction, or indeed propriety of conduct, if such unforeseen expenditure occurred. Sir William's words, tone, and manner acted like magic upon the King. His Majesty, like a sensible man, seemed obliged from his heart; his whole demeanour showed it; and I myself at such a novel scene was struck with astonishment. From such circumstances, therefore, Sir ****, the name of Knighton is very dear to me.

"I think it right to inform you of all this; and I say it on my deathbed, and will repeat, that no monarch had ever such a friend as George the Fourth had in your person.' (1)

"Mr. Dickie then entered on matters of business relating to the affairs of the late and present King. He afterwards spoke with great kindness of Sir G—— H———; said he was a good man,

(1) Mr. Dickie had been for many years a highly confidential clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts and Co., and was latterly a partner in that extensive establishment. He was a man of the highest principles, and, from his position in the banking-house, had become known to several members of the Royal Family. King George the Fourth duly respected his character; and Mr. Dickie's connexion with the accounts of his Majesty's Privy Purse afforded him many opportunities of witnessing the indefatigable exertions and faithful services of the subject of this memoir. The sentiments expressed at the interview above related were a confirmation only of that opinion of Sir William Knighton which Mr. Dickie had on many occasions been heard to utter to his friends.

and most useful man of business. He stated that he had signed the executors' account of his late Majesty, and added, that no accounts were ever more carefully or more scrupulously kept than those of his late Majesty's Privy Purse. He then went on to state that he was at peace with all the world. He wept once whilst talking to me, and bade me farewell with the most sincere emphasis of affection."

TO HIS SON.

"Horndean, 30th April, 1834.

"The country is looking beautiful, much benefited by the rain, which with us still continues, and hence gloom and chilliness.

"I paid a visit to——, and saw Mrs. ——. She seems a lively, sensible, interesting person, in good spirits, looks a little jaded, but with no expression of settled anxiety on her countenance. She has no doubt of her husband's ultimate recovery. The last thing he did was to paint his own picture for her, in which, she says, he succeeded entirely. He after that attempted to paint her with the baby: he sketched it very well in his usual manner, and went on with it very properly for a day or two, when he introduced all sorts of strange things, and his mental faculty ceased to be under the control of reason. Poor — is very musical, and his constant amusement now is to sing to his guitar. This is an accomplishment, I understand, in which his poor wife also excels. The child is very interesting, with a remarkably clear transparent eye. —— supposes himself to

possess supernatural and mysterious powers! By all accounts, he seems very happy. Alas! what is happiness? The full occupation of time, filled up in rational or useful pursuits, all under the control of the gospel dispensation as revealed to us by holy writ.

"You had better have a look, if you have time, at the Giorgione before I come up. I can decide nothing without you. I thought you would be enraptured with the Correggios. Rembrandt and Correggio seem to me to possess everything in art. I wish we may ever be able to get a morsel of Correggio.

"I feel truly happy at the prospect you have in art. Go on, do not spare yourself, and all will be as you wish.

"Ever yours, "W. K."

Sir William's health became more frequently interrupted, and occasional attacks of illness during his visits to town proved the necessity of having a residence there. He therefore purchased a house for his son, calculated also to receive and accommodate his whole family; and in July he thus writes:

"12th July, 1834.

"I have paid for my house, and settled that matter; but I am afraid that I shall not be able to leave town on Monday, or until this business of the government is settled; because if I do, should there be a new Chancellor of the Duchy, I must necessarily come up again immediately. Under

these circumstances, I think it better to wait, disagreeable as it is; but I hope I may look forward to the middle of the next week.

"I must beg you to continue the Paris correspondence. Say that I am well; tell them of the affair of the house, and that I will write as soon as I get William's letter about the pictures. The more difficulties dear Mary encounters, the better: it will make perfect still more the delights of home, etc. I am glad that your mother seems so well; and if it pleases God she should return safe and sound, she will be much better for the excursion, and look back with delight when her seeds become flowers next year.

"The weather is intolerably hot. I go to Lord Holland's to-day between four and five. I had a message from Lord Brougham, to beg me to call and see Lady B. This I must endeavour to do.

"W. K."

TO HIS SON.

"Horndean, 5th August, 1834.

"I propose D. V. to come up to town on Friday; and if you will come to Renaud's, I shall be delighted to see you. If Mr. Wilkie should be disengaged on Sunday between the churches, I would gladly go out and see him, as that may be the only opportunity I may have during my short stay in town. Afterwards you can return with me, that we may dine together at Renaud's.

"I can well understand the despondency of feeling connected with the drudgery of the studio; but unhappily there is no high attainment to be

acquired without this great labour; and the more important the attainment, the more intense must be the application. It will, however, come, and great will be the acquisition.

"I consider this year amongst the most eventful of your life, as it will be fitting you for your farther acquirements upon leaving this country for Rome. It will be comfortable to talk matters over during the winter months, when we are settled comfortably in our house in town. I hope to spend a great part of the year with you, if it please God to spare me. I trust Mr. G. will succeed in making your studio to your wishes.

"A letter has been received from Sir Michael Seymour from Rio Janeiro, dated June 21st. He is still on shore, but says nothing of his health; therefore we hope it has been improving since the last account.

"Love, etc. "W. K."

"Horndean, 28th August.

"Your uncle has given me so many instances of the cramp overtaking good swimmers, that both your mother and myself feel uneasy at your swimming out of your depth, and at such a distance. A wherry could not avail you under such circumstances; and it would be a heart-rending way of losing a life! You are, I think, occasionally subject to cramp; and in the present state of the atmosphere, every one is more or less susceptible.

"I have had a violent attack of illness: but by keeping in my bed the whole of Wednesday, I am

now, thank God, tolerable. On Wednesday night, we were visited by a severe shock of an earthquake (1). Every one in the house was alarmed and frightened, and all left their rooms more or less terrified. Independently of the house and furniture shaking, it was accompanied with such a noise, that it was supposed something must have happened in the large drawing-room. It was, I believe, still more formidable at Emsworth, and was felt all round the neighbourhood.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

The tranquillity of Sir William's country life, the comfort derived from the society of his family, and the continual amusement afforded by his two little grandchildren, of whom he was excessively fond, tended considerably to keep the nervous

(1) The shock of the earthquake here alluded to was the most severe one of several which about that time were experienced on the line of coast from Portsmouth to Chichester. In the latter city, the shock here particularly specified was a very unusual one for this country, and caused considerable alarm to the inhabitants. It was thus described in the public prints at the time:—"On the morning of January 23d, 1834, at twenty minutes before three o'clock, the inhabitants of this city were suddenly aroused from their sleep by an extraordinary noise. At once their beds began to shake under them, the furniture in their rooms to move, and the bells in their houses to ring. All were alarmed and dismayed, numbers left their habitations and collected in the streets, where they soon understood the cause of their alarm." The terror, however, occasioned by this sudden earthquake remained upon their minds for a considerable time afterwards.

system in a quiet state. There was no evidence of disease; the countenance bore the character of health, and in the occasional interruptions that occurred there did not appear any very serious cause for apprehension.

It may be mentioned here that his dear and excellent friend and brother-in-law, Sir Michael Seymour, had some time previously been appointed Commissioner of his Majesty's Dock-yard at Portsmouth. Such situations had always been considered permanent; but by a new regulation of the Government, Sir Michael was under the necessity of relinquishing it. He was afterwards appointed to hoist his flag as Rear-Admiral, with the command of the South American station; and about the same time Capt. Michael Seymour, Sir William's son-in-law, received the command of a frigate to be employed on the same station, under his father.

In May, the following letters were received from Sir Michael. He had been alarmingly ill, but spoke of returning health. Sir William, being under much uneasiness about him, wrote immediately, with a cheering account of his family, and with ample directions for the management of himself. Several weeks passed without farther intelligence from South America, when, early in September, Sir William was called from the dinner-table to receive a severe shock by the intelligence of his friend's death. Sir William returned to his family, pale, and dreadfully agitated. He had been on terms of the greatest

friendship with Sir Michael between thirty and forty years, and the sudden communication of his loss had a most prejudicial influence on his constitution. Hopes were at first entertained of the inaccuracy of the information: these were, however, immediately dissipated on the reception of the subjoined letter.

FROM MR. KNIGHTON TO SIR WILLIAM.

"London, Sept. 7, 1834.

"It has pleased God to visit us with a most heavy affliction: **** arrived in town this morning from Rio, bringing the heart-rending intelligence that my dearest uncle Seymour has been taken from us.

"I need not attempt to tell you what we feel. My uncle wished me to make this communication to you in person; but I thought that my arrival at Blendworth might be the means of breaking it too suddenly to those around you, and that you will do this with as much gentleness as so heavy a blow will admit of.

"Any advice that you can give with regard to the means of communicating this event to my dear aunt S———, before it reaches her in the public papers, will, I doubt not, be acceptable. We think that *** would do well to set off for the Continent to her, without losing time. There is a letter for you, I understand, at the Admiralty, giving the particulars of the case.

"My poor dear uncle was aware of his situation, and met his death with that resignation and

firmness which belonged to his life. On the Sunday previous, he said he thought that Tuesday would finish his life; which proved to be the case. Whatever consolation affection can suggest, I would offer; but alas! what can heal such a wound as this! He alone who in his wisdom thought right to inflict the blow, can temper it in his mercy to them on whom it falls.

"Believe me ever, etc. "W. W. K."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Character of Sir Michael Seymour.—Letter from Sir Herbert Taylor, conveying the King's condolence to Sir William's family upon Sir Michael's death.—Sir William's alarming illness in consequence, etc.

THE late Sir Michael Seymour was so well known as an officer for his active and distinguished services during the war,—was so much esteemed in every station to which his official duty called him, and so beloved in all the relations of private life, that the reader will, it is hoped, pardon the affectionate feelings which induce the Editor to dwell, perhaps at an uncalled-for length, on his memory.

It appears, by all accounts, that the climate of Rio Janeiro had an unfavourable influence on Sir Michael's health; and his high sense of professional duty disposed him to withstand the urgent

recommendations of his captain to go to sea. There were some circumstances connected with the Slave-trade, the suppression of which he earnestly desired, which appeared to him to render his presence at Rio important; and this was sufficient to induce Sir Michael to forego all personal considerations, although at the commencement of his illness he was strongly advised to try the effect of sea-air.

In a letter received after his death, dated from the house of the Consul, Mr. Hesketh, he speaks most gratefully of the extreme kindness and attention of that gentleman, and that he had his friends and servants and every comfort about him; "But still," he added, "it is not like home."

His captain (Captain Tait), in communicating his death to Sir William, writes thus:—

"That good and excellent man closed his brilliant and exemplary career in the morning of the 9th instant, at half-past five. When I consider the deep affliction into which his family and friends will be thrown by this inscrutable dispensation of Providence, I will not give vent to the feelings of sympathy and sorrow so keenly felt by Captain Crouch and myself; but I may be permitted to say, that in him I have lost a most kind friend, to whom I was warmly attached and devoted, and who ever treated me as a son, and also one to whom I looked up as the pattern of an officer and a man.

"My lamented Admiral was interred yesterday in the English cemetery, near the city, with all the

honours due to his rank. The procession from the 'Spartiate,' formed by all the boasts of his own squadron and those of the French, American, and Brazilian navies, were joined, on landing near the cemetery, by the Brazilian ministers, all the foreign ambassadors and diplomatic agents, and British and foreign merchants; and so much was Sir Michael esteemed and respected, that even those who had not the honour of his acquaintance attended from respect to his memory, and all the foreign warehouses and shops in the city were closed."

The following letter on the above event was addressed by Sir Herbert Taylor to Sir William:—

"Windsor Castle, Sept. 11, 1834.

"My dear Sir William,—I have not delayed to submit your letter of the 8th instant to the King, who had already received, with very serious concern, from Lord Auckland, or rather from Mr. Barrow, the melancholy intelligence of the death of poor Sir Michael Seymour, upon which he orders me to assure you and every member of Sir Michael's family that he sincerely condoles with you.

"His Majesty had frequently mentioned him to me in terms of the highest regard; and these were feelingly repeated, with expressions of regret for his loss, when the report reached him. His Majesty directed me to say that you do justice to his sentiments towards Sir Michael Seymour; that he respected him as an excellent man, and had the

highest opinion of his professional character and services; and that he should ever entertain the same kind disposition to which you advert as having been evinced by him towards Sir Michael Seymour when his Majesty held the situation of Lord High Admiral: nor has he omitted to express such opinion in his acknowledgment of the official report. His Majesty also expressed very kindly his sympathy in the affliction of the family of this valuable man, under so heavy a dispensation of Providence.

"I am certain, my dear Sir William, that you will give me credit for sharing sincerely those sentiments which I am called upon to express for his Majesty, and that you will feel assured that no person can enter more cordially than I do into whatever affects the happiness and comfort of yourself and those connected with you.

"Ever, with the truest regard, my dear Sir William,

"Your very sincere and affectionate,

"H. TAYLOR."

"To Sir Wm. Knighton, Bart., G.C.H., etc."

Sir William had a short but alarming illness soon after the death of Sir Michael, and his nervous system was again very easily excited. Occasionally he appeared in comfortable health, but never would acknowledge that he felt so, and any indisposition in his family caused him more than usual anxiety. Speaking in one of his letters of his eldest grandchild, who had had an attack of

fever, he says, "Had I known that this darling had been so ill, I should have gone down instantly: my affection for this beloved child is too great! I am not at all in health, and feel strongly the slightest emotion. I hope the Almighty will raise this little sufferer again."

In the beginning of 1835 is the following account of his health, in a letter to his son:—

"Blandford, Jan. 20.

"I had the pleasure of receiving your letter this morning, and am rejoiced to find you had reached town in safety. Your dear mother, your sisters, and all join in wishing you many happy returns of this day; and you may believe that I am not backward, amidst the number, in hoping that you will be blessed not only with length of life, but all that can be given you under the wise and merciful dispensations of the Almighty.

"My own account of myself is not good. From some cause or other, my circulation has undergone a manifold change: upon feeling my pulse some days since, I found the intermission quite complete; formerly, I used to fancy there was every now and then a hesitation only. I suppose this disease of the heart has been helped on by the great emotion I felt on Sir Michael's death, and moreover by that sad cold and asthmatic attack which so embarrassed me for weeks in London. Now you will naturally inquire whether this change means any thing serious; to which I answer that I do not know. My own notion is, that it will prove the forerunner

of sudden death. I shall therefore look to life from month to month, and endeavour to suit myself to this state of things, both spiritually and temporally. I must manage my body as an invalid, and have nothing to do, as far as I can avoid it, with the promiscuous accidents of life; no dining out; and I must escape, as far as I am able, the excitements of emotion."

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

In consequence of an accident from the bursting of a gun which occurred about this time to one of the servants in the country, the following was addressed to a friend.

"I am sorry for poor B——'s accident. I do not understand what business he had with William's gun; the guns of gentlemen are generally considered as not to be used without permission or some specific order.

"This affair, however, I consider to come under the head of a particular Providence, for dear William might have used the gun next year, and the most disastrous results might have arisen. God be praised, and make me duly sensible of His great and continual mercies!

"I have been lately reading carefully through Whitfield's remarkable journal of his ministerial career in the year 1739. This was before he was driven from the church, and it is quite remarkable how complete an evidence it gives that the sanctifying grace of God was spread abroad in the hearts of the tens of thousands who heard him. It did

not signify where or in what country it was, but the effects of his preaching, if it reached the hearts of those to whom he preached, were always the same. Nor did education, or the want of it, produce any difference: whether his audience consisted of unlettered coal-miners or refined women of rank, there it was to be observed exactly the same in its operation; the sanctifying grace of God producing a thorough conviction of sin, and the ways of the world at once forsaken.

"Speaking of this working of Providence, he says, as well as I can remember, that our philosophers and Christians, falsely so called, laugh at the notion of particular Providence: but to suppose a general, without a particular Providence, is as absurd as to imagine there can be a chain without being composed of links. He referred to the passage of Scripture, that not a sparrow can fall to the ground, etc., in confirmation of his position."

The following letter was written about this time: the beginning relates to the furnishing and preparing the house in Stratford Place, preparatory to his family coming up to town.

"When we parted, my dear, I think I said I would write to you; but I did not say when I should do so, because to write without hurry one must seize upon convenient moments. I have been the whole week in a bustle:—smoky chimneys to be remedied, numerous articles from the kitchen to the attic to be procured; a visit to the Duke of Wellington—to his Royal Highness the

Duke of Cumberland—to the Pantechnicon with dear Mary, where there is a learned goose to be seen, such as was never seen before. I have jumbled all these things together, to show the ordinary avocations of life, and how truly their importance might be estimated by that contemplation which leads to higher and to better things.

" Well, you were quite right; we had a most excellent sermon in the morning from Mr. R——, on the Conversion of St. Paul. He began by stating, that the conversion of St. Paul was one among the many benefits that had been conferred upon mankind, inasmuch as his conversion was similar, in a certain sense, to every conversion that took place in the present day in the case of all those who, having been dead in trespasses and sins, were brought to the light of the gospel and made alive unto righteousness. He said, that there were now no apparent miraculous conversions; 'but the truth is, the silent working of God's grace, in sanctifying and purifying the heart, is little short of miraculous, when the natural heart is compared with what it becomes under the Divine influence. This it not fiction; there are those who hear me, to whom I can confidently appeal for the truth of what I state.'

" He then gave a most beautiful biographical sketch of St. Paul, of which the Scripture affords such an abundant opportunity. He said, St. Paul was much too clever a man for the infidel to say of him that he did not know what he was

about : moreover, he was born of gentle, if not noble parents; had the highest education—even the name of his tutor is recorded. He went on to state, that one should have expected that his conversion would have taken place in some temple or some particular place; but no, it was by the roadside on his way to Damascus; as much as to say, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' Upon his conversion he left everything; palaces for dungeons, civilization and luxuries for the barren and burning deserts. He particularly noticed that even Athens could not keep him,—the then emporium of everything that adorned and contributed to the highest state of refinement; where the arts flourished beyond what was ever before or ever since known; where the marble seemed to breathe under the sculptor's hand; where the fresh and living pictures of those that were now no more awakened the most tender emotions; where the architecture of temples and monumental trophies caused amazement in the minds of those who beheld them! Not so with St. Paul: he quitted all, and only thought of the glory of his heavenly master.

"Mr. R. finished by the application of the gospel truths found in the life of St. Paul, to those whom he addressed. In short, it was very edifying. But in the evening his sermon was still better, from the third chapter of Genesis, part of the nineteenth verse: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.' I think his exemplification of the curse, and the

manner in which it had been fulfilled, was the most striking discourse I ever heard. He said there was no condition of life exempt from it: the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, all were fully and equally involved in it. The poor might labour from morning to night, and be weary and sad; but what was that compared to mental labour? and what was either compared to the contrivances of those vile wretched idlers, men of pleasure, or of the world, as they are termed?

"On Wednesday evening, we heard him from the First Epistle General of Peter, second chapter, twenty-first and four following verses. 'For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously: who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed. For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.' The sermon was very affecting, and that you will judge from the words of the text. I dare not give you even an outline of it: the subject includes so much generally, that one cannot readily do it justice in a few words.

"I have just read Caroline Fry's book, called 'Christ our Example.' It is very powerfully and

judiciously done: an excellent book to look into previous to the composition of sermons. There are some thoughts suggested which are very striking; awfully so, I think.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

Sir William's last letter to his son contained a true but melancholy account of his health and spirits; and his own conviction of his precarious state produced a correspondent tone of religious feeling and a more spiritual frame of mind.

His reading was principally of a religious and serious cast, and he never omitted an opportunity of hearing some eminent preacher. About this time he made the acquaintance of the Rev. S. R.; and having succeeded in getting accommodation at his chapel, he constantly attended and frequently wrote down the heads of the discourse; and during the short remainder of his life, his habits and conversation proved that the truths which he heard were happily engraven on his heart.

In a memorandum-book are found the following observations expressive of the high sense entertained by Sir William of this gentleman.

"I this morning paid my first visit to the Rev. S. R. I was much impressed with his tone of conversation altogether. He is evidently an advanced Christian and a highly-gifted person. His power of preaching is very great; his clearness and distinctness are remarkable, and his language beautifully illustrative. The under tones of his voice are fine. In short, what with these auxilia-

ries and his wonderful readiness as to language, he is a most efficient preacher, and, as one of the few who address their congregation without notes, is eminently successful."

Sir William's feelings were about this time much affected by the death of Lord Vernon, with whom for many years he had been on terms of friendship. He thus alludes to it in a letter to Lady Knighton.

"The letter you forwarded to me is from Col. Vernon Harcourt, announcing the fatal illness of our poor friend Lord Vernon, who, as you will see by the enclosed, is by this time on his way to England, a corpse. What a sad fearful history is this life, and how everything exemplifies it from day to day!"

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"June 26, 1835.

"I saw the King to-day by appointment for the purpose of signing the books. His Majesty talked very confidentially to me on the state of the country, the late King, etc. and ended by desiring me to come down to Windsor on Monday and to remain until he returns to town on Wednesday: this I am going to do." * * * * *

TO MISS KNIGHTON.

"Windsor Castle, Tuesday night.

"I write a line to say that I hope to be in town to-morrow by eleven or soon after. I am, I thank God, very tolerably well. You must have dinner at four, because, you know, we shall go to church in the evening. Windsor is looking very beau-

tiful; but to me, notwithstanding the magnificence, there was a dreary and dark, gloomy feeling.

"I have been treated with great kindness and distinction. The King ordered me at dinner each day to sit by the Queen; I drove out with his Majesty for above four hours; and nothing could be more gracious than they both were. But this does not obliterate past thoughts and feelings: all the day long, it seemed to me as if the late dear King was still under the influence of death in his chamber."

Early in September of this year, the following interesting letter was received from Sir David Wilkie, who was making a tour in Ireland.

"Limerick, August 30, 1835.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Your most kind and considerate letter, that reached me on the day I left London, was particularly acceptable on leaving home, and on commencing a journey, in the course of which I am every day thinking of yourself and of Mr. Knighton as the friends whom I should most wish to see what I see, and be impressed as I am impressed with the objects before me.

"The striking points between London and Holyhead, such as the Vale of Llangollen, the view of Snowdon, or the Menai Bridge, are passed by in haste in our approach for the first time to the all-engrossing Sister Kingdom; and having embarked on the Sunday evening at twelve o'clock, I was awakened next morning about six in the Bay of Dublin. The scene that presented itself

on landing, so repugnant to the philanthropist, is to the painter most highly interesting : Velasquez, Murillo, and Salvator Rosa would here find the fit objects of their study. The misery did not strike me ; it was apparently not felt by the people themselves, whose condition is, after all, what the more advanced societies have gone through in their progress to refinement.

" In proceeding from the landing harbour (called, in compliment to the landing of George the Fourth, Kingstown) to Dublin, about six miles, I was reminded by the environs of the buildings of France and of Scotland ; but the town itself of Dublin, with its splendid squares and public buildings, is essentially English. Still, the mass of the population has a Spanish and Italian look ; and one is only surprised that, with their appearance, their habits, and their faith, they should yet be our own people and speak our own language.

" The meeting of the British Association at Dublin did not present much for a painter during the time ; therefore I was occupied in visiting convents, chapels, and the haunts of the lower classes ; and when it was over, started with two friends per mail directly westward, till we met the Atlantic at Lord Sligo's domain called Westport. We then proceeded southward through the wild mountainous district of Connemara to Galway, a region of which the inhabitants are said to be descended from a colony of Spaniards, to whom they still bear a marked resemblance. Here the impression produced by the aspect of these people and

their cabins is not to be described. In a state of primeval simplicity, honest, polite, and virtuous, with so few wants that even the children run about the cabins unclad, they realise to a fervid imagination an age of poetry, which nevertheless the poetry of our times has not described, and which to painting is perfectly new and untouched. Indeed, I would say that a future painter, after he has seen and studied all that has been done by the Greeks and Italians, should see such a state of life as a basis for his imagination to work upon; and I would venture to recommend that Mr. Knighton should, in the course of his studies, see Ireland at a future time with such a view. The costume of the district we have travelled through, he would find a perfect model. Dublin has the disadvantage, that the lower classes wear only the cast-off clothes, in rags, of their fashionable superiors: but in Connaught and Connemara, the clothes, particularly of the women, are the work of their own hands; and the colour they are most fond of is a red they dye with madder, which, as petticoat, jacket, or mantle, brightens up the cabin or landscape, like a Titian or Giorgione.

"Indeed, the whole economy of the people furnishes the elements of the picturesque. They build their own cabins, fabricate their own clothes, dig their own turf, catch their own salmon, and plough their own fields, bringing into their confined dwelling a confused variety of implements not to be described.

"So remarkable are the scences, that I am wondering they have not long before been the object of research among painters. True,—by the politician and by the patriot, much is seen with pity and regret: still the Irish peasantry are a rising, and not a declining people; and as their good qualities must lead to future improvement, their present most simple and pastoral condition, if properly recorded, must at all times be subject of legitimate interest to the painter, the poet and the historian.

"The place I have not yet seen in Ireland is that which strangers mostly visit, the lakes of Killarney. For these I proceed to-morrow. The weather has been of late most unfavourable; but I proceed from Killarney to Cork, from thence by an inland route to Dublin, and then to London, it being an object of importance with me to see yourself and Mr. K. before you start for Italy.

"I am, dear Sir William, yours, etc.

"DAVID WILKIE."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Shipwreck of the Challenger, commanded by Captain Seymour.—Sir William's letter of congratulation to the Captain on his safe arrival in England.—Particulars of the wreck.—Court Martial.—Honourable Acquittal of Captain Seymour.—Letters from Sir William to his family.

IN October, Sir William's feelings received another severe shock, from which he did not soon, if

ever. entirely recover. Excitement of any kind, which in the days of health and strength would not have occasioned effects of a serious nature, seemed in the latter period of his life to be attended with a marked derangement of the whole system, the result doubtless of existing and increasing embarrassment about the heart.

Devotedly attached to his family, the welfare of every individual in it was a source of deep and anxious interest to his mind. His son-in-law, Captain Michael Seymour, had been nearly two years absent on the South American station, and there was no expectation of his return for at least another year, when the following letter arrived:

"His Majesty's Ship Conway, at sea, Oct. 14, 1835.

"My dearest Sir William,—This letter will inform you of my sudden and most unlooked-for return to England, and that the shipwreck of my late poor Challenger is the sad cause. It occurred in the evening of the 19th of May, on our return from Rio Janeiro to the Pacific, when only a few hours' sail from the Port of Concepçion in Chili, under circumstances of considerable danger. But the Almighty was merciful to us, and spared all excepting two lives (Mr. Gordon, a midshipman, and a seaman). For the extent of His mercies I desire to be as thankful as I feel I ought to be.

"Part of the Challenger's crew, with the officers and myself, are passengers in Captain Eden's ship, the Conway. We have had very favourable winds during the whole of our voyage from the

Pacific, and are now within a few leagues of Spithead.

"I am at a loss to know whether any reports of our misfortune can yet have reached you, although on two occasions I wrote to you. You will not expect that I should now enter into any of the details of our wreck, as another moment will be best suited to that purpose; my present object being, that on my landing, no delay may arise in making known to you the circumstances of my arrival in England.

"It is impossible that I can yet feel free from that burthen of concern which the fact that I have to undergo the ordeal of a court-martial naturally conveys with it; but as I am not conscious of any one failure in point of duty to make me fear it, I hope, when it is concluded, to regain that peace of mind which I am aware has, during the tedious interval that has elapsed since the loss of my ship, been at times much disturbed.

"That my misfortune should cause sorrow or uneasiness to many so dear to me, has been a source of great and most anxious disquietude.

"I have no later news from England than March last. I pray most sincerely that I may find you, my dear Sir William, and all, in good health.

"I thank God, I have preserved my health in a remarkable manner; although the exposure to which we were subjected for several weeks bore hard on some of my companions.

"If I find that my wreck is unknown at Blend-

worth, I shall use the best means I can to apprise them of my coming.

"Believe me, etc. "M. S."

TO CAPTAIN SEYMOUR.

"15th Oct. 1835.

"My dearest Michael,—Thanks be to the Almighty that you are preserved to us! I think of nothing else but of this merciful Providence! I should have gone down to you directly, but I thought it probable I might have heard something further this evening.

"I had some difficulty in preventing William from hastening to you by the mail to-night.

"A thousand congratulations on your safety. Your two darling children, how delighted they must be! The dispensations of the Almighty are all for wise and merciful purposes!

"Be at peace, my dear Michael!

"Your ever affectionate and attached,

"W. K."

Though Captain Seymour returned in health, he was much worn from the anxiety and hardships to which he had been exposed during a detention of seven weeks on the coast of Chili, with no other shelter from the rain and inclemency of the winter, than the sails of his lost ship, and little other defence from the surrounding thousands of hostile and warlike Indians than the vigilance and intrepidity of the crew. These Indians were at war among themselves, and, from their character, the

shipwrecked crew found it necessary to be constantly upon their guard: under apprehension of the treachery or open hostility of either party, they had to watch, particularly at night, with scouts placed at a certain distance from their camp, in order to be ready for any sudden attack.

From the low situation in which they were placed, the marsh and flat around them was at times much flooded from the heavy rains which occur at this period of the year. Some of the men were already unfit for active work, from being laid up with rheumatic attacks, the result of their having been constantly wet while labouring at the wreck. There was a danger also of the mound of sand on which they were encamped being overflowed by the sea; the waves at times broke so heavily, that the surf passed over its usual mark, and rolled up so near to them as to move their boats, and several articles which were supposed to be safe from the approach of the sea; their fuel became scarce, and their privations were very great: they experienced a smart shock of an earthquake, a recurrence of which, they feared, might cause an irruption of the sea, and sweep away their whole encampment; for not long before, during the earthquake at Talcahuana, the sea rose thirty feet. It became, therefore, indispensable that they should remove to a higher situation; which, after much preparation and great labour, they accomplished. Their encampment was now in a position several miles distant from the first, of which it was directly the reverse in character; that being on a

flat deep sand, whereas they were now on a steep declivity overlooking the sea, and on this they remained until their removal.

"The dreadful earthquake which had destroyed Port Concepçion, and had upraised as much as ten feet the island of Santa Maria, situated near the spot of the Challenger's wreck, had indeed convulsed a large part of that coast in an extraordinary manner. This having caused an unusual and unexpected current, was the occasion of the loss of that ship.

The result of the court-martial was most gratifying to the feelings of all. The court was of opinion that no blame whatever was attached to Captain Michael Seymour, nor to any of the officers or ship's company, and they were therefore fully acquitted; and to this was added the following honourable testimony: —

"The court cannot close its proceedings without expressing the high sense it entertains of the conduct of Captain Michael Seymour, his surviving officers, and ship's company, when placed in circumstances of the greatest danger, as well as afterwards, during a period of seven weeks that they remained on a wild and inhospitable coast, strongly marking the advantages of that steady discipline which has raised the British navy to the confidence of the country, and which, in this instance (as well as in many others), has been the cause of the preservation of the lives and health of the crew, and of their arrival, with two melancholy exceptions, in safety to their own country."

The court-martial excited great interest at Portsmouth from the sympathy called forth by the hardships which the parties had endured; and when the ship's company were afterwards paid off on board the admiral's ship the Victory, their brother sailors manned the rigging and gave them three hearty cheers.

The relief Sir William experienced at the pleasing termination of the court-martial, and the removal of anxiety connected with the wreck of the Challenger, seemed for a short time to have a beneficial influence on his health. The addition of Captain Seymour to his domestic circle was a source of comfort to him, and contributed not a little to this favourable change.

He beheld the hand of mercy in his son-in-law's almost miraculous deliverance, and he expressed his conviction that there was a providential blessing in this dispensation which would sooner or later be discovered. Could it have been foreseen that within the following year the earthly tie of affection was to be severed for ever, all would have then acknowledged with a still deeper sense of gratitude the gracious and directing Power which had thus mysteriously sent home the absent and beloved relative, to cheer with his presence the last fragment of Sir William's declining life, and to join in offering the last tribute of affection and respect with the other members of the bereaved family.

In looking through the letters subsequent to this period, the rapid progress of disease is very

evident. In December, Sir William thus addresses Lady K: —

"Stratford Place, December 14, 1835.

"I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and with it the various things accompanying it, for which we beg to express our thanks. I have been and am still very much embarrassed with a cold and a sad cough: every winter seems to bring with it additional inconvenience in this respect, and the craziness of my chest is certainly upon the increase. The tormenting part is the want of sleep: I have tried every device, and I cannot now depend upon more than three hours until the time of getting up arrives; and then I am heavy, wearied, and exhausted. But God's will be done! the long sleep will soon arrive.

"Notwithstanding everything conspired against it, I contrived to hear Mr. R. twice. William was with me in the morning; and we both agreed that the sermon was very good, and nothing to be added or taken away. It was on the union of Christians and the duty of meekness in Christ's ministers. No jarring, either among themselves or their flocks, upon trifling points; but no communion with those who would, as the Socinians do, degrade the dignity of their blessed Saviour. Pray for them; and, if you can, convert them from the error of their ways.

"He said there was much to regret in the want of unanimity in the ministry of our own church; but that the day might come when trials would call forth a greater love of the brotherhood. This

reminded him of Ridley and his contemporary bishops, who had been quarrelling with a bitter feud about so low a thing as what vestments were to be worn in their ministerial duties. This bitterness soon ended, and they asked forgiveness for their folly, when, in defence of the true faith, they were led to the burning pile, and suffered with inspired firmness for their Lord and Saviour.

"The sermon in the evening was on the bondage of fear resulting from sin, and the tranquil and heavenly resignation to the will of God that takes place under the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit. It reminded me much of * * *, who is certainly wonderfully free from the bondage of fear: he prays for what he wants, and, trusting to that, has done with all the temporal pros and cons around him.

"Yours, etc. "W. K."

It must have been observed that the persuasion of the existence of a fatal disease had gradually led Sir William's mind to the serious contemplation of an event which his own medical experience had taught him might be accelerated by any unexpected emotion. His professional duties had well initiated him in the lessons to be acquired from the dying. He had little faith in a deathbed repentance: the opportunity even of such must be often uncertain; — life is frequently cut short without any previous warning; human reason may be deprived of its functions, or the agony of pain and terror may shut out all thoughts of the future. With sentiments such as these, there

was united a strong desire in his mind to prepare himself by a close application to every means of obtaining religious knowledge, and of acquiring, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, strength and consolation for the awful event he apprehended.

The few remaining letters are principally filled with outlines of sermons, the truly scriptural character of which was most essential to the great object so earnestly sought.

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Monday, 21st December, 1835.

"William will, I trust, bring you this in safety. I propose, God permitting, to go down on Thursday next.

"The sermon yesterday morning was from the twenty-fourth chapter of the Second Book of Samuel, ver. 24,—'And the king said unto Araunah, Nay, but I will surely buy it of thee at a price: neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.' (David was about to offer sacrifice after that the plague was stayed. In three days the pestilence had destroyed three score and then thousand. This was occasioned by his sin in numbering the people of Israel.)

After stating how many were called to mourn for those who were committed to the charnel-house, and how at length the repentance and prayers of David were heard, and the plague was stayed, Mr. R. commenced the direct object

of his discourse to those whom he was addressing.

"'Those who suppose,' said he, 'that it is an easy thing to be a Christian are entirely mistaken. No; it is a very costly thing; it must be bought with a price. There will be the sacrifice of those earthly affections which were once fixed, stamped, and riveted upon our hearts;—all those earthly idols of sense that we naturally so much delight in, court, and covet—and this recognised and known under the name of the "old Adam." And I wish to say to you that one of the fundamental errors of the preaching of the present times is this, that ministers tell you that you must not do this and you must not do that; avoid the contamination of public assemblies, and the various intercourse of the different forms of society. And this is all so far well; but what success has the minister in effecting this object, unless he can drive out the old Adam and establish the new spiritual man? The heart cannot be unoccupied,—it cannot be left without a new set of principles; and that, in plain terms, is the new birth. This will, I suppose, be called enthusiasm. Be it so; but I have the words of our Lord and Saviour as my director, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." It is very up-hill work indeed for a faithful minister; for Satan knows well enough how to make a stronghold of our corrupt hearts. For this end, he gets two most powerful auxiliaries, pride and selfishness; and I may add a third, the force of ridicule. Examine yourself upon these

points, and find out by such inquiry how many, under the specious garb of profession, use set phrases, enter into religious conversations, with hearts as unconverted as the inanimate thing on which they stand. With the scoffer and the profligate the minister has a better chance, because there all concealment is put aside, and the alarm of conscience once begun, there is some hope that grace may sooner or later follow.'

"I never heard anything in my life so beautifully convincing. The cases he put showed such a very great acquaintance with the human heart as was really surprising.

"In the evening, he preached from the sixth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, ver. 11,—'And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end.' I have not the means nor the time to dwell much upon this; but it was to get rid of the objections that were made to the doctrine of assurance. He was satisfied of this gospel truth, and that the privilege of every converted Christian was to know and feel the assurance that he belonged to the family of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He then took his congregation to the deathbed of true believers, to the dying moments of those who had been born again of the Spirit. It was truly affecting, and most truly convincing. It is difficult to judge from these short outlines of the whole instruction these sermons contained.

"The weather is tremendously severe. I re-

turned late from the Duchy; a most wofully cold night. Lord Holland was good enough to bring me home.

"Ever yours, "W. K."

"Athenæum, January 5, 1836.

"I write again to-day, contrary to my intention, for the purpose of acknowledging your letter, and saying that I shall be happy to receive dear Mary on Thursday.

"I am just returned from hearing old Mr. Wilkinson in the City. I think he must be above eighty,—quite clear and distinct. A beautiful old church, thronged to fulness. I could only just get in and stand by the door. I was not in time for his text: I should think it was on regeneration.

"The first words I heard from him were, 'Remember that the day of death is the day of judgment.' He then said, it had been truly stated that there were three joyous periods in the history of man. The first was the day of conversion, when the finger of God, by his Holy Spirit, writes on the heart of man the comfortable assurance, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee by the redeeming blood of thy Saviour, Jesus Christ.' Under such circumstances, the next joyous day is the day of our death, when all the miseries our mortal flesh is heir to terminate; and then comes the third period of our joy, namely, our ascension into heaven!

"This gentleman has the most striking countenance you ever saw. What a beautiful picture might be made of him, and of the marvellous va-

riety of strange care-worn faces (for it is close to the Exhange) by which his pulpit is surrounded!

"I mean this evening to hear Mr. Evans. They tell me he is a very extraordinary man; and this will be a good way of spending the evening of my birth. It is a long time ago; and when I see what has happened during the last year, it is not unlikely that I may never see another. I wish I may; for I am not yet prepared! that I feel most sensibly. Poor Lord ——, almost the last time I saw him, said that he could never pray in his life! I thought this so odd a declaration, that I gave no answer to it.

"I have been reading a book to-day in which there is this beautiful address to the Almighty:— 'Among the errors of the best, how shall my soul find safety? Even by thee, O Lord! Where is uncertain Hope to cast her anchor? Even in thy blessed Gospel! Serious examination, deep humility, earnest prayer, will obtain certainty. God is good; Christ is our only mediator and advocate. He suffered for our sins; by his stripes we are healed. As in Adam all die, so in Christ all are made alive. Whoso believeth shall be saved. But faith without works is dead. Yet it is the grace of God that worketh in us. Every good and every perfect work cometh from above. Man can do nothing of himself; but Christ is all-in-all; and whatsoever things ye shall ask in the name of Jesus shall be granted. This is sufficient, this is plain: I ask no philosophic researches, no learned de-

finitions; I want not to dispute, but to be saved. Lord! save me, or I perish. I only know my own vileness—I only know thy sufficiency; these are enough; witness heaven and earth, my trust is in God, mercy through Jesus Christ my blessed Redeemer. Amen.' "

LETTERS TO MR. KNIGHTON.

"Blendworth, 26th May, 1836.

"I proceed to give you some account of my health, and to acknowledge the pleasure of your letters. I hope that I am gaining with respect to my painful limb; but it has hitherto been so slow and so uncertain, that I have been unable to quit my bed but once since I came hither this day week. I got up on Sunday last, when all the incapacity and pain in my limb were renewed: I made the attempt again yesterday; I am writing this in my bed; but I cannot help hoping that I am better. This poisonous east wind seems harassing to the vegetable creation as well as to the human frame: for the grass will not grow, and all nature seems chilled under its baneful influence.

"I have been lately reading Southey's Life of Cowper, and have been much interested in what he says of Romney, as well as in some beautiful thoughts and maxims that he has given from Flaxman, who must have been a man with superior intellect. Flaxman says, according to Southey, 'that every painter paints himself; each picture presents in some measure a transcript of its author's merits and defects.' This is true; and Southey

at once seizes upon Fuseli as an example, who always looked upon the human form in a manner that brought nothing to his imagination but distortion. It would seem that Flaxman loved Romney much, and that they met Cowper at Hayley's; and there it was that Romney made his beautiful drawing of Cowper, *con amore*. Southey describes Cowper as sitting of an evening on one side the table, in his velvet cap, transcribing his translation of Homer, and Mrs. Unwin on the other in her spectacles, knitting stockings. Cowper was then sixty-one, Mrs. Unwin seventy and upwards.

"You must now, my dearest William, return to a close habit of study: depend upon it, there is nothing to be done without it. You must endeavour to read a little more also. Time is passing away rapidly. Thirty years of age will soon be here, and the fifteen years after will fly like the passing cloud. . . . . I hope you will excuse what I have said; but my best affections and my heart are so intimately mixed up in your future welfare and success, that I could not help it. The heart is too often the mere muscle which keeps up an equal circulation; but mine has been always full of warm affection, sentiment, and, I hope, true feeling.

"Ever, etc. "W. K."

"Blendworth, 15th July, 1836.

"My health has been much embarrassed since I came hither; but I think I am a little better. My lameness is gone, upon which the difficulty of

breathing returned; at least, as the one ceased, the other appeared. I do not know what to make of it altogether.

"To-morrow week I hope, God permitting, to be with you again. I am very anxious to see the picture in progress; the drawing to my eye promised well. Mary sends her love; she has had a very sharp attack of this sad epidemic. Dora is now in her bed with it. The only strong person in the house is your mother; which is a great happiness. God bless you, dear William!

"Ever yours, etc. "W. K."

"Blendworth, July 15, 1836.

"I thank you much for your last letter, which was most agreeable to me: I am truly rejoiced to find that you are proceeding with the picture, about which I take the most unqualified interest.

"I never felt a greater difficulty than I now feel upon deciding on the course we had better take relative to our journey. There is no doubt that my health requires help; but I believe carriage exercise, and passing from place to place in England, might do almost as much for me as a foreign journey. Now, you will see by the two enclosures, that in Austrian Lombardy the cholera is raging, as it is in higher Italy. Such accounts are uncomfortable, and unsettle one; but of this I am satisfied, it would be most desirable that you should go somewhere; and if upon reflection nothing better offers, I should say Dresden. My opinion therefore is, unless you had the prospect

of getting into Italy from Marienbad, I should decline that journey, because the direct road to Rome would be through Parma, and Bologna and Parma are infected with the cholera.

" My first object is relative to myself, to get back my health, and, under God's blessing, to have some security for life a little longer. My great and entire object in regard to yourself is, that you should succeed in the art you have undertaken, which I feel confident will be the case.

" Ever, etc. ." W. K."

TO HIS SON.

" Blendworth, July 17, 1836.

" We had the pleasure of writing to you on Friday; but it seems you had not received the packet as soon as you ought. The object of my letter to-day is to tell you that Mary Stanley, the gipsy, called here with her mother yesterday, and she comes again on Tuesday week, the 26th, to receive your orders : a finer specimen of colour, etc., you cannot have. Pray come down on Saturday, and do not fail to bring some canvasses with you of different sizes. I think Mrs. Stanley a fine specimen of an old woman. There is also a very pretty child among them.

" I think my health is a little better; but I cannot much depend upon it. Yesterday I could not breathe the whole of the day; to-day I am free from all embarrassment. I suppose you will order down your horse; and I hope, between work and occasional pastime, you will find the six weeks agreeable. Our harvest will begin, I

should think, in about a fortnight. I propose to go to Hayling three times a-week, to get sea-air; and that will give you the opportunity of bathing.

"Our beloved Dora is doing very well; the baby, they all say, is very lovely. God bless you, my dear William, and believe me ever,

"Your most affectionate and attached parent,

"W. K."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Sir William's increasing indisposition.—Letters from his Friends, comforting him under his sufferings.—Receives the Sacrament.—His death.

THE preceding was the last letter addressed by Sir William to his son, who shortly after came down to pass the remainder of July, August, and part of September with his family. His visit had been anticipated with great delight by his father; and notwithstanding the frequent interruptions to health, from oppression in his breathing, and the great want of sleep, of which night after night he complained, it was with infinite pleasure that he watched the progress of the Gipsy Girl; and it was a great solace to him to sit in the studio, and enjoy the comfort of the society of his son.

About the middle of August the embarrassment in breathing became considerably increased, and Sir William went to town to see his medical

friends. The wind was in the east on the day of his return; this probably aggravated the complaint, and the most distressing oppression came on, accompanied by an entire absence of sleep, with continual spasms in the chest which seemed to threaten the total failure of respiration.

After a night of the most painful suffering and distress, Sir William was prevailed on to attempt the journey to town, and, accompanied by Lady Knighton and his son, (both under the greatest apprehension of the danger as well as the necessity of the undertaking,) it was with extreme difficulty accomplished. Under the alarming symptoms of the complaint, it was truly satisfactory to be within reach of the best medical advice; and by the remedies administered by the kind and unremitting attention of his friends Dr. Chambers and Mr. Tupper, with whom he had been on terms of friendship for above thirty years, the suffering was in some degree relieved, and his sick chamber was cheered by many a consolatory visit from professional as well as other friends by whom his worth was appreciated. But, alas! he never rallied sufficiently to inspire hope in his medical visitors.

As soon as possible after his arrival in town, he arranged all his worldly concerns with the most anxious attention to the comfort of his family, and with scrupulous care to lessen as much as possible to his son the painful routine of business consequent on his death. When this was all accomplished, his mind seemed greatly

relieved, and the depression which had at times weighed down his spirits gave way to a calm and peaceful state.

About this time Sir William received many kind visits as well as letters of inquiry from his friends. The extract which follows is from the Bishop of ——, who had just heard that his illness had obliged him to go to town for medical aid.

"I cannot do for you in your illness what you affectionately did for me in mine; but I must give vent to the feelings of my heart in assuring you of my deepest sympathy with you in your bodily sufferings, and on my daily prayers that it may please God to continue you to the love of your family and of ourselves. Next to your dear family, I am sure there are none who think so tenderly of you as Mrs. —— and myself; and I cannot tell you how full our hearts are at present in hearing of your illness, and how much our thoughts are occupied with you. My dearest friend, may God enable you to experience an earnest of his love by breathing a spirit of peace into your soul!—not of false peace, but of peace which springs from faith in Jesus, and a knowledge of a reconciled Father's faithfulness to his promise—'Thou shalt keep his soul in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.' I now see this exemplified in my brother, to whom we have come for a ten days' visit. He has recently lost another daughter. It is really beautiful to see how submissively he bears these trials, and how he resigns one member of his family after

another into the hands of Him who gave them, with no other desire than that of being enabled to glorify God most in his heaviest afflictions.

"Be assured of my warmest prayers for you, and of my most affectionate love."

His friend the Rev. S. R. was unfortunately absent from town at this time; but a promised correspondence was anticipated by Sir William with great anxiety. The following letter, however, so appropriate to a state of suffering, unhappily arrived too late.

"My dear Sir William,—Since we have been absent from home, I have thought of you very often, and especially at the time when I have carried the burden of my own weakness and wants before the mercy-seat of our gracious God; and I have again and again interceded for you, that you might have strength supplied according to the weight of trial which is laid upon you.

"Although I cannot at this time tell whether your bodily health is better or worse than when we parted, I feel quite sure that our Father will so order the dispensations of his providence as that they shall promote his good purpose in the well-being of your soul. It is a blessed attainment of faith when it can so rest upon the fulfilment of the Divine Word as to trust God in spite of all the weariness and pain of the sick chamber, and to acknowledge his love although it comes under a form which we should never have chosen

for ourselves. May you have a great increase of this clear-sighted and submissive faith! and then you will feel with the apostle that 'to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'

"I have often meditated with deep interest upon the Lord's dealing with you: it seems to furnish a most encouraging instance of that patient and fatherly kindness which brings about purposes of mercy to a chosen soul even under circumstances which would appear very unfavourable to such a result. Here then is our comfort, not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but that He who has loved us when we were dead in trespasses and sins will love us even to the end.

"I am convinced by long observation, that the only way to permanent peace and joy in believing is to obtain simple-minded views of gospel truth.

"There are many difficult things in the Bible; but that which mainly concerns the present hope and future glory of a believer lies in a small compass: it consists only in having right opinions of ourselves as sinners, ignorant and helpless, and of Christ as a Saviour, able and willing to save all who come unto God by Him. How perfect is the character of our Great High-priest! He has the wisdom and power of God joined with all the sympathising tenderness of a brother's heart. At this moment He is directing and controlling the affliction wherewith you have been visited, that He may make it promote his glory in your ultimate and eternal good; and He will sustain you and

the home circle which is now filled with anxiety on your account.

"May you all receive such supplies of power, and such proofs of God's presence with you, that you may be able not only to submit, but even to rejoice! I feel sure that it will be so; for the word of the Lord standeth sure, and He lets no prayer of faith remain unanswered."

Sir William was fully aware of the hopeless nature of his illness; but the gracious Being to whom he had prayed for pardon and support enabled him to await the fatal result with patient submission. He said to a kind relative who was frequently at his bedside, "I do not know what my medical friends think of me; but they need not fear to tell me their opinion. I have not left it to this hour to make my peace with God. When I was a young man," he added, "I knew God; but I departed from Him, and he has brought me back to Himself again."

Speaking of prayer, he said, "I pray to God for the pardon of my sins, and that He will give me his Holy Spirit for the sake of Jesus Christ. I pray that my conversion may be a sincere one, and that all my thoughts may be purified in the blood of Christ."

He earnestly longed to see the only absent one of his children, his eldest daughter; but he was so fearful that her feelings would affect the health of herself and young infant, that he would not yield to her anxious solicitations to be allowed to come to him. But a week before Sir William's

decease, the fearful change came on so rapidly, that Lady Knighton thought her daughter's absence would no longer be right; and in preparing him for her expected arrival, he seemed much gratified, but said, "Poor darling! how will she bear to see me suffering thus?" He bore the meeting, however, with firmness; and it was a great comfort to him to find himself surrounded by all his children, and many near relatives who were sincerely attached to him.

On the Saturday previous to his dissolution, the Rev. D. O., the clergyman at whose church, when in the country, Sir William had been in the habit of attending, hearing of the absence of Mr. S. R., came to town for the considerate and kind purpose of administering the Lord's Supper to him. This gave him peculiar satisfaction; and, surrounded by every member of his family, it was received with solemn and sincere devotion.

Sir William manifested at all times a readiness to seek support and consolation in prayer, and he thankfully assented to the offer of a friend, who visited his sick-bed, to pray with him. The prayer was chiefly, that if it were the Lord's will, he might he raised up from his bed of sickness to glorify God; but if not, that God would give him a sense of sin, and of peace and joy in his Saviour, and that at last he would receive his spirit to Himself. He said, "That is my mind and desire exactly." Prayer and meditation on the expiatory sacrifice and justifying righteousness of Christ seemed to alleviate his sufferings; in speaking of

which on one occasion to his physician, he observed, "See what sin has brought into the world!"

He expressed a firm conviction that Christ was sustaining him; and by his desire, his family were assembled, and united with him as usual in family prayer, and in seeking Divine support, even on the night preceding his decease. On this last occasion he took an affectionate and solemn farewell of them, and soon after sank into a tranquil sleep, which, at about half-past two on the following morning, was exchanged, without the slightest apparent suffering, for the sleep of death, his spirit having fled to God his Saviour.

It would be difficult to account for the sentiments of piety so frequently expressed by Sir William throughout, but particularly during the last years of his eventful life, were we not authorised in tracing them to their only true and legitimate source, a spirit of real Christianity, emanating from God himself. It is evident that his views upon the subject of religion became gradually clearer, and its vital truths more acceptable to his heart. Impressed with a deep sense of his own unworthiness, he appeared to be "dying daily" to the hopes and consolations of this world, and earnest in seeking those things which are above. He had been honoured with the friendship of princes and the favour of royalty; and while he gratefully acknowledged such high and flattering distinction, and estimated it according to its real value, he could now contrast it with the

far higher honour which cometh from God only, and the infinite blessedness arising from communion with Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords. The truths of Christianity had been investigated with all the powers of a strong mind, and the research according to the commandment had been attended with the fulfilment of the Scriptural promise, "Seek, and ye shall find; ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: your heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

The difficulties of life had commenced early with Sir William, and throughout its progress there was much to contend with and much to overcome. Many an arduous duty was to be executed, and many an unsatisfactory service to be performed. Moreover, there were the occasional attacks of undeserved censure and enmity to be borne, which during the latter years of his life were deeply felt, from the morbid sensibility arising from a progressive disease, which might possibly have been accelerated thereby to its fatal termination.

But God's will be done! The chastening was from the Lord; and may the instruments of his controlling power be as freely pardoned at his throne of mercy as they were by the dying object of their animosity!

CHAPTER XXXIX

Death and Character of Sir William Knighton.—Letters from Sir Herbert Taylor to his Family, written with the sanction of the King.—Extracts from other Letters of condolence.

Sir William's death took place on the 11th of October 1836, and, by his own desire, he was buried in the cemetery in the Harrow Road. The funeral was private: those who attended were truly mourners; they were near and dear relatives of the deceased, and a few sincerely attached friends and domestics.

The conduct of an individual who is in any way connected with public affairs is subject to censure and animadversion, as well as to commendation and approval; and however unnecessary any testimonial of Sir William Knighton's worth may be deemed by those friends who were most intimately acquainted with him, yet, as it appears that erroneous reports have been propagated, of a nature to traduce his character and injure his reputation, it is in justice to his memory that the following extracts and letter should be presented to the public. These, with the exemplification of his life contained in the foregoing correspondence, will, it is thought, be a sufficient refutation of all such calumnious remarks.

FROM THE MEDICAL GAZETTE.

"The newspapers have already make known the decease of the late Sir William Knighton; and

although he had long abandoned medical practice, we think it incumbent upon us to place in our pages some record of one who once belonged to our profession, and whose career has been, in several respects, so remarkable.

" Sir William Knighton originally entered the medical profession as an apprentice to an apothecary at Tavistock; and after a residence of a few months in London, returned to that town to settle as a general practitioner. This, however, not proving agreeable to his taste, or satisfactory to his ambition, he soon returned to London, and settled as an accoucheur. The College of Physicians having admonished him for practising as a physician without a degree, he went to Edinburgh, where he remained two seasons; and, having obtained a degree from the Archbishop of Canterbury, was admitted a licenciate.

" From this time, he remained in London till 1810, when he accompanied the Marquis Wellesley to Spain, and returned with him when the mission was at an end. On this nobleman retiring from office, he asked his late Majesty to appoint Knighton one of his physicians. Soon after this he became acquainted with Sir John M'Mahon, by whom he was speedily admitted to terms of intimacy; and they continued on the most confidential footing until the death of the latter, who made Sir William his executor. Among the papers which thus came into his possession were some relating to certain private affairs of the late King. Instead of endeavouring

to turn this circumstance to any profitable account, Knighton instantly carried the documents to Carlton House, and placed them at once, without comment or condition, in the hands of the rightful owner. From that hour may be dated his admission to Royal favour : the Prince Regent, struck at once with the importance of the benefit and with the delicate manner in which it had been conferred, appointed Knighton to an important office in the Duchy of Cornwall ; in 1813 raised him to the Baronetage ; and, at a later period, presented him with the grand cross of the Guelphic Order.

" His reputation was now at its zenith, and his business continued very extensive till the removal of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, who had succeeded Sir John M'Mahon in the office of Private Secretary. On the elevation of this gentleman to the Peerage, and his mission to Sweden, Sir William Knighton, who had previously been a frequent visitor, now became an inmate, at Carlton Palace, was invested with the offices of Private Secretary and Privy Purse—appointments which he retained till the death of George IV.

" Before his connexion with the Court, Sir William Knighton practised chiefly, though not exclusively, as an accoucheur. He is said to have been extremely cautious of his reputation —always calling in additional advice whenever there was any manifest danger,—and succeeded in amassing a very large fortune by his original

profession. From the time of his accepting the appointments above mentioned, he, of course, wholly abandoned practice; but he still retained an intimacy with several members of the medical profession, some of whom were indebted to him for many acts of kindness and consideration.

"He had latterly suffered from embarrassment of breathing and oppression about the chest, which proved to be dependent upon enlargement of the heart, and ended in dropsical effusion into the right pleura and pericardium, which proved fatal on Tuesday the 11th inst. He died in the sixtieth year of his age.

"Sir William Knighton was unquestionably a man of excellent talents; but he was still more conspicuous for his fine sagacity and knowledge of the world. His success in life was remarkable; such was at one time his interest at court, that it is quite certain he might have commanded almost anything which the highest influence in the empire could bestow; yet he never showed himself either avaricious or greedy of honours. He was scrupulously punctilious in all the observances and etiquettes of society; but, amid the polish which his manners and character received from the circumstances into which he was thrown, he still retained unimpaired the impress of his early friendships."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM SIR HERBERT TAYLOR, TO CAPTAIN SEYMOUR, R.N.

"It may be satisfactory to poor Sir William

Knighton's family to know that the King and Queen have both expressed in very kind terms their feeling for them upon this melancholy occasion, and their regard for his memory.

"Indeed, their Majesties have never failed, in their communications with me, to do justice to his character, and to the zeal, devotion, and correctness with which he discharged his duty."

Soon after the receipt of the above letter, it appears that there were some paragraphs in a newspaper tending to excite an unfounded and undeserved impression respecting some circumstances connected with Sir William's conduct. Of this the family were not aware, until the following communication to Captain Seymour made them acquainted with it.

"Windsor Castle, October 18, 1836.

"My dear Sir,—Having noticed in the Age newspaper of the 16th instant a paragraph in which the memory of your late respected father-in-law, Sir William Knighton, is assailed, and his character traduced in the most gross and invidious manner, and having brought this calumny under the observation of the King, I have obtained his Majesty's permission to declare, that there is not the slightest foundation for any part of the statement which refers to the period since his Majesty's accession. No chest of private papers were sealed and detained by Royal authority at Windsor: Sir William was never for a time under a cloud: he was invited to the Castle and to

Brighton more than once; and when he did come here, he was most kindly received by their Majesties. He was not sent abroad by the Government, as stated in the paragraph of the Age; nor was there any property to be demanded, restored, or recovered. The communication with him on matters relating to the affairs of his late Majesty, so far as was necessary, was at all times free and unreserved, and his access to the Palace was at all times unrestrained.

"You are at full liberty to make any use you may think fit of this letter, his Majesty being anxious that justice should be done to the character and conduct of the late Sir William Knighton with respect to every matter in which his Majesty was concerned.

"Believe me to be ever, with great regard,

"Yours very faithfully,

"HERBERT TAYLOR.

"P.S.—I should have addressed this letter to the present Sir William Knighton, if I had the honour of his acquaintance."

Such unsolicited and gracious consideration on the part of his Majesty for the memory of the departed has been gratefully appreciated by his family, and they may be likewise allowed to express their satisfaction, that those who were best able to form a just estimate of Sir William's character and services have invariably declared their right sense of his worth.

Among many private testimonials of regard and

affection, a few have been selected which express the highest esteem for Sir William, and show the opinion entertained by those who were in the habit of social intercourse with him. They are here inserted, as it is supposed that many who have experienced his kind and affectionate attentions and regard in the different positions in which his varied lot was cast, will be interested in the perusal of them, and will acquiesce in the sentiments they express. They were written since his decease.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"We, as dear Sir William's friends, only are able to feel that there is one gone for whom there is no substitute. The blank space is before us, never to be filled up. His friendly and familiar call rings in my ear, and seems as if it would ever retain its freshness in my imagination."

"It is quite true, that I never grieved for any (save two) more than I do for my kindest friend, dearest Sir William. Who could have known him, have been comforted and protected by him in misery, as I have been, and not shed a bitter tear of sorrow? He was a most clever and most noble-minded man; considerate in emergency, and always so true to the deserving. It is a solace and pleasure to reflect upon his firm trust in religion,—and that even at a time when the world supposed him wholly occupied with the blaze and vocation of a courtier's life, he was faithful to his God. "CATHERINE STEPNEY."

"I have been fearful of intruding too early on your sorrows; but as no friend of your dear husband knew him better or estimated him more highly than I did, I hope I may be allowed to sympathise with you and your afflicted family in the late most afflicting loss. I had always been in the habit of looking up to him as a friend whom I could consult in any affair of difficulty; and being so much younger than myself, I was not prepared for outliving him. It is a melancholy pleasure to me to dwell upon his character, which was peculiarly formed to secure lasting friendships, and particularly to estimate those whom he had known in early life: I allude to many persons with whom he made acquaintance in his profession during his collegiate stay at Edinburgh. He was also grateful to the last moment of his life to those who employed him in the commencement of his profession, and always most ready to do them any service in his power: his ability in the various calls upon it in the highest situations never failed him, and he had a power of persuasion that I have never seen equalled in any other person.

"Without a regular collegiate education, he rose above all those not only under similar disadvantages with himself, but all contemporaries who had enjoyed that privilege. With great powers of mind he united the most affectionate regard for his family and his friends. It is also most gratifying to remember that so much of his latter life was devoted to his God and Saviour.

"I could enlarge very much on this slight sketch

of his character, but that I feel it must increase the regret for his loss. I have never felt the loss of any friend so severely as on this occasion, and it will be long before the deep impression shall have passed away."

Sir William's valued friend the Rev. S. R. expressed great concern at the fatal and, to him, unexpected termination of the illness. He says.

"It made me very sad to find my letter came too late. It was written at the earliest moment that we found ourselves settled, and I hoped that it would have been by no means the last communication which I might have had with him. But now he does not want any of the poor comfort which we could offer: he is at rest with Jesus, and the days of his warfare are accomplished.

"May we have grace to keep near the Cross, to humble every principle of self-dependance, and to live in the fulness of Him who is the all-sufficient and eternal portion of his people!"

One letter more is given from the same kind friend, addressed to Lady K. and suggesting those true sources of comfort which lead to submission and resignation to the Divine will.

"My dear Lady K.—It is the privilege of a Christian friend to be admitted into the chamber of sorrow, and to speak a word of comfort even in the first days of bereavement. Let me assure you how deeply we sympathise with you in this season of trial, and how fervently you are prayed for by us that God, even our gracious Father, may

speak peace to you and bind up the wounds of your mourning spirit. He is a faithful friend, and his word standeth sure,—He will never leave nor forsake. It is now that you will prove the exceeding value of gospel consolation; you will be able to rest upon it, and gradually find how it weans the heart from painful remembrances, and fixes it upon the blessedness prepared for the people of God. A few more years on earth, a little more of the conflict and weakness of the flesh, and then we shall be out of the reach of evil for ever; and we shall then join the dear friends who have outrun us on the way, and, like the beloved disciple, gone first to the sepulchre.

"The tidings of Sir William's departure took me by surprise. I had him very often in my thoughts, and I was looking forward to the time of our return, when I might find him better able to converse than when I went away. But it is all well: it has been more kindly and more wisely ordered. He is gone from the weariness and pain of a sick-bed to be with Jesus; and while we are left to mourn and be sad-hearted, he has entered into the prepared portion of the redeemed. While I bless God on his behalf that the race is run and the triumph gained, I plead for you, and those who are the nearest to you, that you may be strengthened and sustained in the same dark season.

"I am, dear Lady K., yours, etc.

"S. R."

THE END.

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